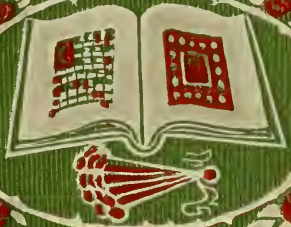
WOMAN IN HISTORY

by Katie Daffan



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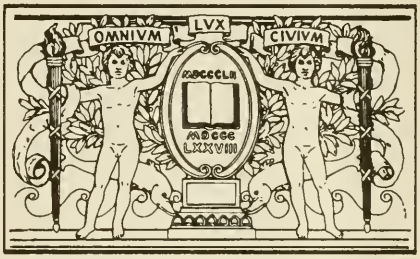

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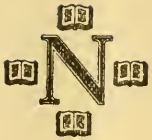

Woman in History

By Katie Daffan

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To My Mother

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CLEOPATRA

Since the creation, when man was placed upon earth, and from his being was called forth femininity, to live with him, plead with him, follow him and conquer him, there have been few radical changes.

Christ, the great leaven, has brought the needed fermentation to the sinful, darkened and desolate world and by His precious blood and spotless life lifted the dark veil and bid mankind look to better things, and as a reward He offers eternal happiness.

The powers of the attraction of the human body are not to be despised and looked down upon as unimportant and secondary, and therefore should not be misused. We can not separate what God did not separate; He speaks of the "bodily and the spiritual"; it is always the two, the duo, nor do we study the one without the other; the evil which arises from the "power of the body" is the misuse, the abuse and waste of power, God-given, and the confusing of it with the devil's foils and follies.

All strong lives in history, secular and sacred, have felt both powers—the spiritual and the bodily; it has been a conflict in every great life which should ascend, which should control, which should lead, but both have ever been present. In the greatest lives the spiritual has won, but we have sad examples of those near perfect in their appreciation and industry, whose spiritual side has been overshadowed by the flesh and its demands for a quieting which can be but temporary and unsatisfying.

Paganism recognized the existence and reality of the body, but the soul and its immortality were not understood and not thought about; there were those living in the dark days before Christ who believed in absolutely nothing, not even paganism; not in Zeus, Jupiter or Minerva.

What could be expected of the women of an age when woman's influence was to lower rather than elevate men? There were women who were virtuous, but many of these were in domestic life, not sufficiently educated to influence in any sense, or they were slaves; this type of woman was given in marriage without her own consent, confined in her home to lead a life of caprice, of terror of a husband for whom she could have no love.

The Pagan home had none of the attractions and blessings which so glorify our Christian homes and shed noble influences around the lives of youth; what is a home when the mother is not pure and true, or when she is lavish and selfish? Or when she is stupid, ignorant and a slave?

A woman, to permanently hold a man's affection and respect, must convince him of her own purity, nobility and absolute freedom from the sins which may be his. A man must know that the woman whom he loves is better than he is.

Paganism never recognized woman, it gave her no place, and if she ruled or controlled man, it was through his lower or creature nature and by resorting to means revolting to the nature and conceptions of a perfect womanhood. And when the woman lost her beauty or her health, the power departed. A woman faded and bereft of personal charms, with no beauties of head or heart, is certainly a deplorable sight.

No condition is so pitiful, so desolate, or so

tragic, save one, and that is that man whose heart is without the true sanctities of life, without a Christian atmosphere, without the congenial companionship which only a pious, cultured woman can give, and without the altar of Christ's love before which he shall kneel with a woman in whom he can believe.

There are no comparisons to offer in the history of Cleopatra of Egypt, who lived the first century B. C. She was the exponent of her age and her Paganism, but she possessed along with her diabolical traits and abuses of all things that men and women naturally reverence, a most attractive intellect, far-seeing powers and a perfect control of conditions. In her time certain men had conquered the world, and she proceeded, positively and complacently, to conquer those men—those great warriors who held the lives of nations under their feet she held in the balance of her smile and at her bidding.

Withal she was absolutely true to Egypt, to her country's weal and honor; and even when the wealth of the coffers of Rome was at her command she was still true to her royal trust and with patriotic love watched over her country's interest. A smile from her was bought cheaply with the price of an empire. But her faithfulness ended with love of country. She was true to Egypt, but faithless to herself and to her lovers.

Cleopatra cared little for the men of her own country. We find her not giving her time and attention to Egyptian princes, ministers or potentates; Rome had nearly conquered the world, the Roman senators and generals were greater than kings, and this woman with her sensual beauty, her seductive arts and her keen and cultured intellect,

directed her movements and her ambitions to conquests that were mighty. She cared not for the applause of the Egyptians, she directed her powers for the applause of the whole world, and she received it. The country over which she ruled was ancient and highly civilized, and in spite of the vices which degraded her Cleopatra was accomplished and attractive to a degree almost beyond belief.

Hers was a Godless, yet brilliant age; she lived sixty-nine years before the coming of Christ, and the civilized world, in spirit and form, was pagan. Cleopatra was essentially Greek in her education, accomplishments, language, manner, even features. She was a charming girl at the age of fourteen, abreast with the affairs of her own country, its politics, history, needs and developments, and she was only nineteen when, in the very midst of Caesar's triumphs, when he was the head of Rome, and Rome the head of the world, she chained him to herself, and only death could tear him away.

Caesar was fifty years of age, an experienced statesman, warrior, diplomat, a temperate man, loaded down with the affairs of a mighty government and a mighty army; a man of Caesar's type would not have been held by a woman whose only attributes were beauty, sensuality or bodily magnetism; Cleopatra amused, entertained and delighted him with her intellect, her beautiful mind and her quick conversation.

Her attentions to Caesar, the crusty veteran, were not "out of pure love." She wished more from him than mere avowals of love, caresses, and his constant presence; Caesar's influence was in demand, and she wanted his indorsement to her queenship; she loved her own country, sought its

political independence, and she could use Caesar to advantage.

If Cleopatra had been merely sensual in her powers, she could have won and brought intellectual men to her side, but she could not have kept them there; she could not have prevented reaction and satiety, which are the certain followers of possession, however enticing or luxurious, when it is not accompanied by intellectual gifts and a freshness and vigor of mind.

Cleopatra, in her way, was just as ambitious as was Caesar; she was a politician, and she constantly studied to attain the independence of Egypt. Caesar and Antony were the masters, the rulers, the great powers of earth; therefore she wanted to beguile them; not men by the hundreds did she wish to attract, or to bring to her feet, not men in general, but men that were difficult to bring, men that other women had not brought, and men that would aggrandize her fame, name and kingdom.

She had marvelous self-control, and followed a well defined plan; she never forgot herself, never overstepped the plan of her own making and never allowed the unexpected to interrupt her plans. She gave great banquets to Roman generals; she drank and they drank; they lost their wit and sank into drunkenness, but not their fair entertainer; her raillery, irony and laughter were unceasing, but tactful. These Roman notables were not only generals, statesmen and orators, they were also libertines, abandoned and many times unscrupulous, though polished and charming in manner and courtly presence.

Cleopatra's conquest of Caesar was very different from the conquest of Antony. Caesar lent not the personal charms that Antony could so

easily command; Caesar was weather-beaten, entirely engrossed with deep and intricate affairs of state and country. Long nights on the battlefields, trials, affairs concerning the Roman senate, the most powerful body in influence and dictatorship in the world, so filled his time that he was not on the lookout for feminine charms and beautiful women. His mind was turned into other channels; but Cleopatra commanded his recognition and received it. To look closely at this woman's life is to see many marvelous developments.

Cleopatra, the last of the Ptolemies, was the daughter of Ptolemy Anletes, the king of Egypt. When Anletes died, B. C. 51, he left his crown to her and her eldest brother, Ptolemy; Cleopatra was only seventeen years of age, and her brother a good deal younger. Their father directed them, as was the custom in that family, to be married, and he committed them to the care of the Roman senate.

The brother and sister could not agree, they were in constant turmoil, dissension, dispute of their claims, and they even fought for the supremacy in ruling. Ptolemy's ministers were the most influential men in the kingdom; they had held office practically their entire lives, and knew all ways, fair and foul, of carrying out their own designs. They wanted a male ruler, and knew that Ptolemy's weakness and lack of character would practically give them the management of affairs, so they deprived Cleopatra outright of her share in the government and banished her from Egypt.

This opposition only whetted her desire to carry out her own plans and to overcome the selfish ambition of the Egyptian ministers. So she retired at once to Syria, affecting great humiliation at the loss

of her kingdom. She busied herself raising a large and powerful army. The Syrians were much taken, even fascinated, with her energy and determination, and at that time they were very willing to fight the Egyptians. With her legions from Syria, she entered Egypt from the frontier.

It was just at this time that Julius Caesar, in his noted pursuit of Pompey, reached Egypt and came to Alexandria. He was an arbitrator, appointed by the will of Anletes and he at once interested himself in the controversy between Cleopatra and Ptolemy. Caesar's ambition was the kind that would not allow him to miss any opportunity for its encouragement or growth. He was ever receptive in mind and heart to opportunities for his own advancement, and he saw, at once, that a dispute over the throne of Egypt might mean a step in his now rapid race to supremacy. At any rate, he gave the matter his attention, little dreaming just what step he was taking. The power of the Romans was then vested in him as dictator. Cleopatra knew all of this, and very much more of his genius, influence and power.

Caesar had power, ability and presence. Cleopatra had charms the like of which the great Caesar had never met before—the like of which he did not know were in existence, for when had Caesar been influenced by man or woman? Cleopatra feared that in order to gratify his personal ambition Caesar might sympathize with her brother for a time, then make himself the head of Egypt. So she thought not of meeting him in open debate, in the field or through her generals. She knew Caesar's weakest point, and she attacked him there. She knew just where he was unfortified and she shot her arrows home. She sent a trusted

messenger to tell him that she had been betrayed, that she was the prey to designing enemies, and "might she not go in person to him?" Mind you, this natural diplomat and manager of human affairs wrote no letter, sent no commissioners, depended not upon what Caesar might have heard of her. She went in person. And such a person! Alive to every influence and charm of body, a wit quick and discerning, an eye watchful and a voice that would rival a siren's.

In the dusk of the evening she sailed into the port of Alexandria, and in order to elude her brother's officers, who constantly kept watch, she caused herself to be tied up in her bedding and carried upon the backs of her slaves to Caesar's private apartments. This bundle of bedding was rude enough and colorless on the outside, but when opened in Caesar's presence it revealed Cleopatra on a luxuriant, crimson couch, with her fair young body covered with gauze and her wrists and throat encircled in jewels. The air became heavy with the perfume of the lotus bloom, and Caesar, brave enough to meet the world on the battlefield, minute by minute yielded up his great strength and power of resolution to the seductive powers of this nineteen-year-old girl who was nymph, goddess, priestess, withal—woman.

Plutarch says "she was not transcendently beautiful," but she possessed a quality not possessed by any other woman of her time, or for many years after her time." We call it in modern words "fascination," and when we say "fascination" we know what we mean, but it would be impossible to give intelligent explanation.

More than all other of her charms that she used as a power was her beautiful voice; it was

sweet and full of delightful melody, and it possessed the modulation of a delicate musical instrument; she never missed the opportunity of using this power and exerting it to its fullest influence. She spoke seven different languages and never employed an interpreter, for this would deprive her of the charm of direction and immediate control of her listener. She met in person all dignitaries, ambassadors, soldiers or embassies and trusted nothing to a third party.

According to the purpose of the moment she would put on any humor, grave, frivolous, dignified or abandoned. She talked well, and her voice had in it that power which compels attention. Her eyes were fine and she looked right into the eyes, into the mind of her listener, and she saw what was there before he knew of its existence. She molded the thoughts and opinions of her listeners from her own with a clairvoyant and magnetic power. Her powers at times were strangely mediumistic. When men left her presence, upon being asked if she was beautiful or what was their opinion of her, they could not tell, they did not know—only that "power had fallen upon them" and they were her servitors.

So many charms captivated Caesar at once. He was powerless, overcome and not conscious quite of what he did or said. His wife Calpurnia was of fair face and form—he had always thought so—and he had been somewhat true to Calpurnia, the day and environment considered. The ladies of the Roman senate, Portia, and others, were all good to look upon, but the great Caesar's eyes were opened when he saw the Egyptian goddess. Conquest and pillage in a thousand wars had brought him no such prize.

Almost unconscious of what he did, he promised at this first meeting to send for Ptolemy. This he did, and begged Ptolemy to receive his sister upon her own terms. Ptolemy appealed to the city and put the people in an uproar.

Ptolemy did not know his own sister, her powers and her wondrous plans—few brothers do know their sisters—and her people did not know her. They had many lessons yet to learn of their young, ambitious countrywoman. She alone knew her powers and their extent. Caesar now fought for Cleopatra that she should rule. Ptolemy, while endeavoring to escape, crossing the Nile in a boat, was drowned. Cleopatra thus victorious, in accord with the customs of her people Caesar caused her to marry her younger brother, a boy only eleven years of age, who, of course, could only give his name to the joint sovereignty.

Caesar, mature statesman and warrior that he was, let months glide into years, entirely forgetting ambition, power, Rome and Calpurnia—all for love. He could not leave the presence of this being who had simply put herself into his existence, his blood, his very heart beats. After seasons of abandon, luxury and forgetfulness of duty, he tore himself away and departed for Rome, leaving Cleopatra and their son, Caesarion.

After his departure Cleopatra reigned, unmolested, having been well trained by the strategic Caesar and drilled in the diplomatic arts. When her husband reached the age of fourteen, the majority then in Egypt, she poisoned him and continued to rule alone.

She decided to make Caesar a visit at his home in Rome, and, taking their child, departed in great splendor. Her presence and her absolute control

over Caesar greatly incensed the senate, for she was intolerable to the point of insolence. Day after day Caesar absented himself from the senate to remain with her, to do her bidding or to entertain her. And Cleopatra, well knowing her powers and the unrest she was causing the great senate at Rome, took a fiendish delight in exerting every power to keep the great Caesar at her side.

His assassination so alarmed, even terrified her, that she fled from Rome to her own country and immediately, out of love for the memory of Caesar, raised a great fleet to go to the assistance of the Triumvirs. She started for Rome, but was forced to return on account of continued storms.

We do not record this woman exerting her powers with great difficulty, great study or great effort upon the mightiest man of his time, or perhaps any other time, but we prove that she did it with the greatest ease, most naturally, and the great Caesar offered little, if any, resistance. He turned to her as the needle points to the north or the steel is drawn to the magnet.

Now the great Caesar was dead! So long as he lived to be enraptured, enthralled and overcome, Cleopatra could exert upon him her powers which must be employed, and could not long lie dormant, but now she must look in other directions and seek new worlds. Antony had seen her in Rome and he remembered her—who could forget her? She had seen Marc Antony in the senate, and though her ambitions, desires and attentions for the time were directed to Caesar, no woman ever forgot Marc Antony.

There was nothing to do but arrange a meeting, and this was no difficult thing.

Marc Antony was more than a weak voluptuary,

in many respects he was a strong, true and even a temperate man. He grew from a boy in Caesar's camp, amid toil, hardship, sometimes privation, and he was, in truth, just as ambitious as was Caesar. He was an experienced leader, a commander, and no man of such high office can exercise and indulge his appetites constantly—indeed, it has been a marked characteristic of the leaders, as Charlemagne and Caesar, that they were exceedingly temperate in the indulgences of all appetites. Alexander's great victories ended when he gave himself over to a profligate life.

Antony was more than a sensualist! He had a heart, and a great one. His love for his friend Caesar, and his observance of honor to Caesar's memory could emanate from none other than a mind which knew something of purity, real attachment and gratitude. But if a mad infatuation, a slavish attachment for a woman, and an utter abandonment of duty, responsibility and ties of life's standing constitute weakness, Antony was the weakest, the frailest and the most helpless, for he was bound, hand and foot. This consuming passion is a mystery, a riddle and shows the complexity of man's nature. Some students do not respect Antony, but still they love him and pity him.

The influence exerted over Antony was by a complete triumph of the external, and upon pursuit of the external charm he discovered that there is a congeniality of mind, of taste and of opinions. He considered the object of his fascination an enigma, a riddle unsolved, that he must study, analyze and make known to himself.

Antony could control men, and men believed in him and loved him. He changed men's opinion against their will and against their judgment. It

was only when a woman placed her hand upon his life that it was all undone and its current changed.

Marc Antony was the most beloved man in Rome, popular with everybody, knew everybody and had been associated with the best and the worst women of Rome. He had fascinated, and in a way, loved a hundred Roman women; he was exacting in ethics, beauty and intellect; not in any way exacting in character or virtue. Antony received the homage of women; they thought he was beautiful, a leader, a thing to be admired; he accepted it as a natural result of his charm and bearing and did not question it. It was a new role to the great Roman to do the loving that had always been done for him. Up to the time of his meeting with Cleopatra he had captivated "the favorite few," but he met the Queen of the Nile, the very woman which men of just exactly his type can love more ardently, continuously and vitally than other men. It was only at the last that Cleopatra met Octavius and he alone did not succumb to her powers. I wonder if most women do not meet an Octavius?

After the battle of Philippi Antony went to Asia, and pretending that he believed Cleopatra had provided Cassius with supplies he summoned her to appear before him at Tarsus in Celicia. She evidently knew just how much Antony was concerned about her aid to Cassius, for she cared little for the "melancholy Roman," and this Antony knew very well, but she responded at once to his suggestion for a meeting.

And such an interview! Such a meeting! Such a seduction! The gods looked on, rivaled in beauty and splendor, and mortal Antony was swept away, intoxicated, in the incense of her presence. She went, with her fleet, to the mouth

of the Cyndus, and there she embarked in a vessel whose stern was of gold, sails of purple silk, and whose silver oars kept time to the music of many instruments, the musicians hidden among the draperies and awnings of her vessel. Attired as "Venus rising out of the sea," under a canopy of cloth of gold, she lay, with lovely children as cupids fanning her, and her handsomest women leaning upon the sides and shrouds of her vessel. Oriental herbs and sweets were burning, which perfumed the banks of the river for miles, and crowds of people shouted, "The Goddess Venus has come to visit Bacchus for the happiness of Asia." Antony sat alone and looked on.

Her object was to capture, to seduce Marc Antony, and she set about it deliberately and systematically, and she succeeded. She captivated him first by her beautiful form, her splendor, her conception of art and its display, and she confirmed this first good impression by the charm of her society, her cultivated intellect and her delicate flattery. She flattered not with bold, open compliment,—she was more adroit,—but pleased his fullest sense of his own accomplishments by praising indirectly that which he was, and condemning that which he knew he could never be.

Her influence over him grew and grew, until it became unbounded. It was, it always is left with the woman whether this influence shall be good or bad, and she chose the bad, the worst, the nearest to her and to him. It is the spiritual that we have to rise to and to try to reach; the creature and animal nature is closest to us—it *is* ourselves.

Cleopatra cared not for the spiritual, for she knew nothing about it; her belief and religion, so far as she had either, were in her body. She

abused, to the very worst purposes, her influence over Antony. Here was Antony, a triumvir, sharing with only two others the whole world, and he had the very best opportunity to take their parts from them and be supreme ruler. When he was arranging to this end the vast imperial affairs, he was suddenly turned aside, stopped, by a beautiful young woman, who turns the tide of empire.

So dazzled, even bewitched, was Antony that instead of continuing the pursuit of his great possibilities he returned with Cleopatra to Alexandria, where, to the scandal of Rome, without excuse, he remained at her feet, her willing slave. She exhausted every art to please him. She played, sang, danced, talked, hunted, gratified every sense and stimulated and kept on the constant alert his interest, even curiosity. She knew well when to appeal to his intellectual nature and when to amuse him.

After a year of luxury and abandon, Antony was called to Rome, and his wife, Fulvia, having died, he married Octavia, sister of his rival triumvir, Octavius. At first thought it would seem that from his devotion to Cleopatra he would grasp this opportunity to make her his wife, but he followed ambition, and made himself stronger in his triumvirate.

Had this marriage cost him the love of Cleopatra, even to gratify his ambition he would not have made it, but it made no difference to Cleopatra whether she married him or not. The marriage bond is not one upon which paganism strongly rests. Octavia, wife of Anthony, was a noble, well-bred woman, cold and austere in her dignity, and with no claim at all to personal beauty, but no woman in Rome had better family connection or inherited position.

Cleopatra's affection, if such it may be called, was well mixed with ambition. With all of her abandon, vice and profligacy she remembered Egypt and the political bounds she might have to reach.

She was not impulsive, quick to reach conclusions, or passionate in decision. She was cool, calm, calculating, an actress making all who came near her believe that she was greater than she really was. For three years Antony remained away from her presence and pursued his campaigns in the East, but his military glory was not satisfying. He only respected Octavia, he could not love her, and his mad love for Cleopatra could not be kept inert; it was living and strong, a force in his life, and he could not overcome it.

Antony's is a pitiful case. He had some great qualities, in spite of his abandonment and vices, and his utter oblivion to duty, not to speak of glory or fame that might easily have been his. He could not live, he did not *wish* to live without Cleopatra. The love which he gave her was not pure and tender, not protective, not provident, it was strange, powerful, madness; it was admiration and the pursuit of a new and remarkable attachment, combined with desire.

These two highly cultured people were gifted, they were superbly developed in mind and body, and they had all adornments and beauties save the beauty of soul and a moral sense. One thing must be said in praise of the love of Antony; it may have been unwise, reckless, passionate and misplaced, but it was none the less sincere; it was genuine, real and altogether irresistible; he honestly could not help it. He at times tried to overcome it, called upon his reason or his will, but to no avail;

he was true to Cleopatra, and he was her victim; she was not his. He constantly showed himself capable of great sacrifices; she made none for him; in the very baseness, loathing and degradation of such a love we can even see sacredness, and believe that in it all Antony was honest.

Rome, upon receiving at short intervals accounts of Antony's abandonment of his duty and his wanton conduct, became disgusted and outraged, and it could mean only civil war. Even with this condition Antony's party stood by him, and frowned down party disgrace, treason and scandals.

At this juncture Antony, assisted by Cleopatra, put forth one supreme power to win; she gave him twenty thousand talents and two hundred ships. He had war vessels, galleys, foot soldiers, twenty thousand horse and withal, one of the largest armies ever commanded by a Roman general.

Octavius, leading the opposing side, had a better trained army, but it was not nearly so large, and he was no match for Antony. Antony, because of his splendid forces, wished to fight on land, but, against his better judgment, he allowed Cleopatra to influence him to fight on the sea. Antony, in spite of his many early follies and mistakes, still had a chance to conquer the world. No man before him nor since has had such golden opportunities in his very hands. But not content to allow a seductive woman to control his affections, desires and private relations, he must allow her to control the destinies of his nation and dictate life or death to his people. The two forces met at Actium, and one of the decisive battles of the world was fought.

When the chances for victory were still doubtful, Cleopatra, from pure caprice, and from the

desire to show to the world her power over Antony, suddenly sailed away with all of her ships for Egypt; but that is not the remarkable part of it. Antony did just exactly what she knew he would do—he immediately followed her. This great battle and triumph of Octavius was won through the infatuation of Antony for Cleopatra; it was madness sent upon him, and this same madness controlled the destiny of a nation. Thus did Rome fall into the hands of Octavius Caesar, whose policy was to preserve peace, build up a strong and centralized government and develop the resources of his people.

The battle of Actium settled forever the fortunes of Antony, though he afterward fought bravely and well. His affair with Cleopatra toward the last took another aspect in his eyes, and he seemed to realize Cleopatra's betrayal of his love. But Cleopatra, "of infinite variety," had not exhausted her resources, and she retired into a mausoleum which she had prepared for herself, with her most valued treasures of gold, jewels, ivory and sandalwood, and sent messengers to tell Antony that she was dead—that she had killed herself in despair at his neglect and anger with her. Her terrible hold upon all of his senses, and the knowledge that he loved her, so overcame him, that, believing the false message, and realizing that he could not live without her, he fell upon his sword, giving himself a mortal wound, but not immediate death.

He lived to learn that she had told a fatal falsehood, and even when under the black shadow of the wing of death he did not censure her or condemn her, but had his servants bear him to her.

The dying Roman was borne up with ropes

through a window, the only entrance to her retreat, carried into her presence and died in her arms. Thus expired the man who willingly, eagerly, sacrificed the world for the embraces of a woman.

Selfish women do not suffer from love or kill themselves because of it; not even touched by a consciousness of the love which Antony bore her, in the very face of death she renewed her strength, her arts and her weapons of attack, and set herself to win Octavius, as she had won Julius Caesar and Marc Antony.

She was patriotic still and loved Egypt; fertile, rich and splendid now in cultivated lands, and Egypt must not become a part of Rome. So she summoned all of her personal powers and attacked Octavius with magnetism, beauty, seduction and diplomacy, the coldest, hardest, most politic man of his time. And the grief, anger and sheer disappointment at not winning Octavius was far greater than the loss of Caesar or Antony; this was real sorrow to her, and humiliation.

But Octavius stood firm for Rome and Cleopatra was to him as were other women, no more and no less. Octavius knew her well and he was afraid she would destroy herself rather than fall into his hands and go into Rome in his triumphal entry, a beautiful captive, so he sent Proculeius to prevent this by obtaining possession of her person. This he did by stealing in at a window, for Cleopatra was constantly watching for Octavius's spies and guards. When she found him she tried to kill herself, but he prevented her by taking all of her weapons. She tried to starve herself, but her children were threatened with death if she persisted in this.

Octavius came to see her and she tried every art that she had tried upon Antony, every grace of intellect and every charm that had seduced him, but to no avail. Octavius, consumed with ambition, thought of his own triumph and not of hers; he bowed himself from her presence without even touching her hand.

She was more successful with Dollabello, Octavius's general, who at once became enamored of her charms, and but for his secret notice to her of the intentions of Octavius she would have been carried, within three days, a captive to Rome.

When the guards who were sent to carry her to Octavius arrived they found her lying dead on a couch, dressed in royal splendor, with crown and scepter, one of her women dead at her feet, and the other dying. She had died from the bite of an asp, a small serpent whose bite induces lethargy and death without pain, which, with suicidal intent, she had ordered brought to her secreted in a basket of Egyptian figs and leaves. Octavius, not able to gratify his ambition in carrying her his captive into the imperial city, was much disappointed; but he gave her a magnificent burial, and in accord with her request buried her in the tomb with Antony.

She was thirty-nine years of age at the time of her death and left two sons and a daughter, Alexandria, Ptolemy and Cleopatra, the children of Antony, and Caesarion, the son of Caesar, whom Octavius put to death as a rival.

The children of Antony and Cleopatra were carried to Rome to grace Octavius's triumph, and Octavia, Antony's repudiated wife, took charge of them and gave them a mother's care, the first they had ever received. Cleopatra, a daughter of An-

tony and the Egyptian queen, was afterward married to Juba, the king of Mauritania.

Cleopatra lived in an age of crime; it can certainly be said of her that she was true to her country, though she was false to all else; she was probably as good as the men with whom she came in contact, but no better. She had a powerful influence over men. This influence she either did not have, or did not care to exert, over women.

There are women to-day who have just as much influence as she had and know just as well how to use it, but they are saved from her sin, corruption and loathing by one power, and just one, and that is the love of Christ. Before He came on earth to bless womanhood it was degraded, servile, unnoticed and unhallowed, and woman owes her place in the heart of her husband and her son to Christ's life and His death.

The sins of Cleopatra fade into nothingness compared with the sins of that woman living in this era of Christ's love and law who still forgets, still wanders away and still stoops to a weakening, sickening passion.

A woman's influence of this powerful kind properly directed can lead men into the gate of heaven; this same influence with evil direction can send them bodily, helplessly, into the fires of eternal punishment. Intellect, however bright, with no accompaniment save desire, abandon and luxurious gratification, can but lead into the darkest paths; but the love of Christ, which purifies, exalts and separates from evil, sanctifies woman's influence and makes a woman's mission a part of God's own plan.

Human nature since the dark days of the pagans is the same; the difference in us is only that differ-

ence which we ourselves make by accepting and adoring the purity which may be ours because of Christ's leavening and atonement.

The women of to-day are more fortunate in the time in which they live than was the ill-fated beauty of Egypt, and their inheritance is more holy, more exalted and more secure, because of the Savior who said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

VASHTI

Destiny takes strange steps in accomplishing her designs. Now, her first step in freeing a great people was the disobedience of a woman—and a queen!

There are many and various ways by which women attain celebrity; they may crave it, work for it or deserve it; sometimes by accident it becomes theirs, and a woman, without effort or attempt, may attain it. Some few are born celebrated; the daughters of kings who become the wives of great men are introduced to the world upon the day of their birth.

Strange as it may seem, Vashti, the stately wife of Ahaseurus or Artaxerxes, king of Persia in the sixth century B. C., gained wondrous celebrity by disobeying her husband. Many women have been guilty, before and since, but she seems to have more thoroughly succeeded in attracting the notice of the world.

The king ruled over the rich country extending from India to Ethiopia, and he gave a great anniversary feast to his most powerful princes, courtiers and soldiers. For weeks and weeks the palaces were in process of decoration and illumination; beast, bird, wine and fruit from all of the provinces were bought for the feast, and the king gave his personal direction to all details of the festival. The great people invited to the feast assembled in large numbers in the palace at Shushan and, amid splendor, ceremony and richest display of kingly glory, the festival began.

At the same time that the king feasted his

noblemen and princes, the queen, Vashti, as was the custom of the East, in her own pavilion, veiled and screened from gaze or intrusion, gave a quiet, modest entertainment to the wives and daughters of her husband's guests. Her pavilion was removed far from the banquet hall, and in their own way the women were passing the time until the feast, which became a season of abandon and revelry, had concluded.

When the feast had lasted seven days, the king and his guests were so under the intoxication of wine that, according to most standards for such conduct, they were not responsible for what they did. Every man drank wine "according to his pleasure," which means, of course that long before the seventh day reason, delicacy and even decency were at pretty low ebb.

But on the seventh day when "the king's heart was merry with wine," he far exceeded all excesses in abandon and drunkenness ever known before, and violated not only the social laws of Persia, which at his day and this day are ironclad, but he grossly "insulted the great ladies of his court."

No woman of any harem ever appeared before man, whether he were king, prince or potentate; for generations the mothers of Persia had taught their daughters that "the eyes could be seen, but the face must be hid," and more rigidly than all other women of her court did the queen observe these laws. She had never been seen by her husband's court; they had heard of her great beauty, her fine Eastern eyes, hair and olive color, but they had never proved it.

It was the most abandoned boisterous day of the feast that the king, forgetting all law save his own wishes and desires, sent for the queen to appear

before his drunken guests, "with the crown royal upon her head," that she might let the eyes of his sensual wine-steeped guests feast upon her.

Vashti knew that he was intoxicated, and refused to go. She first thought, in her great surprise, that the king, in his condition, was not responsible for what he did and she tried to excuse him.

Such conduct, in the history of her country, was without precedent, and true to her birth and training, she decided that her modesty was about to be outraged and she became indignant and refused absolutely to comply with his request.

Her courage must have been about as great as her beauty, for she persisted in her determination not to go after she realized that the king was in earnest. She braved the displeasure of her royal husband—and her drunken husband.

At her refusal the king was furious. First his dignity was offended that any request should be denied his highness; second his pride was wounded as nobody but Vashti could have wounded it. He probably had never made a request of her before, and she knew that he was proud of her beauty.

If Vashti had refused him privately it might have been passed over, when she could have caressed and kissed him into acquiescence, but to be refused before every man in his kingdom, not he, Artaxerxes, could endure that. Why, every woman in the kingdom would follow her example, and, because of the queen's waywardness, there would be no obedient wives in Persia.

Since the time of Cyrus the Great Persia had been governed by old, musty laws, immutable and unchangeable, and these laws were interpreted and enforced by a council of wise men, who "knew

law and judgment." The king, in fury, like a madman, referred the matter to his council.

The great wise council sat and looked into the laws of Persia, to find there was no law which suited Vashti's case; no law had ever been required to make women obedient, that was the one thing, or rather one condition, about which there was no worry or concern. So the wise men must advise the king; their advice was that the king, by royal decree, should repudiate his wife, and a royal decree was issued expressly for her "wifely disobedience."

Memicur, wisest of the wise men, made a great speech when he delivered the opinion of the council, which shows to a fair extent what many times influences men when making laws to govern women. Their viewpoint being, what man requires of the sex for his own pleasure and convenience, and not what would be just toward the woman or righteous in the eyes of God.

Vashti accepted the decree, nor do we learn that she did it unwillingly, we hear no more of her; she is the only Eastern woman on record who refused the request of the king, and he the most powerful monarch in the world. She retained her modesty, but lost her kingdom. Isn't modesty worth it?

The feast had a strange ending. Begun in mirth and gayety it abruptly ended in anger and confusion.

A queen must be provided at once, more beautiful than Vashti. The courtiers present with the king, who were all married men, set themselves to plan a way by which all of the women in Persia should be taught to obey, that from the day of Vashti's refusal no Persian husband should ever be

refused any request, however ridiculous or unreasonable.

A decree was issued providing that all of the beautiful virgins in the land should be brought to the king's harem, and that he would choose the most beautiful for his wife. The adopted daughter of Mordecai was urged to enter as a candidate for royal favor. Mordecai seemed to see a deep meaning in passing events; to him they were more than the severed relations of an angry sovereign and an offended queen.

God was using Mordecai for a great purpose, and here we see God's work—how He uses material, natural forces to carry out His great plans. He even uses men's weakness, sins, everything, to accomplish His purposes. The mystery of "spiritual law in the natural world," or "natural law in the spiritual world," was not revealed unto the men of the East, nor is it revealed unto us, but all of us, our gains, losses, pleasures and pains are His. We lose because of our frailty, but God's work goes on; He uses our personal convictions, opinions, ideas and presence for His own purposes, and after a while, probably a long while, we know how it is and understand. We understand ourselves least of all, and but for God's managing us, whether we will or not, for we are all willful, what would become of us? And we know that He loves His willful ones.

Destiny is often shaped by the interpretation of some particular providence, in the ordinary, everyday incidents of life—sometimes in the commonest incidents of life. Men look at results and effects, and forget the cause, which was conceived by no mind but God's.

We wonder at "this man's success or that man's

failure," and never stop to remember that God is ever vigilant, and "failure" to God's loved may be transitory, or He may be using His own for the accomplishment of His wise purpose. He may seem to contradict Himself, to be severe, but "He remembers His own and is with them forever."

QUEEN ESTHER

God bestows all talent, power, charm, influence. A great talent, a beautiful personality, an attractive intellect, a great heart are gifts from God—nothing less.

We during our stay upon earth are the "custodians" for just so much of God's power, grace and force of control. We are put on earth with those attributes of heart and mind to carry on His work and to do His will. There is no mistake or accident in the bestowal of a mental gift, or even physical beauty.

God gives to a man strength of mind, heart, or power with men, for a purpose, and this purpose is to help carry out His wondrous plans and designs for us.

If a man misuses or misapplies this God-given power, it is taken from him, or he is not permitted to prosper by his evil use of it.

If a woman is given intellect, magnetism, charm, personality or beauty it is hers with a divine purpose and every influence which she may exert with her mind or her physical excellence should be directed to the glory of God.

When she chooses to permit such influences to degrade her, and does not seek to elevate by her powers, right then God begins to take the power from her or to forbid its accomplishing her desired purpose.

When we see a woman who seems to possess every requisite for convincing and succeeding, and she does not succeed, and we wonder why so beautiful and so charming a person can not accom-

plish most anything, we may depend upon it that this woman has, in some way, misused her great influence and power. Both have been exerted in other directions than in the glory of womanhood revealed by God's own hand.

God gave the Jewish maiden, Esther, radiant, appealing beauty. This was no accident, but a part of His plan to save a people. It was the first step—by no means the only step, for she was beautiful in strength of character—by which she attracted the eye of the king. Esther realized the power to which her physical powers could be extended, that her presence had unquestioned power with him, but being a true and strong agent for the work of her God, she used this physical charm to the highest and noblest ends, and in no instance allowed the king or herself to fall a single degree in the measure of purity and virtue.

Had she permitted the sensual nature of the king or herself to gain control, or had she rested more securely upon her personal magnetism than upon her faith in God, He would have withheld from her His great appointment and given unto another the glory of saving a nation.

Few women on earth to-day are born to save a generation or to influence kings and potentates, but there are fewer women who will not, in one way or another, influence some man in some way.

In some essentials men are all alike, as are women, and those women who desire to "save a nation" may do so to-day by exerting pure, clean, elevating and womanly influence over every man whose life may touch theirs. If we love God more than ourselves, His people more than our own lives, He will not withhold His power from us, but will lead us unto royal pleasure, extend to

us the royal scepter, remove from us our bitterest enemies and refuse us no reasonable request.

God teaches to all of the women in this and all ages a wondrous lesson in the life of Esther; the lesson being that a woman's brain, beauty, personality and every influence given to her are hers only as they may glorify and serve her God.

The self-sacrificing love which Esther bore her own people, and which love brought about their wonderful deliverance, has from that time to this been celebrated by her grateful people, the Jews, as a festival called "the days of Purim" or "Esther's feast." This great triumph was held about the year 509 B. C. Josephus says that the king, Ahasuerus, is the same as Artaxeres Longimanus of profane history, for his great kindness uniformly shown the Jews by the king is usually accounted for as through the influence of the queen.

Hodassah, or Esther, a Jewish maiden elevated to the throne of Persia, saved her people from entire extermination. She had been carefully trained by her cousin, Mordecai, in whose home she had lived, her parents having died in her infancy. Mordecai adopted her as his own daughter, and when Ahasuerus repudiated his Queen, Vashti, and issued a decree that beautiful virgins should be brought before him that he might "select a wife," Mordecai urged Esther to enter her name among those aspiring for royal favor.

After the "twelve months of purification" and all the virgins had appeared in their turn before the king that he might select his queen, the royal favor fell upon the quiet, modest, unassuming Jewish maiden, who, in accord with strict instructions from Mordecai, had concealed her lineage.

The king sat in state, in the presence of his

chamberlain and gayly arrayed court, 'neath a rich canopy hung with gorgeous curtains, surrounded by snow white columns; the green, purple and blue draperies fastened with rings of silver and chains of gold falling upon the floor of red, black and gray marble.

The youthful procession passed before him, and the rank and file of tender girlish loveliness floated by, gently, softly, like a radiant vision. The air was redolent with the finest perfumes, soft veils, trailing garments and the costliest jewels brought out to superb advantage this great display of Eastern female beauty. For twelve months this day had been looked to, waited for and diligently prepared for, and now in the fullness of enjoyment the king sat, while the procession slowly passed and repassed before his sensual gaze.

At the very beginning we get a glimpse of the character of Esther. When she was ready to go into the presence of the king, instead of asking for gifts and special favors, as did the other women, she took only what the chamberlain offered her. Right here she won the regard of the chamberlain, and when the king once saw her rare, delicate beauty and her faultless, exquisite form, he made her his wife.

Mordecai led an isolated life; he was silent, and somewhat severe. Of perfect integrity, noble nature, and great intelligence, he was, withal, an unbending and unrelenting spirit.

He loved Esther with his whole great nature; he lingered around the palace gates that he might know her welfare and occasionally have a glimpse of her; she had been the one bright gleam that had brightened his colorless life. Day after day he could be seen at the gates of the palace of Shu-

shan. It was a great sacrifice to Mordecai to give Esther to anybody, even to the king, for when a strong nature, as was his, loves only one individual that individual receives a vast amount of genuine love.

Mordecai seems always to have had a latent fear of Haman, "the Amelekite," the young ambitious favorite of the king, and he seemed to fear that Haman might exert too great an influence over Esther; he treated Haman with disrespect and refused to do him homage. Mordecai was proud of his Jewish blood and hated a parasite. Every man in the kingdom paid Haman homage save Mordecai, who would sit like stone and never notice the king's favorite. So persistent was he in his behavior toward Haman, and so plainly did he show his disgust, even hatred, that at last he aroused the deadly hate of Haman.

Having great influence with the king, and scorning to vent his anger upon one insignificant man, Haman persuaded the king to issue a decree "for the slaughter of every Jew in the realm."

Sullen, proud and caring little for his own life, Mordecai defied his enemy to do his worst—though this decree fell upon him as a terrible shock and surprise, as he had never dreamed of such savage vengeance.

It was too late to regret or worry about his behavior which had brought about this bloody issue, so Mordecai roused himself to avert the slaughter. With torn garments and sackcloth wrapped about his body he roamed over the city, and with loud and bitter wailings cried unto the people, the cries reaching beyond the palace walls.

Esther, when she heard of it all, sent garments to Mordecai, which he refused, but he sent to her

a copy of the king's decree, and bade her go in and implore him to remit his sentence.

She hastily replied that it was certain death to go into the royal presence unbidden unless the king chose to extend the royal scepter, and that not for a whole month had he requested to see her.

Mordecai seemed not to think of the danger of Esther losing her life, but only of his people, so he replied to her "to do as she chose, if she preferred to save herself, delivery would come to the Jews from some other quarter, but she should die."

From this moment the character of Esther more and more unfolds to us. It was only the weakness that came with the surprise and terror of the condition that made her think of herself; she thought no more of her own safety, but arose to the height of a martyr; she became at once a patriot!

She sent the message to her cousin, not after deliberation or hesitation, but at once. "Go tell my cousin to assemble all the Jews in Shushan and fast three days and three nights, neither eating nor drinking; I and my maidens will do the same, and in the third day I will go before the king and if I perish, I perish!" Thus did she show herself equal to death, and a violent one, to save those whom she loved.

God was not mistaken in His choice of an instrument to carry out His great plans.

The three days and nights of fasting and mental agony made a change in her beauty; it changed it, but did not destroy it. She was paler, her eyes were deeper and a trifle sunken, but there was that expression in them which had not been there before. It was a prayer, a supplication and the earnest desire of a loving, tender heart.

Of all times in her life, even the occasion when she sought by personal beauty to captivate the king, was it most important for her to be the most fascinating, most alluring and most convincing.

She arrayed herself in the apparel most approved by the king, in the robes which he had admired, and she put forth the greatest effort she had ever made to charm and to make herself absolutely irresistible.

Looking more like a goddess than a woman, with faith and hope in her beautiful face, with trembling but not hesitating step she approached the king's apartment.

Her maidens waited at the entrance listening, frightened, afraid to move, while she passed slowly into the room. When the king heard the faint rustle of her silken garments he looked up with a frown to see who was so tired of life as to deliberately throw it away, to dare to come unbidden into his presence.

Esther stood before him! Her beauty, earnestness, love for her cause and dependence upon his protection, an appeal that a heart of stone could not resist.

Long and silently the king looked upon her, then extended the golden scepter to her and she touched it. As she sank at his feet, a beautiful intruder, a glorious deliverer, the king spellbound, conquered, overcome, stooped to lift her up and in a gentle voice said: "What wilt thou, Queen Esther? What is thy request? It shall be granted thee, even to the half of my kingdom!" And the king's answer, willing to please her "to the half of his kingdom," to share everything with her, shows to what extent her influence controlled him.

He loved her; she was beautiful, attractive, re-

sponsive—these charms he knew, but he didn't know one thing which Esther knew, and that was that her great power was God-given and that He was supplying her strength, charm and power over the king.

God put decision into the heart of the king and God put power into the heart of Esther.

With a thoughtful woman's tact and the wisdom which had come to her from thinking the matter over from every side, she did not risk losing the influence she had just gained by immediately asking for the destruction of Haman and the reversion of the decree; she simply requested that the king and Haman should "dine with her on the morrow."

She was determined to fascinate him still more, to securely bring him into the meshes of her charm. At the banquet he asked again what she desired, for he well knew no ordinary matter would lead her to risk her life. She invited them to a second and to a third feast.

The night preceding the last feast the king could not sleep, but after tossing upon his couch, troubled, as though conscious of approaching danger, he sent for the records of the court and found that only a short time before Mordecai had informed him, through the queen, of an attempt made to assassinate him, and no reward had been given to Mordecai.

The next day the king ordered Haman to perform the very humiliating duty of leading his avowed enemy through the streets of the city in triumph, shouting to the people, "This is the man whom the king delights to honor." A short time before Haman had erected a gallows by which he was planning to end the life of Mordecai, and when

they passed by a creepy horror crept over Haman and he received the first omen of evil which was so soon to overshadow him.

All of this assisted and supported Esther in her great plan, and the next day, the greatest of the banquets, as she reclined upon her couch, her beautiful chiseled body ravishing and inflaming the lover-king with desire, in pleading, caressing accents she begged, "I ask, O king, for my life and that of my people; if we had been sold as bondmen and bondwomen, I had held my tongue, great as the evil would have been to thee."

The king, as though pierced by a poisonous arrow, with darkened brow, and trembling voice, exclaimed: "Thy life, my queen? Who is he? Where is he that dare even think such a thought in his heart?"

"That man," said the radiant beauty, lovely pleader, "is the wicked Haman." With one terrible ominous look at Haman, now petrified with fear and suspense, the king strode into the palace gardens to cool his tremendous anger.

Haman, realizing that his only hope was to move the sympathies of the queen, turned to her and began to plead for his life. In his agony of pleading he grew faint and fell upon the couch where the queen lay, and while in this position the king entered.

"What!" he cried, "will he violate the queen here in my own palace?"

The awful look and voice with which this was uttered were sufficient; no orders were given; the attendants simply spread a cloth over Haman's face and no word was spoken.

All who saw the covered face knew what it meant for it was the sentence of death. Haman

was immediately condemmed to die, and in a few hours was hanged from the gallows which he had erected for Mordecai.

From this hour Esther's power was supreme. Everything she asked was granted, but it must be said to her queenly credit that she exhibited good sense in asking, and only went into the royal presence for very important things. Here she sets a good example to all women who are wives. Only ask for the very important things; there are so many ways to get what you want without asking and it is a good idea to never give a man the opportunity to refuse you anything. He gains so when he refuses you. If there is any refusing to be done it should be done by the wife.

To please Esther the blood of five hundred of the king's subjects was shed, whom the Jews slew in self-defense. To please her the ten sons of Haman were hanged from the gallows where their father had died.

Mordecai became prime minister and the hitherto oppressed Hebrews received boundless favors.

Esther was lovely and heroic in character, for the wondrous favor which was shown her did not make her vain; her sudden and remarkable elevation did not make her proud or self-conscious. In the palace, as in the humble habitation, the adopted daughter of Mordecai, she is just the same—generous, disinterested in self, ready to serve others and ready to die for others. She is one of the glorious characters in history.

Esther is an example of pious patriotism; she possessed the highest powers in a woman's mind, a love for God and a willingness to make sacrifices for her own. She would have sacrificed anything, everything, even her independent nature, all save

her character, to help the helpless and distressed of her people. It is a mark of the strongest nature to be willing to abandon self for those dependent upon us and for those who look to us for help. There is no "independence" when our loved ones look to us for aid; the pride is false which forbids us making every effort to comfort and succor them, and pleading that we may be permitted to serve them.

God reveals unto us His path which we are to tread, and, though at times we may seem to lose the way, His light shines before us, illuminating an otherwise barren waste, and as we approach nearer and nearer, the light of His countenance shines upon us and we know there is no mistake and no accident. Our faltering strength is sustained, our timid footsteps are guided and we come unto our own, who so need us and wish for us. Sometimes it is a long waiting, but He is with us, near us, knows our lonely hearts and He is watching—while we wait.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

The Queen of Sheba was delightfully and entirely feminine, possessing a wholesome, natural desire to see, to know, to investigate, to prove for herself and the required determination to fulfill these natural desires. The beautiful Eastern queen had her share of curiosity, nor is that a quality to be despised, when accompanied by other qualities to sustain, subdue and sometimes conceal it. Curiosity is, at times, a necessary quality, because it quickens interest, fosters enthusiasm and gives color and glow to a nature which otherwise might seem dull and dead.

The Queen of Sheba possessed an investigating turn of mind, a real desire to improve and promote the welfare of her people, and she demanded proof of what she had heard. Credulity was not one of her weaknesses. She had heard of the name and fame of the great Hebrew king, that he was a mighty judge, from whose decisions there could be no appeal, of his maxims and proverbs, in which were included wisdom enough to rule the world, that he wrote love songs, that in appearance he was splendid, that men followed him, that women loved him and that he had mighty power with his God. She was delighted with the accounts, but far from being convinced that they were all true, so she determined to see for herself.

Balkis, or Makeda, queen of Sheba, and probably queen of Abyssinia in the tenth century, B. C., ruled in that part of Arabia where women called "Sabines" were permitted to govern. Josephus says that she ruled both Egypt and Ethiopia.

The quiet administration of the Judges had ended and in the fame and splendor of the reign of the great Solomon, the Hebrews had reached the height of power. The "queen of the South" showed two marked characteristics—one was a deep piety, or rather a desire for religious investigation, the other was mental activity.

She was ambitious, honestly desiring to build up her kingdom. She was enterprising, she was young, and she was well endowed with curiosity. She knew that she had much to learn and she was not content with the pomp and ceremony or display of royal authority. She cared not for the Eastern princes who constantly sought her hand in marriage, and there was something wide awake and restless in her heart which craved to be satisfied.

She knew something of the sensual poetry of the Arabians, their songs and their prophecies, but she longed to know of life, which to her was a bewildering mystery; from whence did she come? whither did she go? She longed to know of death, of the other life, and she meditated upon the powers that controlled the world. She looked above the Oriental romances and mythological tales which had been taught to her, and a burning flame of thought was lighted in her warm, impulsive heart, and the daring soul of Balkis, queen of the South, set out upon a long journey in quest of information, knowledge and romance, to the fountain head of wisdom, to the greatest king in the world.

By an impulse strange and new, but none the less real, she was drawn on and on until her caravan started, making balmy and sweet the hot, scorched breath of the desert with her priceless

odors of myrrh, frankincense, sandalwood and oils.

She knew the appalling weariness and dangers of the journey, though she selected her choicest gold, spices, myrrh and all fine aromas and set out with a retinue of soldiers and servants. Borne in a sedan, or under a draped canopy on a camel, her beautiful olive face veiled from the sun, for sixty days she continued her journey; at night her pavilion was pitched, to be taken down for the early start next morning.

Solomon, I am sure, went to meet her, and in great state and royal splendor they entered the city. His going to meet her explains his song, "Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?" Some of the portraiture in the songs of Solomon is likely drawn from his beautiful southern visitor, so we may infer that she was beautiful and like her race, which is called the "primitive model, the standard physique of the human family." As she passed over the same road that was often traveled by our blessed Savior on His journey to Bethany the Mount of Olives came in sight. As the beautiful city upon its purple hills broke upon her, the Temple porch, tower and majestic front, rising two hundred feet higher than the Mount of Sion, her eyes were riveted as with magic. Solomon's palace, the house of the cedars of Lebanon, the palm trees, pillars and flowers, yellow, white and red, were far more beautiful than the scenes she had left in the east. Crossing the brook of Hebron, she was received into the palace with royal honors. To the temple she was not admitted, but she watched the ascent and descent of the king, and

through the golden gates and doors she saw the "brazen sea" and heard the prayers and praise of the priests. King Solomon, pleased with her enthusiasm and sensible of the honor her visit had paid him, opened to her investigation the royal palace; his table was supplied each day with "thirty oxen and two hundred sheep, beside deer and fowl." She saw the "two hundred targets, various vessels, all of gold, the throne of ivory, with its carved lions, the thousand chariots and twelve thousand horsemen;" the gardens of pomegranates, saffron, cinnamon and spikenard, "the orchards full of fruit and the fountains and pools of water." She heard the "singers and the strange instruments," and more than all she heard the wisdom of Solomon.

From the lips of the great man she heard his proverbs, and his songs, and she talked freely and plainly to him, "telling him all that was in her heart." Solomon, with characteristic wisdom, recognized her sound sense, knew that so great a journey was not undertaken for nothing, and he treated her as a fellow-sovereign and an equal; all of his intellect was exerted to answer well her inquiries into his matters of law, science and religion. She evidently remained for some time, probably visiting Canaan and other places.

Real genius is shown in her remarks to Solomon, as she presents him with her royal gifts, having been assured of his wisdom, and satisfied as to the truth of what she had heard. "It was a true report which I heard in my own land, of thy acts and of thy wisdom; howbeit, I believed not the words until I came and mine eyes had seen it; and behold, the half was not told me; thy wisdom and prosperity exceeded the fame which I heard.

"Happy are thy men, happy are these, thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and that hear thy wisdom."

"Blessed be the Lord, thy God, which delighted in thee, or the throne of Israel, because the Lord loved Israel forever, therefore made He the king to do judgment and justice."

She tells him that it was a privilege to his men and servants to stand before him, implying that even to be in his presence, to look upon him, to be his slave was a privilege.

She does not tell him that he is blessed to have so great a God; she says "blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighted in *thee"; that* "the Lord loved Israel so dearly that He made him her king." Think of the extent of her flattery! Even God chose to honor him by placing him over His best beloved people, and not he to honor God!

Her address to Solomon after viewing his house, his garden, his orchards, and hearing from his own lips words of wisdom, wit and beautiful love songs, is a superb piece of tact and feminine perception. He well knew that his court was the grandest in the world, that his mind and his management were the subject of the conversation of monarchs, and he heard from the beautiful Abyssinian queen "that the half had never been told." Her fantastic idea of him and his country, which her romantic, Oriental taste, aided by a youthful imagination had gathered, was based upon the wonderful tales she had heard. She modestly tells him that "his prosperity exceeded that fame of which she had been told."

There is wonderful woman wit and the most adroit flattery in that speech. She may not have

known jurisprudence or science, but she knew the man to whom she was talking. She understood him, she won him, she pleased him, she made the wisest of all men love her, and surely that is no small part of wisdom.

Solomon married princesses, goddesses and fine ladies from "all far countries," but the Sacred Records give one and only one instance of a woman influencing or delighting his intellect. There is only one conclusion, and that is that her mold of mind, perception, quick wit and tact were like unto his. In other words, there was a sympathy and congeniality.

She gave him treasures of gold, spices and precious stones. He gave unto her "all her desire, whatsoever she asked," besides that which he gave of his royal bounty. "All her desire." Think of that being given by any man to any woman! It is not in the power of any man to give that, lest he be wise, just, intuitive, appreciative and great-hearted. She had told him just exactly what he wanted to hear; she had told him that he was "wise and just," and he prided himself upon being both : she had read him correctly, and he couldn't do enough for her. Of these two people, was one much wiser than the other? The quality which was foremost in the one had attracted that same quality in the other—intuition.

The Abyssinian historians state that a son was born to them, whom Solomon named David for his father, but his mother, because of the child's resemblance to Solomon, named him Menelek—another self.

This boy was educated at the court of Solomon, was a wise and prudent man, returning to the East with many doctors of the law, who introduced the

Jewish religion into Abyssinia; it continued there until the introduction of Christianity.

This visit, important enough to be recorded in sacred annals, was a woman's caprice, determination, curiosity, and a wholesome desire to "prove what she had heard."

The wisdom of Solomon was the gift of God, and not the result of patient, logical reasoning, study or observation. His mind was in harmony with wisdom, with God's laws, and God's plans. Solomon founded no school of philosophy, nor sent teachers or missionaries to enlighten the ignorant. The theory of the intuitive faculty was exemplified in the life and learning of the great king; his was the wisdom which "God had put in his heart."

From all parts of the earth men were coming to see and to wonder at the grandeur of his palaces, his courts, his processions of "servants and cup bearers" and to carry away in their hearts his maxims and proverbs on the moral virtues, contrary vices, vanity, economy, equity and patriotism. Solomon was quoted by those who were teachers or preachers; sages, wise from study and reflection, studied his character and wisdom as they would study a great volume of philosophy. He was a wonder, an enormous power in his time, for he possessed a perfect sense of justice, and his reign is the most magnificent recorded in any history of any time.

In his philosophy there is no folly or temptation of human flesh which he does not anticipate, and he gives sound warning against "the evils under the sun." In his proverbs there is evidence of his very practical understanding which argues that we can not change humanity; probably we would like to,

but since we can not, we must do the very best that we can under difficult circumstances.

He constantly recognizes the weakness rather than the strength of the human heart, and he urges fortification of will power and moral conviction, and he preaches all the way through "common sense." His rewards are to the "wise man who understandeth wisdom," and his punishments to the fool; he can not forgive the fool, and he teaches that the "fool and his folly are hateful in the sight of the Lord." God gave him his intellect, his wisdom, his decision, all of which formed his intuition, and it is that quality which students and admirers most analyze.

The only enemy who ever defeated him was himself; he had nothing to fear from enemies or conspirators; he was strong and well fortified and his armor stout enough to meet in battle array any thousand soldiers. But when his own body, his passions and weaknesses were arrayed against him, when he depended no longer upon God's guidance and power of direction, with the same luxuriant sinking and failing that marks this and all other eras of time, he rapidly sunk to the level of the most ordinary man.

It is no fanciful speech when King Solomon says "It is better to dwell in a corner of the house top than with a contentious and brawling woman in a wide house." He set himself a difficult task—that of living in a house, however "wide," with seven hundred women; and many times, in the throes of despair, humiliation and disgust, did he steal away to the "house top" for a minute's quiet and rest. The houses in the East, instead of the porch in front, had the covered "roof garden" for an outdoor sitting room.

The domestic life of the king was problematic, and his superb ruling of the kingdom of Israel did not assist him or offer him any parallels in "looking well to the ways of his own household." "He loved many strange women, followed after them, made more than seven hundred of them his wives, and let them, in his old age, turn away his heart from God."

For which disobedience God "raised up enemies against him," and only "for his father David's sake" was any favor at all shown to him, and "he afflicted the seed of Solomon, but not forever." "For forty years he reigned in Jerusalem over the kingdom of Israel and died and was buried with his fathers."

During the strength of middle life, Solomon gave care and diligence to his kingdom and to his wonderful literary work; it was when he was old that he "loved strange women," even the daughter of Pharoah, the Moabite women, Ammonites, Edomites, Zedouians and Hittites. He was ambitious in numbers and prided himself upon the variety, kind, nationality and religion of his wives.

God had said: "You shall not go in unto them, for they will turn away your heart after their gods; but Solomon clave unto these in love."

And sure enough they did "turn away his heart," and made him a miserable, wretched, abominable and humiliated patriarch, far from reaching the standard of his father, David, so loved by the Lord. Solomon wandered far from his own words of wisdom: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; but fools despise wisdom and instruction."

He refers in his "Songs" to the "day of the gladness of his heart," showing the melancholy

state of his mind and his sense of the loss in himself, and again he says, in "the words of the preacher," "In much wisdom is much grief."

The Queen of Sheba was to him a bright, beautiful memory; in the full beauty of manhood, at the zenith of his power, not o'ertaken by senuality and weakness, his mind at its strongest and best perception, he keenly appreciated and enjoyed her society, her intellect and her beauty. She lived his better life, which was his real life, drew from him radiant, brilliant thought, inspired many of his proverbs and songs—and she stands apart as an individual, a personality, a companion and not "one of the seven hundred."

A "beautiful memory" is sometimes the source of as much true inspiration, joy and happiness as a living presence; those people who sympathize with our intellects, our native tastes and our personal desires are the ones that we remember and love the most. They build us up, strengthen us, fortify us, help us to believe in ourselves, becoming a part of us, and the best beloved part.

Those who are thought to possess "intuition" and "tact" are many times those who are the truly good, the helpers, the sunshine scatterers, and those of the great heart put into the world to do His work until He shall come.

ASPASIA

There is no trait in man or woman more noble than faithfulness, than adhering to a friend, standing firm for a friend and living up to the divine thought of "laying down one's life for a friend."

So long as we know that an individual is right, is firm in the right, if the combined forces of earth are against him, it becomes more and more our duty to fight for him, protect him and stand close by him.

But when we know that an individual is in the wrong, and the combined forces of earth are in his favor, and are fighting for him, we are more sinful than the culprit in question when we allow ourselves to be led by the multitude or to be influenced by public sentiment.

Magnificent are those men and women who stand apart, not afraid to be a friend to a man, if they know *he is a man,* if the whole world chides, but contemptible in the sight of God and man is that cheap piece of humanity who moves along with the multitude, knowing in his flimsy heart that he has no sense of conviction, and that he can be bought with public opinion.

It was the popular thing in Athens to admire Aspasia and to approve of her, and many were honest in their admiration, allowing her strength of mind to cover any defects of character.

There were men and women in Athens in her day, as there are men and women with us right now, who tried to make black white. They did not succeed, of course, and wound up by making

themselves ridiculous; parvenus, parasites, weaklings of the lowest, meanest order.

There is one quality—virtue, honor, chastity, conviction, call it what you will—in woman for which no substitute can be accepted, because there is no substitute. There are other traits and powers possessed by women, one about as valuable as the other, but there is one and only one demand made of a woman. This is a law, made first by God, indorsed by nature's certain proofs and sealed fast by the immutable seals of man's own making. When she fills this demand, and of those who really fill it there is little doubt or questioning, she takes and retains the high place which we like to associate with woman in her ideality.

Some women in every age have gone into life fortified with the idea that they could do what they pleased, when they pleased and how they pleased. This, we know, is an absurd idea at the present day, and it is just as true to-day as it has ever been. The love for a good woman, real chivalry and a feeling of protection for her weakness, have existed in the hearts of good men since man was created. It is the woman who has "worked out the inventions."

When Aspasia in the fifth century ruled the men of Athens, though Christian womanhood had not yet come to bless the world, there were many virtuous mothers and daughters among the mighty Greeks. With the exception of the "demand" which is made of woman, the "one essential," Aspasia had every other quality, even charm. She is remembered after the passing of the mighty centuries, just as she was known in the days in which she lived.

The women of to-day will live on and on

through the passing of centuries; and though they may not influence sages and philosophers, a woman's influence can never die, and the passing of time will only record her good or her evil deeds. In the economy of creation there is no loss of thought, idea or word, so we, whether good or evil, strong or weak, help or hindrance, will live on and on, completing the evolution of which we are a part.

Aspasia was a paradox. Her character affords a field for study, thought, inquiry, intellectual quickening, indignant condemnation and moral disgust. So perplexing is she with her personal charm and personal vices, her delightful intellectual accomplishments and abandoned habits, her refined taste and her utter lack of taste, that no very well defined theory may be entertained in regard to her character or her lack of character, except the scale of decision to which we may ever turn when in doubt, "right or wrong."

Pericles loved her. Of that one fact there is no doubt—but here enters the theorizing. Would Pericles, to whom she was the bosom-counselor and advisor, have doted upon her for years and years if she had been utterly devoid of personal purity?

She kept up a mental enthusiasm with Socrates, argued, discussed and debated the profoundest questions of logic with him. She would go at any hour of the day or night to analyze with him a difficult problem, and could the woman whom the great Socrates delighted in for more than a score of years have been entirely without personal purity?

To theorize again, had these two men been drawn to her and grown tired, had they been sur-

feited with her presence or had she been beautiful in person and less intellectual, her lack of character might be absolutely proven. But Aspasia was not beautiful, she was not graceful, goddess-like or *spirituelle,* she was a plain-looking woman of rare common-sense. Neither Pericles nor Socrates could see her often enough, and there is no record of any man ever growing tired of her. Such "theorizing" sounds like the "modern way"; none of this theory in any way proves the personal purity of Aspasia, Socrates or Pericles. Her alert, vigorous mind sustained the interest of her admirers when otherwise they might have grown tired. Aspersions of the bitterest degree were thrown upon her character, with the intention of injuring Pericles as well as herself, because it was no secret in Athens that Pericles' finest, noblest thoughts were framed under the inspiration and in the presence of Aspasia.

In spite of all that was said about her and all that was true about her, the men of Athens would take their wives into her palace to hear her converse. An interesting evidence of the powers of Aspasia is found in her habit of reconciling the husbands and wives of the Athenians who came to her for counsel, and shows that, in her willingness to smooth out rough places, she was not altogether bad.

She sat, a court of justice, and uttered decrees which were accepted without question, and instead of encouraging disunion and separation, Aspasia taught her admirers to make the most of a bad bargain and to do the best that they could under all circumstances.

She reasoned with everybody, even with an unreasonable woman, and she held fast to the fact

that there were reciprocal duties in the married state.

She heard with patience the evidence of both sides of a matter, then coolly, calmly rendered a decision, from which appeal was never desired.

Xantippe, wife of Socrates, strange to say, did not condemn her so bitterly as did many of the other Athenian ladies; she seems to have had something of an admiration for her, and though she spent many hours alone in her home, while her truant philosopher basked in the sunshine of Aspasia's wisdom, she never seemed to doubt that Aspasia's powers were all mind.

Xantippe was so often disgusted with Socrates, with his laziness and sloth at home, that she probably thought no woman could care much about him, and was willing to trust him anywhere. With all of her scolding and shrewishness there is one great service which Xantippe has rendered to the world. It is because of her peculiar mold of femininity and flights of temper that the world inherits the genius of Socrates. Because of Xantippe's temper Socrates became a great philosopher through exercising his patience. He knew her disposition and knew that patience was a virtue necessary to his stoic philosophy; so he married her that he might attain patience and long-suffering.

The violence of her temper can be understood and somewhat excused when we remember the long lonely evenings when she looked for her truant husband, while he was passing golden hours in the presence of Aspasia. Xantippe believed they were only "congenial in philosophy."

Too much philosophy is not good in a husband; there are many things more desirable in him than the reasoning powers—it isn't reason that a

woman loves—that is, a normal, altogether usual woman. Aspasia was not normal or usual.

Xantippe must have often felt the wide chasm between the wisdom of Socrates' teaching and the foolishness of his conduct. If Socrates had been more attentive to her, she would have been a more amiable and a happier woman, but the world might have been without Socratic philosophy.

He acknowledged that her influence over him was good, for she developed in him the quality demanded by his philosophy, and which he possessed to the point of apparent laziness. Extremes certainly did attract when Socrates married Xantippe, for haste, impulse, fiery speech and hot-headedness yielded to precision, dignity, calmness and stoicism.

Many and many times Xantippe in desperation would fly into the gardens of Aspasia's palaces, where her admirers were assembled and, taking her vagrant husband by the ear, lead him home, to the amusement of the lookers-on. Socrates made no resistance, but demurely followed, content with the excess of "patience" which her conduct would give him.

Pericles divorced his first wife with her own consent, that he might marry Aspasia. Certainly the wife of Pericles consented to the divorce; why shouldn't she? She saw nothing of him, he lived at the home of Aspasia. She heard daily from her "kind friends" of how often Pericles was seen with her, and there was nothing else for her to do. The flame of love between a man and his wife must, one way or another, be kept flaming, and Pericles was not adding exactly the proper fuel to his matrimonial fire.

She did not give him the divorce reluctantly; she

gave it enthusiastically; nor did she find vent for her "troubled" heart in the society of Greece's abandoned philosophers; she gave her wealth of heart and spirit to art and its study; teaching it, and so successfully, as to establish, in time, the most popular studio in Athens.

To Aspasia Pericles is indebted for his wonderful mental culture; she taught him to speak, to write, and, says Socrates, "to think." Aspasia's talent certainly must have been "talking," for she has left no books, diary, or letters of her own, but she lives in pristine memory in the noble work of Pericles.

When her gardens, porticos and balconies were filled with the Greeks who sought her presence for "art's sake" or for the indorsement of their work, Pericles sat near; in the time of the return of some great vessel when the city was ablaze with fire and light, and it would seem that every man was a part of the heroic celebration, Pericles could be found sitting near his idol, listening quietly to her words of wisdom. They didn't "make love to each other," their comradeship did not rest upon exactly that kind of a plane; their constant pleasure in each others' society was, so far as the relation between man and woman *can be,* based upon an intellectual sympathy.

Aspasia talked a great deal, was a woman of opinion, and many controversies arose over what she said; many of the Greek philosophers disagreed with the philosophy of Pericles, therefore many held variance as to the opinions of Aspasia.

Hermippus, a comic poet, ridiculed and later persecuted Aspasia for impiety. He accused her of arguing against the existence of the gods, and he stated that she had ideas of her own as to the

celestial appearances. By the laws of Athens she would have been condemned, but, contrary to all law, Pericles defended her in speech after speech, shedding tears in her behalf, succeeding at last in freeing her of the charges,

Aspasia was accused of bringing on the war of Peloponnesus, which was so calamitous to Greece, through feelings of selfish personal resentment.

The greatest evil which Aspasia inflicted upon her people was not war or the destruction of their idols, but it was the awful sin of example. So great was her fame in Athens and her powers so universally recognized, that her influence could have been exerted in any direction which she may have elected. She chose a life of utter abandon, hundreds of women of Greece followed her footsteps, and she established for young women what might be called a "school of vices" which endured hundreds of years after her death.

She helped to establish in the city of Athens, which city did finally fall, impurity, indulgence, profligacy and recognition of blackest evil as a polite habit; with her powerful influence, instead of frowning upon sin in all of its forms, she countenanced it by her own participation and toleration.

Whether she was culpable herself, it matters not; she brought hundreds of otherwise innocent women, who had not her resourceful mind to offer them consolation when their lives had been ruined, to the darkest habits of sin, wreck and decay.

She showed her great love for Pericles when he died by transferring her affections immediately to a young Greek, Lysicles, a grazier. There were those in Athens who, up to this event, believed she was sinned against, that because of her wonderful

hold upon the men of Athens other women, not enjoying this especial popularity, envied her and told false stories about her. But when she found interest in "the grazier," those who had excused her thought best to say little in her favor, and her affection for her new lover was that of an old woman for a strong, vigorous youth, and his mind, unlike Pericles' or Socrates', was not of the philosophical turn.

This last incident destroys the far-fetched idea that her home was a philosopher's lecture room and that her life was controlled by mind rather than material.

And what matters it intellectually, if uncleanness lives in the heart? And what matters it if she lived in a darkened age? The woman's heart has never yet been created which could not separate the pure from the impure, the chaste from the unrefined, the holy from the unholy.

A woman's sin is from choice; for her endowment from God is to know the good and the innocent, and therefore she knows what is womanly and what womanhood demands of her.

And that woman who appeals to the craven tastes of a man, be she as brilliant and intellectual as Aspasia, is a fiend in female guise and not woman; no part of a Christian era, but a relic, a fossil of the dark, unwholesome day, when a woman's body and not her soul was valued; when woman had not risen to her God-appointed sphere where she may now rule supreme in the sacredness of her appointment.

CORNELIA, MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI

A noble mind may be enabled to support itself against distress; and though Fate, Life, Death or Fortune may take from one a beloved personality or defeat one in a cherished pursuit, the truly noble nature is not cast down, and though for a time the purpose of a great life may be kept back and apparently lost, a great life can not lose its prerogative.

It is after Cornelia had given up what she loved best on earth, after she made the greatest sacrifice which her humanity could make, when a woman of less fortitude would have been deep in the throes of a natural sorrow, that we meet her, a part of the history of her native city, and a blessing to the lives of hundreds of men and women.

During the years immediately following the tragic deaths of her sons, "the Gracchi," when the philosophers, teachers, lecturers and all great men and women of Rome would visit her, she spoke of her sons without a sigh or a tear and recounted their actions and suffering as though she were telling the story of some matchless heroes in ancient battles.

Some who had not the understanding or the great heart thought that Cornelia surely did not love her sons, or that she had lost the power of sensibility; but these could not rise to the plane of her beautiful mind and its liberality ; they and not Cornelia, were the ones who were wanting.

During the days of her widowhood, and more especially after the death of her sons, her house was the favorite resort for the educated people of

Rome. In the first place, from her illustrious father she had received a broad, full, substantial education; she was educated in a superior manner, by a very superior teacher.

From her girlhood she was regarded as a woman of fixed principles and unwavering courage; she felt solemnly the responsibility of rearing her sons, of educating them and giving two good citizens to Rome, and nothing could separate her from this conviction of her duty.

The king of Egypt offered his hand in marriage, and, though it seemed an unheard of thing to do, Cornelia rejected him in order to live entirely for her sons. She was a retired widow; there were many more beautiful women in Rome, but to her quiet fireside came men of letters, even kings and princes. She was revered as the model wife and mother, and long before her death a statue was erected in Rome, with this inscription: "Cornelia, Mater Gracchorum."

It was motherhood which beautified her life, and which gives her a place in history. The million Roman women who lived in dissolution, abandon and impurity passed with their mortal lives, but Cornelia lives in the hearts of true men and women for all time, a woman of dignity and native excellence. And the "perfect motherhood," or devotion to her sons, was the manifestation to the world, and the compensation to her heart, of the love she gave their father.

Cornelia was the daughter of Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Hannibal. It would seem that this descent was honorable enough without additional luster, but so beautiful was the life of the daughter and so strong her character and intellect that the fame of the father received added luster.

Though her husband was an honored Roman officer, he derived still greater and more attractive dignity from her virtues. When she was married to Tiberius Gracchus she was eulogized by Cicero for wisdom and virtue, and though Gracchus was deemed worthy of her, she was superior to him and to all women in Rome, in the excellences of the human character. She loved her husband as only such natures can love, and when he died and left her with twelve children her grief was deep-seated; her life, in the rearing of her large family, was a beautiful memorial to him.

With the supremest dignity, parental authority, sobriety and greatness of mind, she gave herself entirely over to the care of her little ones. During the days of her widowhood nine of her children died, leaving her the two sons, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, and the daughter, who married Scipio the younger.

She watched carefully their education, and trained them in all true and noble pursuits. They showed more plainly the results of her care and watchfulness than they did any mark of native genius or inherited quality.

When a Campanian lady displayed with great vanity her jewels and asked, in return, that Cornelia would display hers, Cornelia, placing her arms around her two sons, replied triumphantly, "These are my jewels." She had a winning, convincing manner, and an unquestioned influence with people; she gave public lectures on philosophy in Rome, and had many more disciples than either of her sons, though the object of her lectures and the constant burden of her thought was to assist and encourage her sons.

Cicero said of her: "Cornelia, had she not been

a woman, would have deserved the first place amongst philosophers."

She was ambitious, patriotic and, like all of the other better women of Rome, imbibed with a spirit of the heroic. She constantly spurred her sons on and on, and delighted in their public careers. The result was not satisfactory; on the other hand, it was unfortunate, for though her sons sustained reputation for purity and excellence, and we read with animation of the distinguished "Gracchi" associated with the noble and popular cause, they were always revolutionary and violent in their measures, unreasonable, even headstrong, and both were killed in popular tumults.

They championed the cause of the poorer classes against the oppressive rich. Tiberius, the elder, was elected tribune of Rome, but the nobles combined to defeat him when he desired a second term by using force upon the day of election. His party was overpowered, and he and his followers were killed in the Forum and their bodies thrown into the Tiber. This was the first, but by no means the last time that the Roman Forum was the scene of a tragedy.

Caius, the younger brother, had the famous dream in which the spirit of his brother addressed him: "Caius, why do you hesitate? One life for both of us, and one glorious death for the love of our people, is our destiny. There is no escape."

The dream came literally true.

Caius was elected tribune and secured the passage of the "grain laws," by which the "poor should be fed by the public graneries, by purchasing grain at half and less than half of its value." In a little while it was distributed free, and a large part of the citizenship of Rome began to live in

idleness, feeding upon the public, and this condition always gives way to viciousness and anarchy. Caius proposed reasonable measures in the interest of the people, which were opposed; the two parties openly revolted, and Caius died by his own hand. The Roman Consul offered a ransom for the head of Caius. This is the first instance of "head money" being offered in Rome. Thus perished "The Gracchi," sons of Cornelia.

An ordinary woman under such stress and strain would have given up—would have prayed to die, or in weeping and wailing, as was many times done in Rome, sought to destroy herself.

But because of the lives which her sons had led, because of the impression their lives had made upon the Roman people, she took renewed interest in life and what it offered her, and she endeavored so far as it lay within her power to live their lives. Constantly studying the conditions of the poorer classes, she became not only an angel of love and mercy, but a substantial, practical help to the authorities in Rome. Not in idle moaning, but in constant work, did she find peace for her troubled heart. She died about the year 230 B. C.

Genuine faithfulness takes every virtuous form, and the devoted wife who had honored her husband's memory became the bereft mother, living a memorial to her sons.

At first thought it would seem that Cornelia only loved as a doting, watchful mother can, but it was more than that—Cornelia loved her sons more than most women love their sons, because of the perfect, very nearly superhuman love which she gave to their father.

When her husband was taken from her she turned to his children as the representatives of him,

a part of himself which he had left to her—his flesh, his person, his character and the part of himself which was bound to her, which was her life with his.

"Good mothers always love their children." True enough, but a vast difference there is in the love a woman gives to her child when she adores his father and that love which she gives her child which is only the natural care and nurture of her mother heart.

The perfect wives, those women who give their strength of soul and body to that man with whom they fulfill the sacred relations of life are also the perfect mothers; this is no riddle, nor is it a complexity, but a simple truth, understood by those happy wives who are happier still for being mothers; and, alas, understood by those other wives whose love for their children is not made radiant and exultant by the reflection of a glorious unity, a oneness, made of the two components, nature's masterpiece in Economy and Plan, an adoring husband and wife.

It is from such unions as this that childhood is pure, wifehood is sweet, and motherhood is God-blessed! Such marriages as this prevent social barbarity; for, if there be a touch of the savage in all of us, it is kept down by the hand of strong personal love, which is invincible. From such unions as this a woman's children are her jewels and her dominion is her home; secure in the heart and life of her husband, matrimony is a beautiful crown and certainly the wife is content to be "the mother of her sons."

From the standpoint of fervent love, not passion, between men and women, there are two, and only two, types of women; a separation by death

develops the two types, and though it is a severe, it is a perfect test. One woman grieves and weeps, and she is really bereft and sorrowful for a time, but she finally can find solace, surcease and even contentment in human form. She can rationally, deliberately say to herself "This could not be helped," "It is best," and though her heart may be deep enough to hold a grave, the effect of time upon it is such that the grave can be changed into a memory, probably a very sweet and sacred one, and make room for a new, a live, a real presence. This type of woman is not unusual ; many are fine women, true women, excellent wives, and far be it from me to disparage the human heart which has the quality of setting aside a sorrow, and being able to take up a new phase of life and its loving. Those who can do this are the fortunate ones.

The other woman does not change, and the scenes do not shift. In the first shadowy days of her grief every woman in the world thinks she is of this type—but this type is rare—as all constancy in humanity is rare. Of this second type the heart, the seat of life and love, lies buried in a grave, which grows deeper as time passes. The woman knows nothing of love, save that which lies buried, that which bids her live on and on, sustained by the assurance of a final reunion, which to her is the renewal of happiness. Her attachment is as strong and as genuine as it was the day her loved one left her, and added to it is a halo, a sacred meaning that comes to all who are a part of heaven. This woman's praise will be the last to be sung in time and the chorus will be taken up by the hosts in eternity.

Heaven being the land of pure delight and

a state of complete love and radiant joy, surely, surely in the name of Him who endured suffering, yearning, heartache and separation from his loved one, it is a place where we will be united with those for whom our hearts cry out, and we may sit face to face and hand to hand with those whose vacant chairs fill our very souls with agony, and whose precious voices call us lovingly and tenderly, and we hear, yet can not go.

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS

The wondrous combination of the flesh and the Spirit and the supreme blending of mortality with immortality is given to us in the holiest of all examples in God's sacred word, in the conception divine of Mary, a Jewish maiden. Favored of all women, and the mother of our Lord. This is the "Holy Trinity," father, mother and child, that blesses mankind, that we tremblingly adore, and that we glorify in praise forever and ever!

Why should mortal man hesitate to give honor unto the Blessed Virgin, when she was favored of God Himself? When she was the protector, counselor, guide and comfort of God while He lived, in the flesh, in a cruel, wicked world, and when she was first to feel His breath, His touch, His sympathy and love, and the last to hear His agony of pain and to leave the precious bleeding body, which was torn and killed not for her wickedness or for His, but the wickedness of doubting, selfish, blaspheming man!

And what glory, honor and majesty does God attach to motherhood! Of all conditions it is most blessed, it is most holy!

Christ, the son of God, came upon earth, born of a woman; the human part of Him was of a woman; the mortality in Him was like the mortality in her; her traits were His; her views, her desires, her longings, were those which were His while He lived here.

What nearness is so near as mother and child? What love so great? What relation so near to God? And God blessed the estate of mother-

hood and unto woman gave the care of His own flesh, His precious son.

And to what manner of woman? He had the world before him from whom to make choice; there were queens and princesses, and ladies of high degree, then as now, to whom He might have sent His messenger announcing the tidings which should purify earth, but she who received the solemn visitation was no earthly queen or princess, not great in man's degrees, but of God's own. His devoted, humble, meek and adoring handmaiden.

That form of intellect which can comprehend and readily see the beautiful in the true and good, and give corrrect impression and interpretation to sublime ideas, holy feelings and impulses, is the very highest, the mightiest and the rarest form of intellect; it is even genius, and from Holy Writ we find that the mother of our Lord possessed this rare and beautiful quality.

The graces of meekness, mercy, purity, chastity, patience, charity and humility, qualities considered peculiarly feminine, our Lord placed high above intellect and pride in learning, earthly honors, riches, physical strength, or worldly wisdom; and the qualities peculiarly feminine, His blessed mother displayed and commended.

By her natural gifts and temperament she was prepared to imbue the opening mind of her son with lofty thought and aspiration, beautiful sympathy, which, as a man, He always exhibited. In none of His teachings and in none of His examples do we find the distinctive or characteristic traits which men vaunt as evidence of masculine power and supremacy. We find gentleness, tenderness, modesty and humility.

From the birth of our Lord, His mother was absorbed in His destiny; hers was a life of destiny; a part of a marvelous plan and majestic scheme; we only meet her and know her when ministering unto Him, watching Him, obeying Him or following Him.

His nature and divine office had been revealed unto her, and she was His first disciple, for she was first to call Him "My Savior," when calling upon God. Every divine revelation, every evidence of His holiness and every visitation of the Holy Spirit she kept in her heart, and it was a woman's heart which first held the secret that the Savior had come.

Mary, daughter of Eli or Joachim, of the house of David, dwelt in the city of Nazareth, and her personal history, or her life, as precious to us, begins with the salutation of the messenger-angel, "Hail, highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women."

It was Gabriel who brought the message, and his presence and the meaning of his salutation, which she could not understand, began to "trouble" her and to weigh upon her pure, innocent soul.

Gabriel, waiting probably for these first movements of unrest to come, gave his message so that she could understand God's purpose toward her and the part she was destined to perform in the history of unborn peoples. He told her that she of all women of earth was selected, by God, to be the mother of the holy Messiah, the "Jesus," the Son of the Highest.

Jacob, years before, had predicted that a pious mother in Israel would be the mother of "Shiloh"; since this prediction many a true, pious mother had

prayed, hoping that the blessed dispensation would come to her.

Isaiah's promise, "A virgin shall conceive and bear a son and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is God with us," seemed not to have been understood by the people; that is, not literally understood. It was after this holy time that Isaiah's precious promise seemed to hold the hearts and attentions of the people.

No Jewish virgin had ever thought or hoped to be endowed with the miraculous privilege of motherhood.

Mary, who was of humble estate and lowly, very young, and betrothed to a poor carpenter, Joseph, could have never dreamed of what awaited her; glory, honor, praise, God Himself. All of her short life she had tried to perform in humility and devotion every duty set before her in the fear of God and in His love, but of more than this she knew nothing.

The Jewish parents required strict religious observance from their children, to whom they gave rigid training. The children were carefully watched as to their companions and daily walk, and they were carried at regular intervals into the temple.

Simplicity, absolute purity, meekness and humility marked the life of Mary and thus it was that she "found favor with God."

Her faith in God was perfect. She did not contend, interrupt or question the angel when he brought the divine message; when he assured her that she would be the "mother of the Messiah" that had been promised to redeem the sinful world, she instantly believed and accepted the mighty mission.

What thoughts must have lived in the girl-heart, and what must humanity have felt to have been so changed to divinity? What must the mother-love have been in her who was chosen of all of her sex by the Creator of Men to be the mother of His own precious son? To be the mother of mortal man is a touch of God's hand in his divine law, and mortal love in woman for her child is the purest and truest love that we know, but what could Mary have felt having this love and that of God's favor and choice all in one? She "breathed forth" in sweetest strains of triumph, faith, love and thanksgiving, and "her soul did magnify the Lord."

Mary's life, according to the customs of the time, would have been in jeopardy had she been proven unfaithful to her plighted husband. So great was her faith and her love that all such thought and consideration were overcome. She thought not of her life, her reputation, the idle questionings which might come to her or those who might not understand. No fear of her own safety or relief from pain ever clouded her faith. Her answer to inquiry, ever humble, ever trustful, was ever this: Behold the handmaiden of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word."

Think of her blessedness, her privilege and her divine association; think what it means to have been the mother of our Lord! The human part, or nature, which He, who was our very God, took on Himself, should be derived from her, the obedient, sweet, chaste woman. And God selected Mary to be the mother of His son, to rear Him, nurture Him, give him counsel unto Him until He should return unto His Father. She was favored

of God because her womanhood reached that excellence which He would place in touch with Himself and in care of His own.

Thus are we shown by example divine what means it to select the mother of children! What sacredness, what sanctity and holiness attaches to the choice of the mother for the child, who can not be held responsible for his existence or his hereditary frailties.

Maternity is the pivot upon which earth moves, whether backward or forward; and that man who with care, love and rational judgment selects the mother of his children, is the promoter of happiness, the servant of God, the interpreter of His law, and the follower of His example. And right here we see the high and holy mission of sex indicated, illustrated, and given to us to imitate. It is a living principle and was the first one bred in the hearts of man; it was pure and undefiled when God gave it, and can be kept so by humble faith, trust, purity and obedience.

There was a vast difference in the attitude of Mary when divine announcement was made to her, and in Zacharias, who was a righteous priest; the difference in man and woman, or rather in the masculine and feminine nature, is illustrated strikingly.

Zacharias, when the angel told him that he would be the father of John, that his wife, Elizabeth, would bring forth a son, wondered about it, thought about it and reasoned about it; for he used reason, had doubts, and could not understand the meaning of it all. Zacharias could not rise from earth nor forget the flesh and creature side, the spiritual was far away from him.

Mary had faith, "feelings," the presence of

the spirit, woman's quick sense of intuition, and she could rise from earth near to heaven.

Zacharias did not believe the angel; he would have been glad to have believed, but he could not, and so God struck him dumb; Mary believed exultantly, with enthusiasm, and the Holy Ghost overshadowed her.

Next to the divine visitation, the event of importance or consequence before the birth of our Lord was Mary's visit to her cousin, Elizabeth, wife of Zacharias, who lived in the "hill country." Elizabeth was old, her life had been well spent, with plenty of experience and observation, and now she was to become the mother of John. In the visit we find an exhibition of inspiration and piety not to be found anywhere in the history of the world. The sweet, believing virgin mother received the blessing and the devoted prayers of the older woman, who predicted, with perfect faith, the fulfillment of every promise.

It was at the conclusion of this blessing and in the fullness of the spirit of God, which rested upon both, that Mary in exultation gave forth the song of praise; happy in expectation, happy in faith and righteousness and precious in God's sight:

"My soul doth magnify the Lord.

"My spirit hath rejoiced in God my savior.

"He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden.

"Behold, from henceforth, all generations shall call me blessed.

"For He that is mighty hath done me great things and holy is His name.

"His mercy is on them that fear Him from generation to generation.

"He hath showed strength with his arm;
"He hath scattered the proud with the imagination of their hearts;
"He hath put down the mighty from their seats,
"And exalted them of low degree.
"He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent hungry away.
"He hath helpen His servant Israel in remembrance of His mercy;
"As He spake to our fathers,
"To Abraham and his seed forever."

"There was no room for them in the inn," and the sweet young mother with the Christ child found a quiet resting place and "laid her child in a manger." No sickness, dangers or inconveniences are recorded, because Divine care and watchfulness were given to her, to her peace of mind, her health and her safety.

And near them were the shepherds in the fields "watching their flocks by night," and the angel of the Lord came to them, with his wondrous glory shining about them, and they were mightily afraid, and trembled with the beauty, the awe and the wonder of what they saw.

The angel, knowing this, said: "Fear not; behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord."

The humble, quiet shepherds in the seclusion of their fields, removed from the world and its restlessness, were the first to know that the Lord had come. God sent his messenger direct to tell the poor, the unknown and the man who laboreth with his hand. And the angel ne'er left them until he told them where they could find the Lord;

not in a palace, not in a place too far for them to reach, but near them, "wrapped in swaddling clothes in a manger."

Ere the angel left, the heavenly hosts joined him in the Gloria, the praise to God in heaven and the blessing to men on earth.

> "Glory to God in the highest,
> On earth peace! good will to men."

The shepherds wondered and talked among themselves what they should do, where they should go, until one said: "Let us go into Bethlehem and see this thing which has come to pass, which is made known to us." And they found the mother with her child, protected by Joseph; and they returned, giving praise unto God for all that they had seen and heard.

Mary saw and heard, but more than seeing and hearing, she felt all that was said and done, "and pondered all things in her heart." She took her child into the temple, as it was according to the custom of the Jews, to offer the sacrifice of a pair of turtle doves or young pigeons. Simeon, to whom it had been revealed that he would not die until after he had seen the Lord, and upon the Holy Ghost rested, came, by the Spirit, into the temple.

When Mary entered with her Child, Simeon took Him in his arms and blessed Him, saying, "Now, Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word."

Mary and Joseph heard the blessing of Simeon with wonder and marveled at his words; and Anna, the prophetess, "a widow of about four-score-and-four years," coming into the temple, returned thanks unto God and "told of Him to all who looked for redemption in Jesus." After

this they returned to Galilee, and Mary and Joseph went to Jerusalem every year to the feast of the Passover.

When He was twelve years old, upon their return after the feast, they missed the Child, and not until three days did they find Him, sitting in the temple with the doctors, asking them questions and "amazing" them with his understanding. Upon being asked by His mother of His disappearance and being told of her uneasiness, He told them that He was "about his Father's business." He returned with them to Nazareth and was obedient and under their call, for we learn that He was "subject unto them," "He increased in wisdom, favor and stature" and Mary kept all things that He said or did or that others said of Him in her heart.

The first miracle of our Savior was performed at the instance, or upon the suggestion of his mother, at the wedding in Cana of Galilee, when our Lord changed water into wine. Mary, probably knowing somewhat of the household conditions in the home where the wedding was being celebrated, and wishing and hoping that the opportunity would come for her Lord to show His God-power and to begin His mission of Love, hastened to tell Him that the wine was all gone.

His answer, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come," seems to show that Christ thought she was in haste in regard to his "beginning," but her diligence and perseverance were rewarded, for after she herself ordered the servants to do "whatsoever He saith unto you," and they had filled all water pots with water, it was "made into wine."

This is an evidence of maternal influence; our

Lord, all purity, all goodness, all divine, was subject to the influence of a pious, consecrated mother, who possessed insight into heavenly things and conditions—this same insight is possessed by all women, truly pious, truly consecrated and sanctified in God's law.

Christ's first miracle was performed while he attended a marriage feast, thus showing divine approval of the marriage bond and the family tie. He was a wedding guest, one of the assembly present to witness the celebration of nuptials; and to the consummation of marriage do we find Him in all of His teachings giving His approval and blessing.

Mary followed Him through the eventful few years which followed this first miracle. She watched Him, rejoiced over His wonderful deeds of love and mercy, wept when He was abused, explained, when she could, what seemed to be misunderstood and she wept with Him in His sorrows.

She saw her own condemned to die the death of a felon, cursed, hated and hunted by wicked men, forsaken by every follower save a few pitying, sad-hearted women, forgotten by every chosen disciple save the constant, ever-present loving, tender, gentle John. Through all of this agony she passed and still lived, and with Him went to the cross.

His last expression of affection during the days that He lived upon earth, as one of us, was of his mother; and in the agony of dying, anguish and persecution, He gave her over to the care of His beloved John.

Favored among women! Greatest, noblest, purest of women! His first breath was drawn in

her arms and on her breast; hers were the hands and heart that guided the baby footsteps and taught the precious baby lips to speak God's name. She prepared the comforts and the home, heard the daily conversation of her Lord and Master. He honored her, loved her and never forgot her, even when death, the awful price which He paid for our redemption, with its agony, was upon Him.

When He had ascended unto the Father, returned to His home and left her alone to miss Him and still to love Him, we find her, with prayer and praise, still following and adoring.

In an upper room at Jerusalem where the apostles "abode," these "continued with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women and Mary, the mother of Jesus."

Her life ends with prayer. As a child and a young girl she was known by all, by God Himself, for her praise, her purity and her humility. Her womanhood stands for faithful discipleship, activity, watchfulness and prayer. Her aged days, or her latter days, communion with God hallowed in thought and remembrance of her blessed son, and humility still as in her tenderest girlhood.

Her place of birth, death and burial are not known. Of what consequence are these when the life, in all its sanctity, is known and loved by countless nations and untold millions?

Holy acts, heroic fidelity and the presence of the divine spirit place her highest in honor and glory!

"All generations shall call me blessed," was the prophecy she made of herself, which we see fulfilled every day.

And is not God's blessed law, His love and His visitation a quickening unto the heart of woman,

who is so intimately a part of God's plan? Can she doubt her mission upon earth, with all of its sanctity, purity, divinity and direction?

In woman is the fulfillment of God's law, and in her is His eternal perpetuation. In her heart should be found His holiest and mightiest truths, and the understanding of His dispensations, for to her was given divine conception, and a pure woman, though daughter of earth, became mother of God.

HYPATIA

The crimes of the Christians in the pursuit of their convictions of faith have scarcely been equaled, they have certainly not been exceeded, by the pagans, the heathens, even the savages. We learn early in history that religious wars are the bloodiest, that the Christian knight was the boldest, and the Christian slaughter as brutal and fanatical as human frenzy and burning fires could make it.

We find the Christians so far departed from Christ and His teachings that only in name do they differ from His enemies, for we find them murderers, pillagers, falsifiers and demons in human flesh.

"Thou shalt not kill," "thou shalt not steal," "thou shalt not bear false witness," in the early morning of Christianity we find set aside for future use and reference, and many of the early Christians breaking the commandants, forgetting God and living as far as possible from Christ.

We find the Christian temples and tabernacles the scene of murder, trade, barter and uncleanness; we find armies and men, arrayed one against the other, in human combat, fighting for an idea, a sentiment, an opinion, forgetting the sweet voice which breathed to mankind "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Fanaticism, that extreme degree to which the scale of the human mind will tip when the heart is deeply concerned, is the beginning of social and religious evil. If a condition could bless the world that would prevent extremes, excess, and too much

of any one thing however good, it would be the dawn of a millennium. But men tip the scale, they become extreme, they see only one side, they become fanatics, and have done so, constantly, long before and since the coming of our Savior.

The early Christians were earnest, literal believers, and yet for generations they found it in their hearts to burn human beings at the stake, to separate children from their mothers, to destroy homes, even cities, and "in the name of Christ."

Could this faith have been separated from fanaticism and been more in design with Christ's love and law, from our viewpoint in this era of humanity, we conclude that Christianity could have been more easily and more securely established.

The best blood in the world was spilled as a part of the Atonement; it was God's plan to establish the love of Christ throughout the world, but it was man's plan to go about His work with fanaticism, cruelty and passion. We say "the cruelties of the pagans could not be exceeded"; but they had no loving Father, no sacrificing Christ and no blessed guide to point them to new life.

The murder of the heathen woman Hypatia stands as an evidence of what Christianity in its frenzy and fury is capable. We shudder to realize and to prove by historical incident that our Christians were willing to corrupt politics, greed and gain with their religion. That a political issue, or the selfishness of men should control a religious body is something too base for a Christian to contemplate, and yet there is recorded the death of Hypatia, which appeased a political wrong.

Hypatia was the daughter of Theon, who governed the Platonic school at Alexandria, in Egypt, and here she was born and was educated in the

latter half of the fourth century. Theon was a great educator and was famed for his extensive learning; but when his little daughter, to whom he gave the wisest care to education and rearing, had reached the estate of womanhood, his fame rested upon the fact that he was the father of Hypatia.

Her father educated her not only in the qualifications peculiar to her sex, but she advanced far into the sciences, surpassing her father in astronomy and taking her place among the best historians of her time. She succeeded her father as head of the school at Alexandria, teaching philosophy and lecturing to a large student body. It was during her time that "learning abounded in all parts of the Roman empire, but more particularly at Alexandria." She held large audiences and taught in her lectures and classes the flower of the youth of Europe, Asia and Africa, and for her pupils she felt a genuine attachment, following them with her care and council many years after their school days.

There are a few romances cited of her pupils having devotedly loved her, but her love for them seems to have been confined to the class room and a natural wholesome interest as their faithful teacher, for Hypatia died a maid, and her name and fame do not rest upon any strong romantic relation.

Her pupils were numerous and they were as celebrated as they were numerous, becoming great teachers, scientists and orators. They invariably attributed their success to her and to her powerful gift of imparting what she knew to them; they spoke of her in terms of respect, affection, even veneration. Some of her pupils became the au-

thors of splendid books, which were never submitted to the public without her approval.

Besides her splendid school work and the excellent intellectual and heart power which she exerted, Hypatia was a public oracle and the magistrates, in all important cases, consulted her. This drew her into the councils and conclaves of public men, many times into their secret orders and most exclusive courts; but Hypatia never received a censure as to her manner or her behavior; a woman never had more unspotted character, more beloved personality, nor was there ever a woman more caressed by the public.

She went into the presence of the judges with becoming modesty, not abashed to appear before them, for she had attained self-confidence by her learning and study—by learning and studying her own nature and temperament, as well as her books on philosophy. Hypatia had a quality of mind, rare and valuable, which we call discretion; she did not do foolish things, so men respected and approved of her. When the courtiers and gallants desired to compliment the wit of their lady friends they would say: "You are another Hypatia," and this was the highest compliment.

Orestes, the governor of Alexandria, was a wise and prudent man and he admired and many times consulted her. There were two reasons for his doing so; first, she was wise, she had judgment, common sense and, rare in woman, she had decision; second, she had a great hold upon the people, they loved her and were glad to do what she might dictate ; therefore, Orestes was glad to accept her opinions.

This friendship between Orestes and Hypatia greatly incensed Cyril, the bishop or patriarch,

who hated Orestes and who disapproved of Hypatia because she was a heathen. Cyril incited the Christians to destroy Orestes because of this intimacy, and the life of Orestes was all but sacrificed to the fury of a Christian mob.

A report was spread far and wide that Hypatia stood in the way of a reconciliation between Cyril and Orestes, and some frenzied men, under the leadership of a man named Peter, a lecturer, envious of Hypatia's powers, entered into a conspiracy against her. In a fiendish manner they waylaid her and dragged her to the church of Caesaro, where, removing her robes, they exposed her body to the torture of death by applying red-hot tiles, tore her body to pieces and carried her limbs to Cinaron, a Christian settlement near by, and burned them.

Great pretense was made among the hypocritical Christians that Hypatia was a heathen and a harmful example, and when her defenders arose to protect her, her cowardly enemies hurried with her to the house of God to destroy her. They hated Orestes, whom they were determined to undermine, to overthrow, and the nearest approach to his prowess was through his friend, Hypatia. The people loved her and through her they followed Orestes; so the political powers in Athens, the "Christian mob," destroyed a virtuous, noble, unsuspecting woman.

The weak and yielding emperor was somewhat aroused from his usual lethargy by such an awful crime, the unprovoked murder of a lovely, learned and virtuous woman, and the assassins were threatened with awful punishment. It amounted to no more than threatening, however, for at the entreaties of his political friends Orestes permitted

them all to escape. Vengeance was later visited upon Orestes, and he, with his entire family, were subjected to awful reverse of fortune.

There were sincere Christians in Athens, to be sure; all were not hypocrites. But the great masses followed the classes, the unsuspecting good ones followed the ambitious, hard-hearted leaders. They had been honestly convinced by the smooth-voiced hypocrites that Hypatia was in the way of their success and their teaching, when, in truth, she and she alone could have helped them. When it was too late they saw what they had done, and the genuine Christians were sorry. From that day to this the noble work of Hypatia has lived; by murdering her her enemies robbed themselves of one who would have been of lasting benefit.

Hypatia was young, reasonable, willing to be convinced, a help to everybody who knew her, and she could have been converted to Christianity. She would have made a bright and useful Christian, and her many followers, with her, would have come into the Christian church. Nobody tried to convert her ; she was beautiful, popular, a friend of the great leaders, and so the Christians determined to kill her. She had taught the children for sweet charity's sake, she had given her means to succor the poor, she had advised counselors, but "fanaticism" knows no gratitude and she had to die.

Who was the nobler? Hypatia, who healed the sick and fed the hungry, or the Christian who, in political passion and selfishness, took her life? And who did God really claim as his own? The woman who understood her duty to her fellowman, who was pure, who had not been taught to be a Christian, but who in every act of her life was

kind, noble, charitable and prudent, or the men who were ambitious and under a cloak called the "church" concealed a poisoned dagger? Are foul acts, in the name of Christ, acceptable unto Christ or is a pure life, lived according to one's teaching and to the best of one's opportunity, acceptable unto Him?

We read in the Holy Word that "God is just." We say that we believe it. If we do, how can we dispose of this question?.

God is just! Man, and not God, in the abuse of his free agency employs selfish measures and means, and it is man who punishes the innocent and God who receives them into eternal love.

Of all the improvements, advanced understanding and splendid boons to humanity of this golden era in which we live, there are none which equal the glorious achievements attained by the church of God.

The Word is more nearly interpreted, it is more clearly taught, it is more beautifully presented than ever before in the history of humanity, and Justice is present with her twin sister, Reason.

Ours is a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing because we can see face to face, hear and understand the mighty lessons of the Divine Teacher. Fanaticism no longer rules! It is occasionally found in a selfish heart, but the Christian of to-day, purified and strengthened by centuries of prayer, praise and each year throwing off a little more of the fanatical tyranny, is the true follower of Christ.

The churches, the schools, the cities and the commonwealths indicate it. There is less and less selfish intrigue among Christian bodies, more and more breadth, wisdom, grace and love of God.

And though, because of the devil's eternal pres-

ence among us, there may be those in the church who are contemptible enough to be pretenders, to carry uncleanliness in their hearts and to accomplish selfish political purposes under the cloak of religion, they are the devil's own followers and not Christ's—and they are few. We know them by their earmarks, and though this enlightened age forbids murder, these dark satanic adherents countenance and give audience to sin which is murderous in its nature.

The light of Christ's love and law now shine so bright in the world and His sincere followers are so many that the evil-doers who love the darkness are becoming rare.

Ours is the triumphant day of the church! Ours is the day which scorns the hypocrite! Ours the realization that God lives and reigns and man is responsive to His rule!

Ours is the day when men sing "Glory to God in the highest," not glory to selfish man. And though selfishness still lives in the hearts of a few, there is less and less of it in the church of God.

HELOISE

Love, between man and woman, as we observe it, and study it, is a constant struggle between two powerful forces; one seeks to elevate, to build up and to purify; the other to degrade, mortify and bring down to human level—to flesh, desire and abandon. Love combines the senses and the soul, it spiritualizes the most ardent human passion—and it may change itself into a martyrdom or a holy sacrifice.

Which of the two forces is in the ascendency, or which controls, depends sometimes upon the age of the man and woman, youth developing one and maturity the other; it depends very largely upon the education of the man and woman, and, of course, upon natural endowment, intensity of feeling and the study and the practice of self-control. It depends considerably upon the woman's influence whether the attachment rises to God or descends to earth; whatever may be the environment and conditions, both forces exist, and both are parts of the unit.

A woman's love is the fountain spring of all of the good which she may do ; it is the inspiration of her life, her better self, her purest thoughts, her religion and her spiritual growth. A woman's love is the strongest passion possessed by either woman or man, and it leads her, mercilessly, pitilessly, many times hopelessly.

Many women are strong enough, if it may be called strength, to resist the sin which comes of temptation—some are not. All women follow in thought, imagery and longing whither love leads.

The highest, richest and noblest lives are those made firm and true by a holy love; the saddest, gloomiest and most tragic are those wrecked and stranded by a love unholy and of the flesh.

When a woman's heart has passed through the terrors, the trials and the inquisition of such a love, and rises above it, more womanly, if more sad, more in the love of Christ, though she has sinned against Him, and more willing to serve others, though herself she has given in the sacrifice, that woman teaches that great world of human beings who, like her, have erred, and, like her, have repented.

The church, with her tender compassion for frailty, remembering the lost ones, opens wide her precious portals and receives the daughter who has wandered into unwholesome scenes, and places her in a home of usefulness, service and work: and these are a panacea for all ills of the descendants of man.

The love that some men give to woman is a mere incident, a happening, an occurrence, or an episode; they are drawn to the woman, begin to study her, finish the study, and there is no more to be done; they could receive the same amount of pleasure or entertainment from a splendid picture, a noble statue, or a beautiful poem. Love, in its divine conception, is not in their composition; it was omitted from their creation, and sometimes may be they should not be held accountable for what they can not help.

But, in contrast with those majestic, manly natures which have been faithful and everlasting in their devotion, a man who puts fame, glory and worldly gratification above the wealth of his heart becomes a pigmy, hardly worthy to be a man. In

the composition of some men the quality of gratitude is entirely missing; some men are constitutionally, it would seem, dishonest; some are naturally without refinement and the delicate senses, some are without reverence, or love for holy things, and some, in nature's economy, are without the power of appreciative love for woman. They may admire, enjoy, or love to be with them, but some men do not, and can not form their very natures, really devotedly love them.

There is much counterfeit to loving; men and women go through life thinking they love, understand and appreciate each other, when they do not at all; the counterfeit answers the purpose and fills the requirement because they haven't seen and known the genuine or real. Perhaps when life for two people has begun with the counterfeit, it is just as well for it to so continue unto the end and for them never to know the difference, for the advent of the "real or genuine" into their lives might prove a tragedy—or at least a sad awakening. It is mystic and magical, and whoever thinks there is not a powerful philosophy to love, to be studied every day, makes a great mistake. And then, there are some lessons so important that they should be frequently reviewed and relearned.

There are many stories, and melancholy ones they are, where Genius has been dethroned by Passion; where women have been brilliant, generous, noble-hearted, though erring, and they fall victims to the vanities, powers of persuasion and fascination of some selfish, though maybe absolutely attractive, man.

The love which Heloise, the beautiful pupil of Abelard, bore to her delectable teacher, is one of the remarkable instances of affection on record.

The love which Abelard gave to her was nothing more than a cold-blooded, well-planned seduction; he does not pretend, nor did he ever avow, to love her devotedly or passionately; he was interested in a passing amusement, and the entertainment for an idle hour; he was much interested in marital philosophy and science, and watched the manifestations of the tender attachment of a young, pure and beautiful girl, the unfolding of a warm, innocent heart and the gradual gaining of her confidence; all of this he considered a phase in mental science, or an illustration of a formula. The real tenderness of love and truth were absent from his soul.

Abelard was attractive in face, in form and in mind, and he was the greatest philosopher of his time; authority on all questions of inquiry or debate, a much-sought, respected and feared personality. Women from everywhere were in love with him, who sought him, flattered him and pampered him.

Heloise, without worldly wisdom, made no attempt to conceal her love for Abelard; she told him that she loved him in a thousand innocent, child-like ways that would have made her many times more dear to a genuine, true man.

In the correspondence which passed between these lovers, which is the most celebrated of its kind in existence, Abelard's letters are cold, hard, calculating and rhetorical. Heloise writes with sincerity, ardor, even effusion; his letters are methodical and in chapters. One would think that Abelard was carrying out minute instructions "to be careful what he placed upon paper" rather than answering the pleading lines of a pure, sweet, devoted woman. After their separation the soul of

Heloise rises far, far above that of her master—for her soul was nobler and purer.

Abelard gave up his intellectual weapons and slipped down and out; his admirers and followers, though they clung around him, could not understand the change, the great metamorphosis, and they tried to force some few sparks of his former animation to appear. He was persuaded by some of his friends to meet St. Bernard in a "logical duel," or a platform debate. Time, place and judges were chosen, and St. Bernard dreaded the wit, eloquence and deep learning of his rival, that had so often disarmed him, but, miracle though it seemed, Abelard was mute and uttered not an intelligible sentence. After this defeat there is not much more to relate; he died, inglorious and unsung, in the lonesome abbey of Cluny.

The life of Heloise, after she took the veil, is a very different career. She did not become a formalized recluse, but she showed herself superior to all with whom she came in contact; she improved the minds and morals and strengthened the hearts of all whose good fortune brought them near her. Abelard became a sluggish, morose, miserable monk. Heloise lectured on subjects that broadened and lightened woman's kingdom and she aroused women to a spirit of study and investigation. Crowds came to hear her and women brought their young daughters to see and hear the greatest woman of her time. The advancement of learning grew up around her, religion grew and became more nearly understood and the pope declared Heloise the head of her order.

Her life story is sad enough.

Heloise, rendered famous for her intense and unfortunate passion for Abelard, was born in 1100

of unknown parents, and she lived from her infancy with Fulbert, a canon of the cathedral of Paris ; their relation was as uncle and niece, and Fulbert dearly loved her and gave her every advantage and a parent's care.

After a few years spent in a convent she returned to her uncle, who taught her to speak and write in Latin, and something of Greek and Hebrew. This much education was an uncommon thing among the women of the Middle Ages, and to this she added dignity, refinement of manner and great beauty. She had the charm of attaching every one who came near her to herself. She was deeply loved for her patience, piety and incomparable sweetness. She was seen but rarely away from her home and devoted her life to her uncle and her studies; very soon the name of Heloise spread far beyond the walls of the quiet city.

Pierre Abelard, celebrated as a rhetorician, came to found a school of his chosen art in Paris; from the beginning his great physical strength, his originality and his personal beauty made an impression like unto a sensation. When he first saw Heloise in an audience of one of his lectures, he was so drawn to her and so delighted with her appearance and manner, unlike the other women of their time—in fact, almost ideal and angelic in mien and walk—that he begun an acquaintance by sending her a letter; but Abelard became impatient to see the girl and to know her well, so he proposed to Fulbert, her uncle, to allow him to take apartments in his house, which was near Abelard's rapidly increasing school.

Fulbert was avaricious, proud at the opportunity to have so distinguished a personage in his home,

and to his credit it should be said he really was interested in having his niece receive every necessary instruction. All of these reasons influenced him, the arrangement was made, Abelard took up abode under the quiet, quaint and, until now, innocent roof of Fulbert.

So great was Fulbert's admiration and belief in the great teacher that he absolutely gave over to him the training of his beautiful niece, urging that, if he thought best, and his pupil proved rebellious, that physical punishment should be used.

Physical punishment, indeed! The short-sighted, ignorant uncle was placing the gentlest, choicest lamb in the claws of a hungry wolf—giving her over to sins which bring in their train punishments, terrible, unceasing and merciless.

Under a pretext of study, with books open before them, or with parchment of Greek translations hung before them, they gave themselves up to the solitude which love seeks ; they spoke of love and its origin rather than philosophy and its monotonous beginnings; and kisses came from expectant lips and not formulae or physical and scientific proofs. The uncle, as is often the case with those nearest in blood and affection, was the very last one to know the relation which existed, though he had many times been told of it, for the songs which Abelard wrote to Heloise were constantly sung in the street. When the truth did dawn upon the overconfident, overbelieving old man, he sent Abelard from his home.

Abelard secretly returned to carry Heloise to Brittany, his native country; here their son was born, so beautiful and perfect that he was called Astrolabe, meaning "Loves' child in beauty of form

and flesh." He lived and died in the obscurity of the monastery.

Fulbert was in a fury at the flight of Heloise, whom he still loved, but he was afraid to fight Abelard lest he should turn against him and retaliate by making Heloise suffer.

After pitiful suffering on the part of Fulbert, Abelard felt compassion for him, implored his forgiveness and offered to marry Heloise, provided their union should be kept a profound secret, for he was unwilling that his reputation as a religious man should suffer. Fulbert forgave him and consented to the conditions, but when Abelard proposed the matter to Heloise, so wrapped was she in his ambition, his future fame and his greatness that she was unwilling to diminish it by placing any form of restraint upon him. At first she refused to listen, then she cited instances of great men before him in both sacred and profane history to show to him that he should remain free and untrammeled. She pleaded and begged, but Abelard was resolute and they returned to Paris and were married.

Now, here is an instance of a woman begging and praying to sacrifice her home, her reputation and her place in society for the rest of her life to the man whom she loved, and not to save his life, but to foster his fame and standing among men. She who by nature was modest and refined, was giving up all things of value to her pride or her character.

Fulbert did not keep his promise, but divulged the secret at the very first opportunity. When Heloise heard of it, so intent was she upon the glory and fame of Abelard, that she declared that the marriage had never taken place. After this

Fulbert was so cruel to her that Abelard, partly on that account and partly to prove the announcement false, took her to the convent in Argenteuil, where she did not immediately take the veil, but became a novice.

In a little while Abelard ordered that she should take the veil, which she did, though the nuns in charge of the convent urged and begged her not to make the sacrifice, so touched were they by her youth, beauty and gentle childishness.

For twelve years she did not see or hear of Abelard. She became prioress of Argenteuil and gave herself over to complete retirement. She was over-indulgent to some of the nuns, and though perfectly blameless, the abbot of St. Denis compelled her to leave her retreat with her companions. When Abelard heard that she was homeless he left Brittany and placed her and her companions in a little "oratory of the Paraclete," which he had founded.

Here Heloise busied herself in building up a convent. One day she came upon a letter which Abelard had written, giving strict account of his life—an autobiography really—sent, not to Heloise, but as a document to the order of the convent. She read it and reread it until she had fairly memorized it, and she could not refrain from writing to him; this is the letter so well known and loved by lovers, full of tears, passion and eloquence. He sent her a kind, severe, cold reply. A few other letters followed, for Heloise, now grown older, felt that she could *not* give him up, but clung to the years of life and love spent with him; he was more and more to her, and she spent her waking hours praying for him.

When she heard that he was dead, in 1142, she

demanded his body that it might be placed at Paraclete, in accordance with a wish he had expressed in writing.

He was buried in the little chapel built by his order and for twenty years Heloise went every night to weep over his tomb; midnight hours found a pale, sad face resting against the cold stones which covered a precious, precious body. She refused to be comforted, because there was no comfort; he was her life, her heart, and unto him was knitted every fiber of her being.

In May, 1164, when her sweet spirit was freed from earthly sacrifice and separation, her body was placed in the tomb with Abelard's.

This great love, given by this pious, religious woman, was no secret among the nuns and they all knew of it, knew the story of the disappointed life, and it added unto the tenderness and esteem in which Heloise was held.

She was never interrupted in her devotions at his tomb, the subject was never discussed in her presence, her sorrow was sacred in the hearts of those who loved her.

In 1497 the tomb was opened, and the bones of Abelard and Heloise were removed. In 1800, by order of Lucien Bonaparte, they were carried to the Museum of French Monuments. This museum was destroyed in 1815 and the hallowed tomb was taken to Pere-le-Chaise, where it still remains.

Heloise was divine in her graces, but perfectly human in her impulses; a combination not uncommon among good women. With all of her moral growth and spiritual development she could not conquer her love; she was a wedded wife; true, she was both nun and wife, and the great fault lay in

denying that she was a wife, for it placed her in an untrue position, that of a debased woman. Yet, as a debased woman, she regained her position in the eyes of the world, for it was impossible for a woman to hold a higher position than that of lady abbess and control a convent. The saintliest people of her day gave her their esteem and friendship.

In viewing the character of Heloise we naturally say that, being a nun, she had no right to love, but this love existed long before she took the veil and it had been blessed by the sacrament of marriage, even though in secret. Abelard took the view that the wife should be lost in the nun, but not so with adoring, devoted Heloise; she could see no sin in loving what was her very life; she lived in him, she was subject to his will, he ruled over her, and this law preceded convent law, or church law, for it was declared eternal in the Garden of Eden.

Abelard should not have made a nun of her, for this was setting her aside; even though with obedience and sacrifice unto that of martyrs she consented without a murmur. She simply could not conquer her love, it was too great and too powerful. She was greater than Abelard because her love was more enduring—it was everlasting, and her heart and soul were greater than his.

I do not wish to disparage entirely Abelard, one of the greatest of the world's philosophers. He was churchman first and husband afterwards. Heloise was wife first and always, and the church only her protection, her comfort and her work. Abelard was able to receive other things into his life which sustained and strengthened him and took her place. Not so with Heloise.

In good women sentiment is stronger and pas-

sion weaker than in men, and Love in its beautiful purity and holiness is the worship of the most high in soul and mind, and the glory of the man or the woman is the abiding presence of spiritual love.

When Adam, in his despair, sickened and weakened, was driven from the heavenly garden, it was this, and only this, that gave him compensation for the loss of Paradise. From perfect love to Paradise or from Paradise to perfect love is no great change, and the favored of God will be permitted to dwell in both conditions. Both are mysterious, both beyond human understanding or explanation, but both may be attained as human reward. God created both, dwells in both and both share immortality.

ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE

In the twelfth century, before men had learned that Christ was not buried in a tomb of stone in Jerusalem, but living still in the hearts of men, that ours is not the worship of the dead but the living King, when pilgrimages were made over barren wastes and tracks of continents, the path marked out by the bleached bones of those who had gone before on the same fruitless journey, when men thought that a touch of the Holy Sepulchre would alleviate sin, blot out iniquity, cleanse an evil heart, and purify a guilty conscience, there lived a woman destined to make this crusade to the Holy City. Other crusades she made, long, desolate and dreary, for her life was a varied, changeful pilgrimage.

Eleanor of Aquitaine, born in 1122, daughter of a crusader, lovingly called by his subjects Saint William, was educated with a view to governing her country, and she could read and write—great attainments for a princess of her time. She inherited the dominions of her grandfather, the duke of Aquitaine. She was married to Louis, called "the Young," and on her wedding day her grandfather gave all of his dominions to her, put on a hermit's cowl and went on a pilgrimage to Compostilla in Spain, where, after a few weeks of prayer, penance and meditation, he died.

On the very day of the three-fold ceremony of her marriage, the abdication of her grandfather and the coronation as duke and duchess of Aquitaine, Louis was called to the deathbed of his father, Louis VI, king of France.

He hastened with his bride to receive the last words of his father: "Remember that royalty is a public trust, of which a rigorous account will be exacted by the Dispenser of crowns." At the death of Louis VI the young couple were crowned king and queen of France, Louis' name in history being Louis VII.

The old story books and the songs of the troubadours declare Eleanor to have been the most beautiful woman of her time, and the most winning. When under proper influence and not in irritation she was a delightful woman, generous, kind-hearted and sympathetic. But the days of Queen Eleanor were constantly "in irritation" and not under "proper influence." She was frivolous by nature, and, I hesitate to say, not always strict in principle. But she was devotedly loved by her own people and she lived in the passionate, earnest age, when fanaticism led and all of Europe followed.

She loved life, its pleasures, its charms, its uncertainties, and vitality, like sparks, went out from her personality and with contagion affected all who came within her circle. She was thoughtless, often cruelly thoughtless, saying and doing that which would wound and perhaps give permanent trouble. She never spared herself and suffered along with the rest who were victims of her caprice.

She ruled her dominions distinct and independent from those of Louis, going frequently in person and conducting affairs in Aquitaine. She found Louis and the court of France too rigid in morals, and grew very tired of the flat-faced, psalm-singing, pious, monkish king.

With all of Louis' morality and penitence, Eleanor wielded a powerful influence over him and

engaged him in fearful wars. She cared little for him and the trouble she could give him, and took peculiar delight in tormenting him.

At this time St. Bernard of Clairveaux was rigorously preaching against the wickedness of the world in general and of France in particular. By his delineations of crime and wretchedness and his earnest solicitations to the people to "awake and follow the cross," the point of fanaticism was well-nigh reached, and many were hastening to the Holy City to fight for the sepulcher. The people flocked to the monasteries, spending hours on their knees, and submitting their bodies to extreme torture in penance for their sins. Louis VII was led to be such an ardent crusader because of the remorse which he felt for the cruel treatment of some of his revolted subjects. He caused a church to be burned wherein thirteen hundred of his people were seeking safety and shelter.

Eleanor, though she had little faith in Louis' piety, had every love and veneration for the pious St. Bernard, and with her native impulsiveness and enthusiasm offered an army and fleet. She appeared before the ladies of her court, and with all of the zeal, determination and passion which St. Bernard had shown the people, she addressed the wondering, terrified women, appealing to their piety and their superstition, and fully arousing them to the point of action. Amid cries of loyalty and appreciation of their leader, they took the vow of the crusader and swore to follow the cross to the Holy Land. Great preparations were made to embark on what, to the rational, seemed an impossible journey.

The ministers of France pleaded with the king that if Eleanor carried out her plan it would prove

the ruin of the crusaders of France, the utter loss of the good work done by St. Bernard, the results of which were just beginning to be felt. But the will of the queen, as usual, prevailed, her determination all the more increased by this opposition to her plans. She was not only determined to go, but determined to go with Louis. She laughed to scorn all talk and argument in favor of her remaining at home, and enormous expenditure and detailed preparations were made for her departure.

Louis, with his well-equipped feudal muster, and Eleanor, with her Amazons, embarked on Whit Sunday, 1147. It was during this celebrated crusade in the year 1147 that the religious-military orders, the "Hospitalers" and the "Templars," were organized, the Hospitalers being the priests who took the vows of knighthood, and the Templars the knights who took the vows of priesthood. Their objects were to entertain the pilgrims, care for the sick and wounded crusaders and to constantly endeavor to obtain from alien hands the Holy Sepulchre and other holy places in Jerusalem. They were great in number and great in wealth. Some of the handsomest feudal castles in Europe became their possession. A little later the order of Teutonic Knights was organized, having its origin in a society of philanthropic Germans. Their object was the care and sustenance of the sick and wounded German soldiers. The members of this order were knighted by the emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, and they were the champions for Christianity first against the infidels in Asia, and later against the pagans in the north of Europe.

To the many true knights of the crusade the cross meant the passion of Christ, the shedding of

His blood, and the saving of the world, but to some it only meant the great continental march, a search for adventure, luxury and indulgence. All were not fighting for faith or principle. Had Eleanor gone with the idea of binding up wounds, tending the sick, cheering the faint-hearted, and by her presence shaming the coward, she would have partaken of the true spirit of the crusader, but her conception of the pilgrimage was none of these, and she had no serious thought, but absolute indifference to consequences.

Her warriors were from Aquitaine, Burgundy, Provence and Gascony. With these fair warriors, where beauty was rank, went a vast amount of cumbersome baggage. There were trunks containing silks and velvets, new suits of armor, casks of perfumed waters, lotions and ointments for protection against the winds, both cold and hot. Four thousand servants, including men servants, maid servants and tire women, accompanied these fair warriors. Litters were carried at short intervals all along the march, in case of a member fainting or growing sick from fatigue.

Besides the crimson cross, the insignia of the crusader, Eleanor carried the banner of St. George and the dragon, the standard of the ancient house of Aquitaine. This standard she later handed down to generations of English kings. Mounted upon a superb Arab steed, the gift of the Greek emperor, she first led her warriors out at Nicae. Louis with no belief in Eleanor or anything that she did, was greatly displeased, and, had it been in his power, would have stopped her, but with cries from the crusaders, "Long live the queen," with her array of bright mail and silken skirts, she rapidly advanced.

Louis prayed daily, it would seem constantly, stopping the march in the rain or in the heat to return thanks or do penance. This exasperated Eleanor, who was all eagerness and enthusiasm to proceed, and when the crusaders cried "Long live the queen" she, with her ladies, would cry, "Long live the monk."

Those crusaders who died on the march, and they were many, were buried in a foot of earth, but always with prolonged funeral services, which was another cause of delay. The army was followed by jackals, and wild dogs, who feasted upon Christian flesh, and the sky was black with ravens, who waited to descend upon the bodies of the fallen knights.

Eleanor seemed to fear not God nor saint nor devil, and refused the direction and guidance of Louis or any of his knights. The defeat at Laodicea was occasioned by the delay caused by the great excess of baggage, and it was only by marked military skill that the French troops were permitted to retreat to Antioch.

Eleanor's conduct here was far from becoming that of the queen of France. She displayed such levity and utter lack of dignity that Louis, by night, and by force, took her from Antioch to Jerusalem. Divorce was threatened then and there, which idea was much favored by Eleanor, who insisted that their marriage was all wrong in the first place, as they were too nearly related by the laws of the church. A partial reconciliation was effected by proper advisers, who pleaded that since they were the parents of an infant daughter, who was heiress to the mother's dominions, they would run great risk of disinheriting the child.

After the return from the Holy Land, Eleanor's

conduct continued in giddiness and utter disregard for her queenly station. She entered into numerous affairs with knights whom she had met on the crusade, and she kept Louis and France in a state of terrible expectancy, for her freaks and whims were many. Louis had shaven his head of his long golden curls and he looked the part of a monk more than ever; he even affected long black robes and spent more and more of his time in the monasteries, refusing all court appearances.

In 1150, at the death of Geoffrey Plantagenet of England, Henry Plantagenet visited Paris to perform the ceremony of homage as duke of Normandy to Louis VII. Henry was a youth, inexperienced and unaccustomed to the wiles and influences of a fascinating woman. He was completely overcome and magnetized by the charms of the French queen. He followed her, content to be near her when not with her, and treasured as priceless every attention and every courtesy shown him by the object of his worship.

Eleanor was sensible to this adoration, and encouraged it; she loved praise and admiration from any source, and the fact that Henry was a mere boy and unschooled in the arts of love-making made her none the less acceptable of his worship. She was tired of Louis and his psalm-singing, and had determined to leave him and his dull court at the first opportunity.

Henry Plantagent was the first opportunity. She told Henry that if she could secure a divorce from Louis she would equip a fleet for him to wrest his kingdom of England from Stephen. She secured the divorce with little difficulty, her influence over the court being such that she succeeded in most of her attempts. Louis tried in various ways to re-

tain some of her fortresses in the south for their daughter, but Eleanor willed that he should not, and with all of her southern possessions still in her own name and own right, she was divorced by the council of the church in 1152.

Eleanor, Henry and Louis were all present when the divorce was granted. Henry's brother tried to supplant Henry in Eleanor's affection; with great duplicity and falsehood first, later by force; he finally tried to waylay her as she embarked from Blois. This was the beginning of ugly complications, to which there was no end as long as Eleanor lived. She had betrothed herself to Henry long before her divorce had been granted, and he remained in attendance upon her at the royal palace, ignoring, as nearly as possible, Louis and his followers.

Eleanor and Henry Plantagenet, Henry II, were married on May day, 1152. Henry immediately, with a powerful fleet, taking advantage of Eleanor's splendid maritime power, sailed to claim England. Stephen acknowledged Henry as his successor, and at Stephen's death in 1154 Henry and Eleanor were crowned in Westminster Abbey, Eleanor being called "Queen of the Seas." For gorgeous apparel, display and royal ceremony, this occasion is unequaled; Eleanor had brought from Constantinople such silks, velvets and gold embroideries as the straight-laced, simple-dressed English had never seen. Her maids of honor were attired with similar elegance, and the coronation was stately and magnificent.

The English doted upon Henry as a representative of the old Anglo-Saxon line. He was the son of Matilda, whose grandmother was Margaret, "saint and queen, whose father was Edmund

Ironside, great-grandson to Alfred the Great." With a good many centuries intervening, this line of descent holds good with England's present ruler.

Upon the advice of his mother, Henry's first official act was to convene an assembly, assuring his subjects of his affectionate interest and loyal support. Eleanor appeared at the meeting with her two little sons. The barons were greatly pleased with her and swore allegiance to her sons, recognizing them in the succession.

Henry was twelve years younger than Eleanor, and this disparity in itself was too great to assure perfect congeniality. Henry's unfaithfulness began early in his married life, and continued, without ceasing, giving sorrow to others than Eleanor and her children, for one who was entirely innocent was made to bear deepest humiliation because of his foul deception and duplicity. Henry secretly married Rosamond, the beautiful daughter of Lord Clifford, whom he had safely domiciled in a vine-covered cottage in the heart of Woodstock forest.

Henry's biographers trace all of his ill-luck and misfortune to this wickedness. The story of how Eleanor discovered Henry's secret bower and the object of his affections is something like this: She found a ball of pale yellow silk floss tangled in his spur; taking hold of the end of it she followed her royal partner to a rustic seat in the forest in front of a beautiful cottage; flowers were in and around the attractive little cottage, on this rustic seat, with such quiet lover-like environment sat the most beautiful dark-haired girl that Eleanor had ever seen, embroidering a slipper with this same yellow silk floss.

Henry spent some time with the beautiful girl, tenderly embracing her when he went away. No sooner had Henry gone than Eleanor rushed madly to Rosamond and violently reproached her, accusing her of everything that was unwomanly and base. For the first time Rosamond knew that Henry was married and that he was a king. Her grief at receiving this information was pitiful; she grew very ill and her life was despaired of. Eleanor was in a terrible rage, and the old story books say she tried to poison Rosamond, but this is hardly true, for Eleanor usually persisted in a matter until she accomplished it, and Rosamond lived many long, sad years after.

When she recovered from her illness and realized the terrible deception, she retired, with the two promising sons she had borne Henry, to Godstone nunnery; there are charters now in existence which show grants to Godstone in favor of Rosamond.

Henry and Eleanor had a large family of English-born sons and daughters, the most loved of whom was Richard, surnamed the "Lion-Hearted," who had inherited all of his mother's noble traits of character.

While John, his father's favorite child, was like Eleanor in her frail, weak attributes of character, Richard was a fearless, knightly crusader, who went to the Holy City during the third crusade, and, while there, formed a most interesting but unusual friendship with Saladin, the sultan of Egypt, who was his foe in his battle to capture the Holy Sepulcher. He was held in Germany on this way home from the Holy Land and an enormous ransom was paid for his safe return by the English people.

The English people during the reign of John in 1215 were compelled to force from him a declaration that he would protect their rights and property, and they caused him to sign the famous Magna Charta, the great bulwark of English liberty. He surpassed all others of the English kings in tyranny and persecution, and the Magna Charta was the greatest concession ever wrung from a tyrannical king by a freedom-seeking people.

Henry II was given to violent passions and he would go into a rage lasting for weeks at a time. To his disgrace is chronicled the awful murder of Thomas à Becket, the archbishop of Canterbury, which terrible tragedy grew out of the heated contentions between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities. Henry was determined that the clergy should be subject to the civil courts, and he made some impatient, even furious, outbursts against the archbishop. The knights interpreted these expletives as a desire from the king that Becket should be removed, so four of them hastened to the cathedral in Canterbury and murdered him on the steps of the altar, the thirty-first day of December, 1117. Becket was considered a martyr, and his tomb became a place of pilgrimage. All of Europe was aghast at the awful crime and Henry's decline was assured.

Henry and Eleanor were now in a constant state of discord. Many times he was abusive and cruel and Eleanor was forced to flee for protection. Upon one occasion, after a stormy time she, in male habilaments, ran to the protection of her former spouse, Louis VII, and, with great insult, was brought back by Norman troops and taken as a captive to Canterbury. She was practically a

prisoner the remainder of Henry's life, and her place was supplanted at the English court.

Perhaps the climax of indignity to Eleanor, the most cruel treatment to which she was subjected and certainly the source of all later difficult complications, was the advent into the court of England of the Princess Alice of France. Princess Alice, daughter of Eleanor's former husband, Louis VII, by his second marriage, was betrothed to Richard, "the lion-hearted," and sent to the English court to be educated. She was a beautiful young girl and so fascinated Henry that instead of becoming the wife of Richard she became the object of Henry's affections. This was the cause of lifelong wars between Henry, Henry's sons and France.

Richard was enraged at the treatment of his mother, the base conduct of Henry in holding her a prisoner, and the loss of the Princess Alice, so he invaded England, aided by Louis VII and the king of Scotland. He met with terrible loss and utter failure.

Louis VII, on his way to the tomb of Thomas à Becket, whither he went on a pilgrimage to pray for the recovery from severe illness of his young son, Philip Augustus, stopped to visit Eleanor in her prison home. And this was a strange meeting; Eleanor thought her troubles were many when they consisted of a monkish, fanatical, over-religious husband, but now she was a prisoner, denied every right of a queen, a mother or a wife.

There was absolutely no love in her first marriage, life was only made tolerable by the excitement and absorbing interest which she gave to the crusades. How could there be love in her second marriage? Who could love the "First Planta-

genet," with his temper, foul deceptions, cruel persecutions and rash indifference to consequences?

Henry died from rupture of the heart, the result of several weeks of wild tumultuous rage. Geoffrey, the eldest son, was killed while taking part in a tournament in Paris, and Richard became king. His first official act was to release his mother from prison and proclaim her regent for England during all periods of his absence.

Rosamond Clifford, after a long life of absolute seclusion in Godstone nunnery, expired from a lingering illness. Her sons William, the earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey, the ecclesiast, rank next to their brother Richard in the hearts of the English people.

Eleanor's long imprisonment gave her the opportunity to see the cruelties and abuses of the English prisons, so she undertook to regulate prison life, going on a long journey, visiting the various prisons in person.

She released all prisoners held on little or no offense, made many sanitary improvements and demanded humane treatment of all prisoners. In late years she realized some pleasures from her son Richard and his wife, Queen Berengaria, but sorrows, many and varied, came through her son John. She died in 1203.

Eleanor paid the penalty for her sin; the sowing and reaping were well-nigh evened in her checkered life. In her old age, as nearly as was in her power, did she condone for the frailties, imprudences and shortcomings of her youth.

No period of her life was properly influenced; she influenced all who came within her circle, her nature being strong and impressive, but even in her childhood and girlhood her life was without sus-

taining sweet, wholesome influence. This being true, there is no wonder of her guilt and constant waywardness.

A congenial marriage would have saved Eleanor; a strong, brave heart, which she could have trusted, a strong will which could have controlled her, would have developed the good which was certainly in her. But her shrewishness went on and on, uncurbed, unchecked, prompting her to gratify every mad whim and every impulse, hewing out the good traits by making them constantly yield to evil ones, until her naturally sweet nature was seared and destroyed by her own willfulness.

Her subjects in the south ever loved her, even revered her, and the songs of the troubadours are still extant extolling the grace and beauty of Eleanor of Aquitaine.

MATILDA OF FLANDERS.

The courtship of William the Conqueror was as interesting and as characteristic as were his other conquests. To encounter a difficulty early in life and to master it, is, perhaps, a good fortification for the remainder of one's life.

All of William's success might be traced to the first conquest, the mastering of the whim, caprice, indecision and procrastination of a woman—a beautiful woman, to be sure, and a good one, well worth the siege.

We have no record of the defeat of the Conqueror. He never lost battles, or spoils of war, and he discovered his powers when he boldly conquered his first foe.

When beautiful needlework was the accomplishment of young ladies, their fame in stitchery bringing to them the addresses and homage of warriors and princes who sought wives who excelled in this feminine accomplishment, there lived the fair and accomplished Matilda of Flanders. She excelled all others in skill with her needle, her designs in cross-stitch tapestry being marvels of their kind. She had little education other than this, for it was not required in her time; such accomplishments as reading, writing and spelling were not demanded of ladies at the court of Flanders, nor later at the courts of Normandy and England. With her maids around her, all engaged in designing and embroidering, Matilda worked away, decorating the palaces with her own handiwork, giving some of it to the churches and monasteries, never wasting a minute. It is said that these young girls would

meet in their accustomed place at early morn and continue work all through the day without stopping, so interested and eager were they in their fascinating "needle-pictures."

The beautiful Bayeaux tapestry, the work of Matilda, is still in existence, showing, in cross-stich design, the scenes of the Norman conquest. Four of Matilda's cousins, because of their fame in spinning and weaving, were married to the four greatest princes of Europe.

Not only for her accomplished needle, but for her graces of heart and her strong character is Matilda a part of the early history of France and England. Matilda was the daughter of Baldwin of Flanders and the granddaughter of Robert I, king of France. She was descended from Alfred the Great, as her ancester Baldwin II, count of Flanders, married Elstrith, the daughter of Alfred.

At her first appearance at court she fell deeply in love with the earl of Gloucester, a young Saxon noble, envoy for King Edward the Confessor of England at the court of Flanders. Because of the fairness of his face he was called Meaw, meaning snow. His rank and wealth made him an appropriate husband, but, almost impossible to tell, he did not return her love, and she the most beautiful woman in Flanders. Her love for him was evidently sincere, for she was much grieved at his indifference and neglect. His attentions to Matilda were the same as those he gave to all other young ladies, her rank making no difference. The fact that he did not return her love seemed in no way to diminish her regard for him, and this went on for some time.

In the meanwhile Matilda's many excellent

qualities and her pure fine character attracted the attention of the most warlike man of his time, William of Normandy, and for seven years he paid his devotions at her shrine. William became furious with her for constantly postponing the marriage, and for making disparaging remarks in regard to his birth, so he resolved to force her to marry him. He was a fair judge of women in general, and understood Matilda's case perfectly, so he gained her respect, later her love, by becoming master of the situation and controlling her indecision; she had controlled other people to such an extent that for him to have yielded to her wishes would have meant defeat, so William by one bold act won her, and won her completely.

He attacked her near her father's palace, as she was returning with her ladies from church; he rolled her over and over in the mud, spoiled her beautiful robes, then, springing on his horse, rode away at full speed. Words can not describe the condition of her temper, her robes, the indignation of the young ladies, the wrath of the father or the excitement around the church. William remained at a safe distance for a time, but was called back to meet Matilda's father in battle ; the Norman was ever quick of retaliation and in a short time the court of Flanders decided that his life and court were of more account than a lover's quarrel. Matilda decided it was not the low birth of his mother so much, but her partiality for the young Saxon which had influenced her refusal of William.

To the surprise of everybody, William renewed his suit for the hand of the beautiful Matilda, and she added unto the surprise by quietly accepting him. She was won by his courage and daring

spirit, and if a man was brave enough "to beat her in her father's city," she was brave enough to marry him.

William of Normandy, rightly called are you "the Conqueror"! Of course, you quieted the English, fought well the battle of Hastings and put Harold off the throne! Didn't you tear down the bars, walk boldly in and possess yourself of a wayward woman's affection? Didn't you learn, after seven years, that the way to get what you want is to go and take it? What better preparation did you need to make yourself invincible, than the preparations which you received when you became conscious of your own powers and your own strength, when you learned how to possess yourself of that which was intended for you. You need have no fears of winning now, you have made the greatest conquest, you have found out what you can do.

The marriage occurred in Normandy, Baldwin V, the bride's father, making many bridal gifts of land, money, jewels and costly array. Matilda made her public entry at Rouen, where she was received with ceremony and much affection by William's subjects. The young people seemed perfectly happy and William omitted no opportunity to give honor and praise unto his beautiful wife, who, because of her respect for him, began to love and admire him, and to implicitly depend upon him.

Guy of Burgundy, a legitimate descendant of Richard II, duke of Normandy, had a better right to the dukedom than William, who was son of Duke Robert, by the spinner's daughter, Arlotta; thus was William of plebeian birth through his mother. A large party in favor of Guy of Bur-

gundy as the legitimate descendant arrayed itself against William. William was regarded with great favor by the Normans, although his claims were entirely through his father. Duke Robert took especial pride in him, realizing that he was superior to his brothers and publicly acknowledged him as his son, requiring the nobles to swear fealty to the boy as his successor.

When William was seven years of age, on a splendid occasion, amid great rejoicing, he was brought into the presence of the nobles to receive their homages. Duke Robert, taking him by the hand, exclaimed: "See the boy! He is little, but he will grow!"

When yet a boy Duke Robert took William to Paris to perform the same homage to the king of France as though he were the duke of Normandy, and the king publicly recognized William's title to the succession of the ducal throne. This was just before good Duke Robert departed on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, from which he never returned.

William was placed under the care of the court of France, where he received the advantages of education there offered until the Normans claimed him as their duke, sending delegates to bring him back to Normandy.

Soon after William took charge of affairs in Normandy the king of France invaded his dominions, but William, by his great display of courage and genius, terrified his foes, sending them back in confusion. Matilda was the niece of Henry I, king of France, and directly descended from the dukes of Normandy. This greatly strengthened William's hold on the dukedom and gained for him the confidence of the people.

Great controversy arose in the church on the ground that the marriage of William and Matilda was illegal on account of their close kinship. Councils were held and the matter continuously discussed. William and Matilda were both excommunicated, but upon the earnest appeal to the pope by William the sentence was nullified. A dispensation was granted to establish the marriage on the condition that each would endow and build an abbey at Caen and found a hospital for the blind.

William and Matilda were glad to meet these conditions, and immediately set to work to erect the abbeys and hospitals. Matilda gave her personal supervision to the furnishing and finishing of the splendid hospital, and after its completion carefully selected the keepers and servants, and made it possible for all blind persons, especially little children, to be cared for within its walls. She had good ideas of architecture and planned many of the public buildings in Normandy. She patronized, to some extent, men of learning and had native appreciation for the fine arts, but she excelled in the domestic virtues, the care of her home and the providing for her household.

Great domestic happiness blessed this home, for each loved and trusted the other, believed the very best of the other and there was absolute faithfulness on the part of William and Matilda.

Matilda had shown herself to be a woman of some executive skill, but better than this she possessed sound judgment and was impartial in her ruling; the people of Normandy loved her from the beginning and, during William's absence, which was frequent, they strongly upheld her as their regent. When they had been married a short time William, leaving Matilda as regent, went on

a visit to his cousin, Edward the Confessor, king of England. This was an important visit ; King Edward expressed great affection for William, and, according to William's statement, he named him as his successor to the English throne. Upon his return to Normandy all of William's ruling and plans were with the end in view that he should, after a time, rule England. He grew more and more determined and more filled with the idea, until he lived constantly in the thought.

The story of the conquest and how it came about is interesting and in many respects remarkable. Harold, the brother of Queen Edith of England, while on a voyage for pleasure, on account of stormy weather was stranded on the coast of Powthien. The sovereign of that country immediately seized him and placed him in prison, expecting, of course, to receive a splendid ransom.

Judith, the sister of Matilda, was married to Tostig, Harold's brother, and, because of this relation, William went at once to Powthien and demanded the release of the prisoner. He took him to Normandy, where he was received with every courtesy and display of friendship, and he was betrothed to one of William's daughters.

William told Harold that King Edward had promised to make him his successor to the English throne, and he forced from Harold an oath to assist in bringing this about. But the oath was reluctant, and not long after Harold's departure William received the news of the death of King Edward and Harold's assumption of the royal title. Harold broke his contract of marriage with William's daughter and married Editha, the widow of the Prince of Wales.

William lost no time in making ready to invade

England. He invested Matilda with the regency of Normandy, instructing Robert, their oldest son, to assist her. On the "Mora," a splendid vessel of war with a blood red flag and a tall beacon on the masthead for a guide to the smaller vessels, William sailed for England. The "Mora" was a surprise gift from Matilda. The Norman chief entered into the spirit of conquest with the greatest enthusiasm and a large body of conquerors landed at Sussex, the twenty-ninth day of September, 1066.

William directed the landing of men, supplies, horses, etc., but as he stepped from the vessel he lost his balance, and fell prostrate, his entire great length, in the deep white sand of the beach-shore.

The Normans, who were very superstitious, cried with terror: "It is an omen. We will lose!" But William, filling his hands with the white sand, cried: "Not so! I have seized England with my two hands, and that which I hold shall be mine! It is mine now!"

At the time of the landing Harold was at York celebrating the victory of Stamford bridge, where his brother Tostig and the king of Norway were both slain. A Saxon knight rode day and night to tell Harold that William was on English soil; the Normans rapidly built a fort and prepared to take possession of the country. Harold made every attempt to bribe William to leave. He sent messengers offering money and gifts, but all to no purpose. William was steadfast in his purpose and impatient for the contest to begin. Harold went to Heartfield, seven miles from Hastings, and on his birthday, October 14, 1066, was fought the famous battle of Hastings, which gave England to the Norman conqueror.

Harold was the last of the Saxon kings. The battle of Hastings was desperate and wild, for William led his men into the most hazardous charges, and Harold performed wonderful feats of bravery and showed remarkable courage and endurance. He was slain by an arrow entering his brain through the eye. William named the field "Sanguelac," which means the lake of blood. Here he lost about one-fourth of all his men, but with Harold fell the nobility of England. On Christmas Day, 1066, William was crowned in the chapel built by Edward the Confessor, Westminster Abbey, in England.

During William's absence Matilda spent much of her time in prayer, and she received the joyful news of the Hastings victory while she was worshiping in the church of Notre Dame, near St. Sever. She made special prayers, spending the day at the church, and directed that the church be called "Our Lady of Good Tidings."

At this time in England the wife of the king had no part in public ceremonies and was not even called queen. Edburga poisoned her husband, the king of Wessex, after which a law was passed which debarred the wives of the king from sharing public honors.

William immediately nullified all this, and was recrowned at Winchester in order that Matilda should have a part in the coronation. The splendid manner of the queen and her beautiful children so pleased the English people that the ceremony was duly performed without interruption. Not like William's first coronation in Westminster Abbey, when a fire broke out in a building near by and William, in the midst of the ceremonies, had to go out to quiet his noisy Norman sol-

diers. At the sight of him they remained calm and gave no further disturbance.

After her coronation Matilda was served by the English and not the Norman ladies, and the members of the court were all English instead of Norman. Many new customs were introduced into England by the Normans, but nothing made the English so indignant as the introduction of the "curfew law," which compelled "lights out at eight o'clock and the streets cleared." The object of this law was to prevent fire and insure quiet and safety. It was rigidly enforced and the results, on the whole, were good. The "forest law" compelled attention to be given to the beautiful English forests; the deer and herds were also protected. It was almost as great a crime to kill a deer as it was to kill a man.

A complete survey of England was made and entered into two volumes, the Great Domesday book and the Little Domesday book. This was the first census of England, for it included the name, station, wealth, etc., of every citizen. William distributed land with great tact after the conquest, providing as nearly as possible for the widows of the Saxon knights who were killed at Hastings, and giving an equal share to his Norman soldiers.

The children of William and Matilda were Henry, Robert, Richard, William, Rufus, Cecilia, Agatha, Constance, Adela, Adelaide and Gundred; they were given great care and watchfulness by their mother, and were taught all good and useful things. Matilda joined in all of their sports, spent much time with them in their nursery, and personally directed their education, teaching her daughters to sew, to spin and to do beautiful and difficult needlework. Her children were all taught

to love home, to look upon a happy home as the greatest blessing, and they received rigid instruction in the dogmas of the church. She exacted obedience and respect from them.

The oldest daughter, Lady Cecilia, became a nun, she spent her life performing the various duties which were assigned to her by the church, and she was greatly loved by the people of Normandy. She took the veil in 1074, the year Matilda returned to Normandy to act as regent.

Matilda gave much of her private means, and at last sold many of her handsome jewels for her son Robert, to whom she was very partial; there was no sacrifice too great for her to make for this boy, and she constantly made excuses for his shortcomings and weaknesses. She came near, many times, to the point of deceiving William about the frailties of their son Robert; he went to his mother with every trouble, assured of her protection and sympathy.

This greatly incensed the two sons, William Rufus and Henry, who constantly felt the difference shown them by their mother in the distribution of her affection. It made bitter feeling between the brothers.

Robert the eldest, reminded his father time and time again of his promise to give him Normandy, and when William refused to give over Normandy until a time that suited him, Robert took up arms against him. William was grieved at this, but more deeply was he hurt when he discovered that Matilda was assisting Robert in the project. This was a complicated matter and brought sorrow to all parties concerned. A reconciliation was brought about and Robert went to England to assist in the defense against Scotland. Matilda

never saw him again. She mourned his loss, for he was her best beloved child and necessary to her happiness. William Rufus and Henry both ruled in England, but Robert died in prison.

So much uneasiness and mental unrest did she experience over Robert and his differences with his father that a nervous illness crept on which carried her to her grave in 1083.

Her last conscious thought was deploring the death of Robert. She was a devoted wife and an excellent mother, but when the test came it was motherhood and not wifehood that tipped the scale of her love.

William survived her four tedious, troubled years, and died from an injury received from his horse stepping upon a piece of burning timber, throwing him forward on the pommel of his saddle. His tomb at St. Stephen's church at Caen was rudely broken open by the Calvinist soldiers in 1562 and the bones thrown about the little church.

Matilda's monument in the church of the Holy Trinity was destroyed and her jewels and ornaments stolen. In 1642, it is said, the bones of both were restored, but the French republicans in the eighteenth century destroyed every memorial, and now nothing remains to mark the place where rested their bodies.

No monument is needed for the Conqueror, the great Norman invader. He erected his own monument and it has proven an enduring one. The gloomy London tower, overlooking the historic Thames, is his handiwork and the kings of England are his descendants.

Matilda's tapestry, sixty-seven yards long and a half yard wide, showing the scenes of the Norman

conquest, is still kept in the Bayeaux cathedral. It includes, in its wonderful cross-stitch, the figures of men and horses, besides ships, dogs, wagons and carts. It is an interesting relic on account of its distinctness as well as its marvelous preservation for so many hundred years.

Matilda all of her life resented the treatment of Meaw, the Saxon noble for whom in girlhood she cherished a genuine affection, and this stain rests upon her record as queen of England. She could not forget his treatment, and the fact that she had cared for him and he had not returned her affection was a sting everlasting to her proud, independent nature. The independent women suffer from such things—the others do not mind, and sometimes it seems the others are never called upon to suffer in this same way.

She obtained from William a grant for all of Meaw's possessions, and through her influence he was conveyed to Winchester, where he died in prison. His latter days were spent in torture, for much cruel treatment was suffered in the Norman prisons. Thus did Matilda, good and noble woman though she was, delight in revenge.

A good wife, a good mother, a good queen, but, true to her type, she went to her grave bearing the scar of wounded independence of spirit and wounded pride. Women, queens and all, are alike, yesterday, to-day and forever, and the so-called "broken heart" is many times only "broken pride."

BEATRICE PORTINARI

Inspiration, guidance and divine love are the laurels which entwine in history and poetic art the name "Beatrice." The idea that the days of miracles were not yet over when Dante lived, as was believed by many Italians when they first read the cantos of his "Divine Comedy," can somewhat be accounted for.

According to some standards of criticism, this Italian woman, Beatrice, achieved nothing which could give her a place among queens, heroines and martyrs. She never fought a battle, ruled a kingdom, enslaved a people, moved a nation to smiles or frowns by her eloquence, gave sons to the world to prove the blood of their sires, nor did she teach a great lesson or control great opinion.

Beatrice was an inspiration! She so wrought upon the mind and life of a great Italian poet, by her beauty, her "divine weakness" and her powerful femininity, she so exalted and quickened his intellect, whetted his insight and placed him *en rapport* with the spiritual, as to cause him to forsake a life of licentiousness and mad abandon, to give himself over to study, reverie and contemplation, that he comes to the world in the time in which he lived to remain unapproached as the "Christian Homer."

The birth, life and death of women are of Divine purpose. Woman is the link in the great plan for His Glory and His Excellence; her sphere is varied and her influence through life and after life is broad and much felt. This we are taught in the Bible, the masterpiece of Hebrew literature,

and in all other good literatures which show life lessons. A good woman's influence continues a bright, spiritual and certain guide after her mortal life is completed.

This woman's influence leads on a journey of poetic thought and poetic rapture the mind of a wonderful scholar, showing that her power is eternal and immortal, and, through the heart, the yearning and affection of a man is his intellect controlled, his pen wielded and his great message given to the world. This is the Creator's plan that through women the world may be blessed and helped, and through her shall all good be retained.

It was the belief of Dante that when Beatrice, immortal, looked down upon his effort, his hopes and his desires, she then loved him devotedly, and gave to him the comfort and companionship which he so craved when she lived upon earth. He further believed that it is only through pure unselfish love that one can help another, that one can inspire another, and that, sometimes, great changes must come to us to "make us see and know." With great loves and great hearts, death is really no separation.

Dante's "Divina Commedia" was due purely, absolutely, to the sway which was held over him by Beatrice, by her hallowed memory, for she was long since dead. Dante states this fact exactly, and often. To this woman the world owes the most beautiful poem of the Italian language, and one of the sublime efforts of human genius. Therefore a recognition of Beatrice is a tribute to woman's influence.

Dante's love for Beatrice affected his life—it was his life. We do not know if she did or did not return this great affection. It is the conclusion

of many that she did not. At any rate, she married another. Beatrice Portinari was a beautiful girl, and the heiress of an illustrious, wealthy house in Florence.

Dante first saw her when she was eleven years of age, as she danced in a May day carnival, wreathed in white roses, with garlands about her slender form, fairy-like in her beauty, and appealing to all that was good in a young man of wild and dissipated life. He so revered her purity and felt his unworthiness that upon meeting her his eyes would fall, and he rarely spoke to her. But she knew of his wonderful love and of the grandeur of his mind. She filled all hearts with gentleness and purity, and gained favor with all. When she walked upon the streets men and women would turn to look upon her and to wonder at her loveliness. It was then that "a wondrous gladness" seized Dante's heart. She was crowned with humility and showed no vanity nor pride in what she saw or heard. And the people would say, "She is an angel and a miracle, blessed be the Lord, who maketh so marvelously."

When Beatrice was still in her youth, overcome with grief at the death of her father, she died in 1290. Her marriage was, perhaps, a happy one, and there is no record of her attachment to the great poet.

Soon after her death Dante married an Italian woman with whom he lived unhappily. Of this marriage Boccacio said: "O! inconceivable torture! to live and converse and grow old and die with such a jealous creature!" That the poet did his full duty, that is in a material way, in this unfortunate marriage is conceded, and the attempt to do right under heart pressure and loneliness gave

him the spirit to write "Vita Nuova." In this he tells a plaintive, simple story of his sorrows, and the joys of his youth, and speaks of the change wrought in him by his attempt to be virtuous in spite of his "evil associations." He also muses upon what could have been his life had he planned it and lived it with Beatrice.

But he goes forward a step and writes again as though Beatrice were his wife, and there had been no separation and no denial, and from this we obtain a moral and spiritual perfection. There is the perfection, the bloom and power of love with none of its blight. The *spirituelle* untouched by reality, with no earthly touches like doubt or unbelief.

Dante's love for Beatrice and craving for her companionship were satisfied by her "spiritual visits," for the poet states that during the period of his writing she never left him. When he hesitated she placed her arms about him and begged him to continue. When he grew faint and weary and when the body knew fatigue she appeared with her mighty spiritual force.

At these times all hatred would disappear from his heart, and instead would come pardon for all offenders and a desire to confer a kindness.

He devoted his soul to study, and to research that he might sing to her and praise her as no woman was ever before praised. He prayed that God might look upon the bliss of Beatrice, who now abided with Him, blessed, world without end.

Dante, in his youth vowed that his life, his talent and his love should be given to her, and the vow which the youth made the man performed.

When Beatrice lived she delighted his eyes, when she was dead she enlightened his soul, guided

his spirit and was the Jacob's ladder upon which ascended all of his holiest aspirations.

Absolutely without human weakness, sensuality or earthly dower is his conception of her; all women before her seem colored with vice, or, at least, stained with mortality. Other women commanded admiration, praise, sympathy, but to her he gave worship, even veneration.

All through his days of study and preparation Beatrice was there to direct and cheer him; when he began to write she went before, constantly leading; his guide, his life, his inspiration.

The "Divine Comedy" is the poetic account of an imaginary journey through hell, purgatory and paradise, which Dante makes with various guides.

In a long conversation with Beatrice she urges him and bids him take this journey. It is at her suggestion and with her approval that he goes. Virgil had always been Dante's especial admiration, so he meets the shade of Virgil, when he finds himself in a lonely trackless forest. Virgil explains that Beatrice has sent him to earth to guide Dante upon his way. Dante is at once reassured and follows Virgil into the realms of Minos.

In the poem Dante supposes that when Lucifer fell from heaven he penetrated the earth with such force and violence as to make a tunnel-shaped chasm straight down into the middle of the earth, and there Lucifer lies frozen in perpetual, eternal ice.

It was down the sides of this great tunnel that Dante and Virgil hurried, amid the cries and the shrieks of the damned. They hurry through nine circles of corridors in hell and there encounter every form and degree of punishment. Each sin receives a different punishment.

When Dante fears, or timidly approaches, Beatrice touches his hand or in some way indicates her presence. The first circle shows the souls of the unbaptized, those who lived and died unconsecrated, and with these are the heathen philosophers. They do not shriek or even groan, but the air vibrates with their sighing.

In the next circle the spirits of the inconstant, those who in life were not steadfast, are tossed to and fro by a whirlwind. These are the spirits of the unconvinced, the wavering and the untrue.

In the third great division are the gourmands and the gluttons, who howl and scream while black rain falls upon them.

In the fourth, those guilty of avarice hurl huge weights upon each other—sometimes one and sometimes the other is down.

The fifth is the Stygian pool, and here the irascible smite each other and breathe beneath the filthy, murky water, covering its surface with vile, poisonous bubbles.

The sixth is walled in with red hot iron and here the heretics lie in graves of fire.

In the seventh the unjust, the violent and the suicides move slowly, upside down, in rivers of blood; they are occasionally taken out to walk slowly through fiery sand.

In the eighth link the seducers, pricked and stung by the fiery picks of the demons; the flatterers are here "in filth a-wallowing"; fortune-tellers with their heads turned backward; hypocrites, with masks of gilded lead and long white robes with black lining, and forgers are here "rotting with disease."

In the ninth are the traitors, and here lies Lucifer, imbedded in the frozen lake.

All of this is described with such minuteness as to detail that for some time a belief prevailed among the Italians that Dante had actually descended into hell and that his sallow complexion and crisp beard were caused by his going too near the fire.

The allegory goes on to tell that Lucifer, when he fell, not only hollowed out the gulf of hell, but had also thrown up on the other side of the earth a mountain, cone-shaped, called Purgatory.

On this cone were cut seven terraces, whereon the seven mortal sins were purged away.

Despair here turned to hope, and as Virgil and Dante hurried forward, led by angels, they saw the milder agonies of those who were suffering for sin; here the envious have their eyelids sewed with steel wire, and the avaricious bury their faces in the dust; the gluttons are emaciated from famine and the proud totter under a weight of stone.

Beyond the seventh terrace is the Terrestrial Paradise, and here amid flowers, music, and under the shadow of eternal trees Dante meets Beatrice. When she appears the forest becomes illuminated, innumerable chariots, angels and saints pass and repass, and the paths are strewn with lilies as she approaches.

As Dante turns to Virgil to express his delight he finds that he is alone, and weeps. Then for the first time he hears the voice of Beatrice. She now becomes his guide through ten heavens or spheres of paradise. They hear the music of the spheres and gaze at the sun until Dante is dazzled by its marvelous light.

In the first sphere, the moon, are the souls of those who took monastic vows on earth and were forced to violate them; the second, Mercury,

shows the happy ones whose thirst for glory moved them to great energy and enterprise.

The third, Venus, those who on earth were celebrated for holy love.

In the fourth, the Sun, dwells the patriarchs of the church.

The sixth, Mars, is the home of the courageous souls of the crusaders who died fighting for the Sepulchre and cross.

The sixth, Jupiter, is the home of good and true princes, who are arranged in the form of an eagle, in the center of which sits King David.

Beatrice and Dante ascend on a ladder to Saturn, "where dwell the ones who have passed their lives in holy contemplation."

It is here that Dante notices that the beauty of Beatrice is increasing and it is so radiant that it is as hard to look upon her as upon the spheres themselves.

In the eighth heaven the stars are fixed, and as they enter the constellation Gemini they look backward upon earth, which is a mere speck in the universe. In this heaven Adam and the saints live.

In the ninth sphere "all is light and love and joy." A river flows there bordered with delicate beautiful flowers, and from the river issues brilliant sparks.

Beatrice gives Dante some of the water to drink, and his eyes being opened, he sees that the sparks are angels and the flowers immortals. He sees more than a million thrones; on these, in glory, sit the just men made perfect, attended by hosts of angels.

Here Beatrice leaves him and returns to her throne of light, which is in the third circle from the highest.

St. Bernard becomes his guide through the tenth heaven, and this venerable purest of saints implores the Blessed Virgin to allow Dante to have one glimpse of the eternal mystery, of the Deity enthroned.

In answer to the supplication of the great saint Dante is given one glimpse of the throne.

> "The mystic grandeur of His shining countenance,
> Set 'midst a background of a hundred ages."

After this vision Dante awoke and resumed his life of poverty; alone in his blackened cell, to await the call which would unite him for eternity with the larger and better part of himself.

Of this powerful allegory Beatrice was the soul; her name is as immortal as Dante's. Had she returned his love and become his wife he would have been happy, certainly, but it would have been an indolent, indulgent happiness, without this spiritual grace or divine love. Because of sacrifice there was reward. Because of the life and death of Beatrice, her great influence and Dante's perfect love we have a view of paradise. And isn't all perfect love a glimpse of paradise?

JOAN OF ARC, "MAID OF ORLEANS"

Joan of Arc is adored at the present time by the people of France. Her statue and picture may be seen in church; her name is among the glorified in their histories, the little children are taught to love her and her name is mentioned with a brightening of the eye. But all of this is a result of the tedious passing of time and honors received long after death.

The age in which God's providence placed her upon earth was one of doubt, when men believed little in each other; of suspicion, when men, not trusting themselves, trusted nothing in the flesh; of superstition, when ignorance was so dense and understanding confined to such narrow range that signs and symbols, visions and dreams, were the substance of men's thought.

But for these conditions the mighty effort which this girl made for her king and country could not have failed of the grateful appreciation of her friends and the respect of those who may have been her enemies. The germ or seed of real glory has never yet been found in a mind barren of virtue, and from her life, which was absolutely pure and upright, we may draw a line, though delicate and indistinct, between virtuous enthusiasm and fanaticism.

We may prove by her conduct, which was firm, persistent and steady, that she was convinced of the truth of her inspiration. She lived it and by every act and every deed gave proof of her holiness, her purity of life and her fervent religious devotion.

For the conduct of those who persecuted her

there is no parallel in history, nor is there any shadow of excuse. The heartlessness, utter lack of justice and narrow conception of what was right is unprecedented in the annals of courts, ecclesiastic or secular.

Her beautiful, splendid body was burned at a stake to satisfy ignorance and superstition. Strange to chronicle, her brave heart was picked up from the ashes firm and unscathed. It is said that the fire did not change it or in any way destroy it. By order of the cardinal it was thrown together with the handful of sacred ashes, into the Seine.

In the days of knighthood the permanent lessons learned were patience, submission, endurance and long suffering. And in this age of homage to women and fearless deeds a girl not even from the middle class, but from the humblest, poorest class, appears on the scene of history to take a part in heroism and action far in excess of anything ever heard of or dreamed of by woman in her wildest desires to contribute to the good of mankind. This is the record of a fact extraordinary.

A little girl of sixteen years and no more, who could not read or write, who had never been from her home, who knew nothing of the world, absolutely nothing, a girl from the mountains on the borders of Champagne and Lorraine, leads a nation's army to victory. Her loyalty to France, her unselfish love for her own people, her self-sacrifice, privations and fearlessness, have never been doubted, but the inspiration which prompted her action has ever been a question of uncertainty with some. If we do not accept the fact of her inspiration, what are we going to do with her? Where shall we place her in history? Those who

question her inspiration listen to the following story:

Joan of Arc, more properly called Jeanne d'Arc, was born in the lovely little village of Domremy in the year 1411. She came from the humblest, plainest people, her father being a common laborer and her mother did the spinning for the neighborhood. Her brothers tended the sheep, while she did the household work and gave her few leisure moments to spinning and plain needlework.

She was strong, athletic, beautiful and loved throughout the village for her sweet gentle nature. Little children loved her and when she went to church, which was with great regularity, she was attended by a band of bright-faced, admiring little ones. She nursed the sick and many times when a severe illness would occur in the village this pious girl was called, as her prayers were conceded to avail much. She loved all forms of religious worship and observed with great care and due penance all days set apart by the church for special worship.

Her knowledge of the Scriptures was remarkable; from concentrated effort she had memorized, from listening to the priest, many beautiful prayers, and to these she gave her own peculiar interpretation. She was fond of discussing matters religious, and made an especial point of inquiring into the heroic deeds of the women of the Bible. The simple folk of Domremy loved her devotedly, thought her beautiful, and her presence among the over-worked, hard-pressed peasantry was a sweet benediction.

One of the legends of her time was that "the marshes of Lorraine would give birth to a maid who would save the realm." Joan thought much

over this, and it was frequently talked of among the people. When she was twelve years of age she had a vision; an angel came, but for a minute, and he bade her "be good and trust in God." At short intervals the voice would repeat to her: "Be good and trust in God."

Her religious enthusiasm became very great; she spent more and more time at the church and with the priests, but with all of this zeal and fervor she had good natural sense and good judgment. The advice of this girl was sought, her decisions accepted, and she was called upon to settle many controversies and smooth over many rough places in the affairs of her native village.

First St. Michael, then St. Catherine and last St. Margaret appeared to her, each stating and persuading her that she had a divine mission, that she was permitted to live upon the earth for a divine purpose, and they at last told her that her work was to save her country.

The girl knew little of what they meant, but with prayer and meditation courage came, and with it resolution. In view of the tremendous work which she so soon accomplished, the French historians credit all of this as fact, otherwise it is absolutely unexplainable, and can not be reasoned about or analyzed.

At this time Edward I claimed the throne of France. England and France were, and for years had been, in a condition of miserable war; the people were suffering, they were destitute, without homes and all despairing. The English victories of Cressy, Agincourt and Poitiers were followed by great losses, and the marvelous courage and feats in war of the Black Prince were followed by total loss to the English.

For a time the French held undisputed sway, and it would seem that they were to remain the conquerors. But fluctuation soon came, first the English, then the French received the gains of the struggle, until the death of Louis, son of Charles VI, called the "Insane," placed Charles VII on the throne. He was only acknowledged as king by Southern France, for the northern provinces hailed as their sovereign Henry VI, infant son of Henry V of England.

Orleans was a strongly fortified city, and the duke of Bedford was determined to take it, thus driving Charles out of the central provinces. There was little chance that Orleans could be saved to the French, and the French soldiers were in great tribulation.

Now the voices come to Joan and lead her and compel her to action. At this crucial moment she appears on the scene of France's military history. She entirely comprehended the national condition, though she made no inquiry nor sought any counsel or advice. She was totally uneducated, poor, unimportant, a sixteen-year-old girl. She could not even sit on a horse. Riding was a proper accomplishment for the ladies of the Middle Ages, but this girl had never ridden and knew nothing of the accomplishments of fine ladies. Her resolution seemed absurd and laughable, because those who looked on had only worldly wisdom.

It was a long time before she could obtain an audience with the king. He, like everybody else, thought the child was mad. At last, after patient waiting, she did obtain an audience and approached him with the talismanic sentence, "I am Joan, the maid, sent by God to save France." After consideration and the counsel of his generals,

the king decided that matters were so bad that they couldn't be much worse, and any assistance was welcome, so he sent two monks to her home to inquire into her life and habits and to cross-examine her.

The monks who returned from her home stated that so pure and excellent was her life that her people had begun to worship her, and the cross-examination proved her knowledge of the lessons in the Scripture to equal that of her examiner.

So she was accepted, not because the king believed in her or thought for one minute that divine grace was ready to save France, but because of the great confidence which the people placed in her. She had great hold upon the people, and now everywhere in France the people had begun to worship her.

They reasoned about her life after this manner: She was poor, obscure, certainly, but maybe God had chosen her for His instrument. She was as pure as an angel, untouched, undefiled by a sinning world, no impure thought had ever come into her mind, no sin had she ever seen or heard of, and God's ways are all mysterious and extraordinary, and surely France needed extraordinary deliverance. Nothing short of divine interference could save France now, and surely God loved France.

Trust in feudal armies had fled, military skill and maneuver had been found insufficient; it was France's extremity and God's opportunity to rescue the heartsick, weakened, desolate army. The girl claimed no knowledge of military affairs, no idea of the topography of the country; she simply obeyed the voices which came now at short intervals, sometimes remaining with her, sustaining and encouraging her. She could not explain it, but it

was impressed upon her heart that God had made her His means of action, and she must take Orleans and crown the dauphin, king of France. The soldiers grew to depend upon her faith, for she prayed to God to do what princes and kings had failed to do and what they knew they could never do.

The most skeptical and unsympathetic realized that whether her power was superstition or not, she could stimulate men to action and could wield a powerful magnetic influence over all who came near her, and she drew the people unto her by hundreds—they seemed unwilling to leave, but were content to remain within the sound of her voice and the glance of her eye. Her supreme confidence in herself was also a means of charm; she never once faltered or hesitated and her presence revived and cheered, giving new life. Her only difficulty lay in persuading the prevailing powers, the kings and princes, that she could do this work.

One lesson there is which we, at this far removed time, may draw from this girl's heroism: When we put our entire faith in God we always use our best energies; we go into a work with our whole soul and existence; therefore we win. To sincerely and genuinely want a thing is prayer, and earnest fervent prayer it is. We fail many times because we only fancy that we want a thing; we do not really want it—when we do want it, we usually get it.

Joan sent a letter to the English at Orleans asking them in God's name to give up the city and return home; that they were fighting God and not the French. Of course the English considered such a communication absurd; it was then that she effected an entrance into the city, riding a pure

white charger, carrying a banner of her own device, adorned with lilies; she was arrayed in a suit of armor, her splendid youthful figure and finely poised head attracting the admiration of all who saw her. She was attended by six thousand men and an archbishop. She was hailed with delight by the people of Orleans, who cheered in the streets as she passed. She, with her army, went first to the cathedral, where she offered fervent prayer and again begged the English to retire. The English were stubborn and laughed the maid to scorn.

The feats of the French army were now nothing short of miraculous, and they succeeded in their first attack upon the English. Joan never fought, she would not kill anybody, but she talked to the soldiers, watched over them, directed the care for the wounded, and remained with them. A glance of her eye would reassure a faltering step and she spurred the soldiers on and on to victory. She knew not rest nor fear nor peril.

She was wounded, and with terror, lest defeat would come, but with tenderness, she was removed from the field; in a short time, still suffering from her wound, she returned to direct the fight. The city was delivered to the French and not one Englishman survived south of the Loire. Now, what was this if not the fulfilling of the message of voices?

Half of her work was accomplished, Orleans was saved; to crown her king was the other and more difficult half. This seemed an impossibility, but, according to the laws of war, so did the siege of Orleans. She knew it was not impossible, for now all men believed in her purity, piety, chastity and utter unselfishness.

Everybody respected her; yes, venerated her. Not in the manner of the knight to his lady, not as the feudal ladies were honored, for she was not of their world, but this love for her was akin to worship. She was alone, separate and distinct from all other women, from all humanity. After the siege of Orleans the king met her at Tours and would have given her honors, but these she refused. She begged to march to Rheims, but was repeatedly refused, until she pleaded that the voices called her, "Daughter of God, go on! Go on!" and her face shone with a light as from heaven.

She now succeeded at Jargeau and returned in triumph to Orleans. Bauge was an encounter in the open field, with great victory for the French. The enthusiasm of the French was unbounded when the English retreated to Paris, and Joan was glorified by every man, woman and child, prince, priest and peasant in France. Still the king, in his native stupidity and irresolution, held back, though the soldiers begged to go to Rheims. Finally, after great persuasion, the king consented to go to Rheims, and after a five-day siege with an army of a few thousand, the old city, so prized, was taken, and Joan with Charles and the nobles took possession.

The English looked on with awe and were no longer willing to contest with one who seemed favored of heaven—men would not fight angels, and the belief that she was an angel descended for the purpose of saving France was gaining every day.

First Troyes and Chalons surrendered, then Rheims. In a month, with great ceremony, the king was crowned by the archbishop. The work

of the maid was accomplished, she gave a nation a king and a king a nation, and as a reward she asked that her native village might forever be relieved from taxation. She begged to return to her quiet village home, to pick up her humble life, but the king was unwilling that one having so great a hold upon the people, one having such unquestioned influence, should leave the army. They had tasted of victory, they must fight again, the maid must remain and lead them.

It was time for her to quit the scene and return to her home, for the voices had ceased to come, her work was finished, she was no longer inspired and led by the spirits; but, alas, being a human being, she depended upon her mortality, forgetting that her success was in divine guidance. How many of us go on "after the voices have ceased to come," and depend upon our poor weak selves, never remembering that we are dust and all good which there may be in us is due to the divine call and the voice of our better selves, which is God's own speaking? Poor little Joan fought too long; she knew not when to cease—another evidence of weak mortality. The last "voice" which came to her was to "return and never again ride in battle." She heeded all but the last, and won each time save the last.

Her spirit was dauntless even after the voices ceased; it was never quenched, but she now made mistakes. When the French beheld her first defeat and realized that she could lose, their enthusiasm began to pale, they lost all faith in her, being a people of little faith in matters not proven, and the spell was broken. Forgetting all past benefits and marvelous deliveries, the French permitted her capture by the English. A capture at-

tended by brutality, baseness and indecency. And this pure, sweet girl, childlike in her innocence and trustfulness, was subject to the insults of coarse, low-bred soldiers, who now contended that she was but human, but an ordinary peasant girl, and that her power over the people was due to witchery and sorcery.

When the news of her capture reached Paris, Te Deums were sung in the churches and ecclesiastical justice demanded. All of this was demanded, but of all things remarkable in biography is the fact that nothing was actually done to rescue her. France looked on and did nothing. Why should a great king move a nation to save a peasant girl? Gratitude is the noblest of human traits, but it was not a virtue of the feudal kings, and alas, rarely of France. And saddest, most pitiful of all, the narrow-minded, unmanly king, after her supreme deliverance of himself and his people, was jealous of what she had done. He was angry that a woman and not his own powerful generalship should have been the deliverer of his country.

"Jealousy!" Cruel, heartless, unreasonable, mad, blind! Cursed is the man or woman who cultivates it or allows it to remain. It comes into the human heart, because the heart is human, but the divine spark which is in us can destroy it and will when we will compel it, and refuse to let it remain—a hated, fiendish enemy to happiness.

Because of its remaining in the human heart, lives and homes have been wrecked, hearts have been cruelly broken and left to bleed and die.

Jealousy, though sometimes born of over-love, kills the best in man or woman, destroys justice, love and mercy, and rules, a sad-eyed monarch

over two, sometimes a thousand, broken and shattered lives.

Not one threat was made by the French, for the English waited until they were sure of the attitude of France's king. No offer for ransom was made.

Of all the tortures of the inquisition none were more diabolical than the torture of this child. She was too ignorant in the accepted sense of intelligence, even of her time, to be heretic, though she was tried for heresy, and no records of law record such courts of severity, injustice and inconsistency as the ecclesiastical courts of the Middle Ages, and never before or since have punishments been so outrageous.

The "Maid of Orleans" was kept in an iron cage, and those who presumably visited her through kindness or sympathy, offered her gross and repeated insults, as did the officers in charge, who constantly taunted her with "being a witch and a devil" selected to show the evil in woman's creation. Every humiliation, pain and terror of the flesh were hers.

When she would fall upon her knees, make the sign of the cross and place her hands upon her breast the soldiers would mock her and press her eyes open with long prods. When she would lie upon her prison floor they would arouse her, saying, "Be awake, or you will not hear the voices." Surely death was a relief to this poor unfortunate child.

When the accusations against her were sent to Paris the "learned doctors," under English influence, declared her to be a sorceress, and there were eighty frivolous accusations against her. The "court" was a pompous affair, and great speeches

were made by the ecclesiasts condemning apostasy, heresy and idolatry. She was condemned to a slow death at the stake; she who, in response to an influence unexplainable, had brought victory to a despairing people and an unworthy ruler! There was no appeal from this mediaeval bench, and the sentence was fulfilled to the letter, while priests, soldiers, men and women looked on, believing that an evil genius was being removed and that God's law was being fulfilled.

This death, 1431, is a good standard by which to judge the misery, darkness and pathetic mistakes of this time. After the death of Joan of Arc war went on, and Henry VI of England was crowned in Notre Dame in Paris. An English prelate performed the ceremony of coronation. The entire affair failed, and gradually France was won over to Charles. He was weak and contemptible, but he was France's king legitimate, and everybody now desired peace. In 1436 Charles took Paris and in 1453 Calais was all that remained to England of France.

Joan of Arc was a martyr to patriotism and not to religion; she died for her country, for her ungrateful, blinded, insensible and heartless people. By her death great religious reform was not accomplished, great religious idea and interpretation were not introduced. Not one thing was gained by the church, but that she was a martyr to patriotism is proven by the passing of time giving unto her each year a brighter and a more glorious place in the history of great women—those women who have sacrificed and lived for others.

The Jews were not more persistent in their treatment of the Sacred Prisoner of Galilee than were the English to their girl prisoner. Why did the

church turn against her? Could not the church, even though the world had scourged, been her comfort, her sustenance and her succor in the presence of death?

After years, long weary ones, after her pure sweet life had gone up to God's throne in the form of incense, holy with sincerity and love for Him, her innocence was proven, her family made noble, a white cross erected where she was burned, and she was called by the church "Joan, the Saint."

We do not understand why cruel fates fall to the great benefactors, to the great lifters and bearers of burdens, to those who are the instruments in God's most delicate and direct management. This is an unsolved mystery, but like all mysteries divine, let us try to believe that it is His economy and His mode of giving example. Some of God's chosen help humanity by their lives, others by their deaths.

She who, uncomplaining amid injustice, gave up her young life to her country, suffered the base decision of a corrupted court, and the ingratitude of her own sovereign and people, will come under the eternal law of compensation which applies to all marching from this to another world.

Though finite mind can not understand, and can not grasp His law, surely He who counts the sparrows and the innumerable sand by the restless sea, makes never a mistake, but places us here and removes us from here for the accomplishment of His divine plan. And we suffer for His changing, but let us pray that we are better, stronger and purer, and let us not confuse the dispensation which He makes with the errors and frailties which we ourselves daily commit.

ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND

In making a chronicle of Elizabeth Tudor, queen of England, brilliant woman, acute manager of affairs, accomplished and far-seeing diplomat, and, withal, a character unique, original, England's greatest queen, we feel like beginning in the style of the epitaph and saying "Elizabeth was born," for surely the history which she made and the lives which were unquestionably bound to hers began when "Elizabeth was born."

No alien blood impoverished her veins; she was English, plain, forceful, selfish, hard, seeing one side of the matter, and that always her side, cruel, loving, determined. She was the "intensely English sovereign." Her reign may be compared to that of Isabella of Spain, and it is probable that Elizabeth took Isabella for her model.

Both established and developed great kingdoms, the one by the spoils of war, the other by statesmanship and watchful diplomacy. Elizabeth at very broad range was a greater help to her people, but Isabella was far the more lovable woman; no vanity, coquetry or duplicity marred the character of the Spanish queen, and she was a devoted mother; while Elizabeth of England resorted to all craft and art, all vanity, deception and wily act to carry her point, and she knew only that side of life which, after a certain age, makes some women narrow and selfish.

She was not a wife or a mother, and the woman who goes through life unblessed by motherhood must indeed have a ballast of all of the true and womanly traits or she will become selfish and short-sighted.

To study well the character of Elizabeth we must look to her environment, which was anything but conducive to amiability and a sweet disposition, and the law of inheritance must not be ignored in her case. Sometimes we place too much faith in this law and sometimes we are deceived and disappointed. It is not infallible by any means, but in the case of Elizabeth it seems to have had a deep meaning, and the father's character was in many unmistakable forms visited upon the daughter.

Henry VIII, called Henry Tudor, father of Elizabeth, was the basest of the English kings, a veritable Bluebeard, without feeling, good taste or refinement. Not without good sense, for Henry was far from being a fool; except when he was in a rage, giving way to a fit of passion, he had a keen insight and a good knowledge of his royal duties. He first married his brother Arthur's widow, a Spanish princess, Catherine, daughter of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile; he divorced her, that he might marry her pretty maid of honor, Anne Boleyn; he became attached to the graceful modest Jane Seymour, so Anne Boleyn lost her head. Jane Seymour was spared an execution by dying a natural death a few months after her marriage, and the royal widower married Anne of Cleves in the winter, to divorce her the next summer. Catherine Howard came next, to lose her fair head in order that Henry might wed Catherine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer.

Catherine Parr survived Henry, but her life was many times in jeopardy. She was on the eve of being tried for her life when, by quick repartee and a ready compliment to Henry, who possessed vanity in its grossest form, she so flattered and de-

lighted his Majesty that he spared her life, to the surprise of everybody in the kingdom.

Elizabeth was preceded on the throne by her sister, Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry and his first wife, Catherine of Aragon.

Mary succeeded her brother, Edward VI, amiable and lovable, son of Henry and his third wife, Jane Seymour. Henry arranged the succession in the order of Edward, Mary and Elizabeth.

The reign of Mary Tudor is full of dark deeds, conspiracies, executions, foul murders and domestic and foreign complications, reaching the point of disgrace. She was thirty-nine years of age when she began to reign, and, like her government, she was unhappy, wretched and tyrannical.

She was by nature severe and haughty, unable to see the good side of anything, and disappointment and losses made her all the more bitter.

It was almost impossible to approach her, she was so reserved and attached such importance to court ceremony; she delighted in irritating and tormenting, in great and terrible ways when she could, in small ways rather than not at all. She was unhappy by nature, constitutionally miserable, and had none of the resources of happiness within herself.

Happiness is an art which admits of supreme cultivation; it must come from within, and by schooling ourselves we may all attain unto a certain degree of it. Mary never cultivated it, never tried to be happy, and she did certainly have many mortifications and sore trials. Such unhappy traits as jealousy, sensitiveness, suspicion, constant doubt of others, together with her irritability and touchiness made her a demon rather than a woman. But with all of her bigotry and unattractive exterior,

Mary Tudor was not wicked in the sense of scheming and designing, and terrible as the thought may be she was conscientious in all that she did. She had a well-defined sense of honor for herself and for her people, and was steadfast in purpose, having intense affection for the few for whom she cared—the very, very few.

Throughout history when her name is read, in the Tudor dynasty, because of the blood that was shed by her ruling and in accord with her wish, her utter lack of tenderness and pity for her subjects, and, too, in order to distinguish her from other Marys, she bears the awful cognomen "Bloody Mary."

Elizabeth followed this strange, unnatural sovereign and sister. She was the daughter of Henry VIII and his second wife, Anne Boleyn, and was born in 1533. When she was twenty-five years of age she ascended the English throne and ruled for a mighty forty years.

The Elizabethan time comprises to a considerable degree the history of the human intellect; an era filled with great historic development, expansion, and with splendid men.

There were furious struggles for religious and political freedom, great mental strides astonishing a world which had been asleep, wonderful genius making investigations and explorations undreamed of, and heroic deeds which reflected honor and glory upon the queen and her kingdom.

If, when the story of her reign is told, all facts are omitted save one, and that the chronicle of the life and work of one of her subjects, William Shakespeare, her reign will far surpass all others of her country. It might be said that "When Shakespeare lived, Elizabeth was queen," instead

of "When Elizabeth ruled Shakespeare lived." Without mention of him the immortal thing is left out.

England's greatest philosopher was placed on earth to make resplendent the era of Elizabeth. Bacon, the philosopher, mathematician, thinker and investigator, was her subject. The great seaman, Drake; the great courtier, Sydney; the merchant, Gresham, and the great divine, Hooper, were a part of her time and devoted to her. Edmund Spenser, renowned in song and poesy, wrote the "Faërie Queen" in her honor; Raleigh successful in adventure and exploration, and Essex, in court etiquette, were her adoring followers. For years before, and during her reign, the block of the executioner was in conspicuous evidence, the ax was within easy reach and she feared not nor trembled at the thought or sight of it. There are instances without number of the innocent as well as the guilty losing their heads at her command.

Elizabeth was the own child of Henry VIII! Her earliest memory of him was his disgusting, sneering, meddling, curious, sarcastic smile, or his awful frown; everybody hated him or was afraid of him.

He divorced his Spanish wife, Catherine, to marry Anne Boleyn, hoping to have an heir to the throne; he longed for an heir, and a daughter had come. From the hour of the birth of the little princess he lost no occasion to manifest his disappointment and hate.

Queen Anne tried in various ways to appeal to his heart and to soften him, but she did not know what her numerous successors found out, that he had no heart. She went into his presence with their infant daughter in her arms, and Anne

Boleyn was dainty, pretty and cultured, but the beast Henry frowned and ordered them from his presence.

Before many days the ominous old gate of the London bridge slowly creaked open to receive the royal barge which bore the young queen, whose beautiful head was destined for the headsman's block.

The little motherless princess lived the first four years of her life in the Greenwich palace on the Thames, which old pile, unto this day, is used for a hospital.

Lady Bryan, who was nearly related to the dead queen, was selected as governess for the princess, and when Elizabeth was in her fifth year the two went to Hunsdon, thirty miles north of London. Lady Bryan was attentive and kind to her royal charge, but Henry, being constantly engaged in wife-hunting, apparently forgot his small daughter and it was of little consequence to him what became of her.

Through one of the gentlemen of the court, Lady Bryan apprised Henry of the condition of the princess' wardrobe. She was not only without clothes becoming a princess, but she had no clothes at all. Elizabeth made up for all this lack of wardrobe when the treasury of England was at her disposal.

Lady Bryan records in her diary that the princess had much trouble in cutting her teeth, which came very slowly, and she was forced to let her have own way more than was best, so, in the teeth-cutting days, Elizabeth began to dominate and rule. Henry finally sent the desired wardrobe and the little princess began to have some dignity and rank. He soon married Jane Seymour, who be-

came the mother of the long-desired heir, Edward VI.

Elizabeth made her first public appearance upon the occasion of Edward's baptism. He was born a little more than a year after her mother's execution. Princes Mary carried Edward in her arms to the font and led Elizabeth by the hand. Elizabeth was only four years of age, but she exhibited a prudence and propriety of manner amusing in a mere baby; her self-confidence was remarkable.

Edward and Elizabeth were great friends, spending much of their childhood together, and when they were absent one from the other they exchanged letters. A few of these letters are carefully preserved.

Young Prince Edward became king of England upon the death of his father, Henry VIII, and it would seem that the dangers and pitfalls which surrounded the Princess Elizabeth were all removed, for Edward was fond of her and they had been student friends and companions. But ambitious nobles ruled the realm, as Edward was far from being robust and vigorous and Elizabeth's head was never safe, nor was her maiden character. The princess was often a tool to advance the selfish schemes and designs of these nobles, and she was constantly watched by spies.

She developed wonderful ability and tact for avoiding dangers; she was a very good spy herself and outwitted her enemies in their attempts to injure her. Her independence of spirit and utter disregard for danger gained for her the admiration of Edward. When she was seventeen years of age he presented her with the House of Hatfield, north of London, where she had a small

court, a few servants and a few retainers and where Edward made her frequent visits.

It was here that Roger Ascham became her tutor. He was the great advocate of the human system of teaching, and thought there were other ways of impressing a child than with "the lash." He should be loved by the student world, for he advocated kindness, thoughtfulness and gentleness in the schoolroom. Ascham considered Elizabeth the most deeply learned woman in England; her intellect was masculine "with no feminine weaknesses or blemishes," and she could defend her opinions, having a good knowledge of law, theology and government. She continued her habits of study, and when Ascham died she said his death was the greatest loss she could have sustained.

The home life of Elizabeth was remarkable, when we stop to think of it, and by comparison with the princesses of to-day it carries out Hume's idea that "when our houses were builded of willow we had oaken men, but now that our houses are builded of oak, our men are now become only willow, with a great many altogether straw, which is a sore alteration. Now we have many chimneys, and yet our tenderlings complain of rheums, catarrh and colds."

The house at Hatfield had no appointments of daintiness or convenience. Elizabeth's household was called before light, and each member, forty in number, attended prayers of the Episcopal service. At six they sat down to their morning meal, no toast or coffee, fruit or fine china; each person had a pewter bowl of beer and another of wine. They ate salt fish, dried, and mutton and bread on special occasions. Few vegetables were used; the potato, which became so popular later, was at this

time unknown. Elizabeth may have slept upon a pillow; if she did it was stuffed with chaff and she had no garment which corresponded with the modern night dress; she had no silver table service, for all royal households employed pewter.

Edward's death made Mary queen when Elizabeth was twenty years of age. This event was a crisis in Elizabeth's life, and great wisdom and prudence were required to prevent awful crime and conspiracy. There was practically nothing that the ambitious nobles did not attempt to advance their interests, but their scheming and cunning were not equal to Elizabeth's insight and foresight, and she looked on, consenting to no part which they planned for her.

The duke of Northumberland offered her jewels, money and an estate if she would consent to the setting aside of Mary and the placing of Lady Jane Grey on the throne. Elizabeth answered that so long as her sister Mary lived she had no right to claim, surrender or interfere with the throne.

Jane Grey's case is a sad one, for she was the victim of the selfish ambition of others, with no ambition or unjust schemes of her own.

Jane Grey was the daughter of the marquis of Dorset and Francis Brandon, granddaughter of Henry VII. She married Lord Dudley, son of the duke of Northumberland; her husband and father prevailed upon Edward VI to settle the crown upon her, and not upon Mary or Elizabeth. She accepted the crown with great reluctance and wore it only nine days. The people declared for Mary, the rightful heir, and Lady Jane and Lord Dudley were both executed.

Just before and during Mary's reign Elizabeth's

life was in constant danger. Mary was never hostile to her, but the conspiracies of the nobles seemed at times more than the most skilled diplomat could meet and dispose of without murder.

After hairbreadth escapes, awful anxieties and acute watchfulness, all of which went far in preparing Elizabeth for her life, which was largely a series of religious, political and commercial ruptures, she became queen of England. She was twenty-five years of age, well developed in mind, very observant, with an accurate memory and a more than ordinary discerning power. When she heard the official announcement of the death of her sister Mary, she arose and, with great earnestness, stated: "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

Her first object, after she became queen, was to restore the Protestant religion, because in it her greatest interests were involved.

The pope had declared her father's divorce from Catherine "null and void," and that decided the child of Anne Boleyn to be illegitimate. The Catholics in England and Scotland asserted that Elizabeth was illegitimate and that Mary of Scotland should be queen. Elizabeth never forgot this indignity against her and her house, and she also exhibited jealousy of Mary's beauty, many physical charms, and her hold upon her people.

The entire affair with Mary amounted to this: When Mary feared revolution in Scotland she took refuge in England, throwing herself upon the protection and mercy of her cousin, Elizabeth. Elizabeth imprisoned her, and this caused a rebellion in Scotland, which, however, was soon put down. While Mary was still in an English prison Elizabeth made a "league of defense" with James,

king of Scotland and son of Mary. Just at the time of all this a conspiracy was formed to take the life of Elizabeth, and Mary was accused of being the leader and instigator of the plot. She had no connection with it, but she was cruelly tried, condemned and executed by order of Elizabeth, who, when the news of the execution reached her, went into spasms of affected grief, saying "she did not intend for Mary to die," and great expressions of praise of Mary's beauty, character and goodness.

She played the part of the hypocrite to perfection. She dismissed, with rage, her counselors who came near her, and wrote a letter to James, which stands as a model for feminine baseness and hypocrisy. By this and other contemptible arts she escaped war with James, who, in reality, was but poorly prepared for it.

She was ever conscious of and equal to the greatness of her position. She was elevated to that extent, but as to the elevation of principles and strong convictions of right she had attained small degree. Some students crown her with the glory of church and state, literature and science, seafaring and commercialism, but the Elizabethan age is a wonderful inheritance to us because of the mighty minds and great hearts who were the part of it.

She was not a genius or endowed with great and unmistakable wisdom. She could rise to the occasion, she was cautious and prudent, but she was selfish, and had not the ability to measure the good of her people on a grand and magnificent scale. She had talents, but no genius. She possessed political tact, but no political wisdom. She had a peculiar temperament, mental and physical, and many of her unaccountable traits may be called

"temperamental." Her irritability and jealousy, at least, we may call temperamental.

She constantly had love affairs, which were all blighted, misplaced, and brought sadness to her heart; she gave way, strange and unwholesome as it was, to fits of temper or moroseness. She is a contradition to the rule that women love ardently but one time. Elizabeth kept herself in a constant state of ardent love for some courtier, only to give herself pain, and, mayhap take his life. She was an unsolved mystery in the matter of loving—and there are no laws or conventionalities which can touch her.

Her real self, her own character deep down, lacked the tone of true elegance and womanliness. She may be considered strong-minded, but ere she reached old age she had become coarse, and even low-minded. Her most studious admirers concede her treatment of Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland, to have been weak, small, with no touch of the greatness expected from a mighty monarch, and those who study history without sentiment or bias know that she was the slayer, the actual murderer of her fair cousin.

Her portraits are a mass of jewels, ruffles, stomachers, diamonds, crowns, frills and stiff brocades, earrings hung down low on her shoulders, slippers covered with stones and beads, her body confined at the waist to such an extent as to make the shoulders and chest too full and broad, and the waist line going straight into the back without curve or symmetry. She had sharp little eyes, a long straight nose and thin, very thin, lips.

Her idea or conception of art in dress was quantity and a multiplicity of colors, and her maids were hours in making her toilette. Her

fondness for art lay in her sitting for and encouraging the painting of her own portraits; no further than this did she encourage art, and though she was the inspiration of the great poets of her day and the subject of much of their beautiful verse, her painters flattered her very little. Her reign produced one great painter who excelled in miniatures, Sir Isaac Oliver.

Music was in fashion in her time and she and her ladies learned "prick-song," which is the old name for the theory of music. She played very well on the spinet or "virginal," as it was then called, and her music books, still in existence, show that she could read and execute music of great difficulty. Elizabeth wrote considerably of both poetry and prose; her productions have some force, but are not by any means models of the language of her time. They are obscure, hidden and stiff. The work of Mary of Scotland is smooth, graceful and at times artistic. During the time of Elizabeth the English language was written with strength and purity of style, but this work was done by the great subjects and not by the great sovereign.

Elizabeth not only permitted, but demanded adulation, flattery, even worship from her courtiers, and this often approached a gross type. Those seeking favors at her hand soon learned this weakness, and many times the courtier who expressed the greatest adoration for his queen received the favor. She very well knew that the worshipful words addressed to her were flattery, hollow, mocking, self-directed, and yet it had become as food and drink to her, a necessity, a tonic, and she delighted in being called "nymph" and "goddess"—at sixty-five. When

her maids were more beautiful and attractive than she was, she cut off their beautiful hair, punished them unmercifully, or would take from them any ornamentation more becoming than hers. She set the fashions and all femininity were delighted to follow.

It should be stated to her credit that she ever treated with kindness and consideration all who were friends of her ill-fated mother, giving herself inconvenience ofttimes to favor them, and Elizabeth was never known to discuss the subject of divorce or to speak in criticism of the atrocious deeds of her father. Archbishop Parker had befriended her mother and she never failed to show him special and distinct honor, but she had no patience with his wife; in fact, she was violently opposed to the marriage of the clergy. She cared little for clergymen, and thought two or three were enough for an entire country. When she attended church and the clergyman discussed a subject disagreeable to her she would call out to him to stop, and he feared not to do it. She banished Archbishop Grindall for remonstrating with her in regard to her growing despotism and religious persecutions, for she positively would have no interference or be controlled.

Her persecutions of Catholics and Protestants were cruel and unnecessary. The Protestants clung to each other more and more, each persecution seemed to make them the more determined and convinced, and it was forty years later that these same Protestants took the throne from Charles I and the nation trembled on the brink of desolation and ruin.

Her "high court" watched for heresy and found it, both real and supposed, and tortured the ac-

cused as did the Spanish inquisition. Elizabeth's reign gives no proof of love of conquest; she attained great renown without this, and her foreign policy was excellent. She never made war except in self-defense, and every alliance which she made with a European country gave her strength and power. Her idea in dealing with foreign powers was never of hostility or conquest, and this was one unmistakable means of her rapid and permanent growth among the powers of her time.

She had marvelous skill in the selection of her ministers; she understood who could fill the important places in her kingdom and these same ministers, in many instances, continued in service throughout her reign. There is no doubt that much of her success was due to the wise choice of her ministers. Cecil, Lord Burleigh, for forty years her minister, greatly assisted her in the establishing of the English Episcopal church as it exists at this day.

She declined an offer of marriage from the king of Sweden and another from her sister Mary's husband, Philip II of Spain. Her refusal of Philip was one of the causes of the attack of the "Invincible Armada," the handsomely equipped Spanish fleet which Spain had built to conquer England. But England, aided by the winds and all of the elements in their turn, entirely defeated the Spanish and utterly destroyed their fleet.

At the time of Mary Stuart's imprisonment in England, Elizabeth engaged herself to the Duke d'Anjou, brother of Charles IX, who was twenty-five years her junior. The English people were so indignant at the idea of the marriage that the engagement was broken. She aided Henry IV of Navarre in obtaining the French throne, and it

was during this military enterprise that Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, won distinction.

Dudley, earl of Leicester, a court favorite, exerted great control over Elizabeth, though at one time she apparently desired his marriage to her cousin, Mary of Scotland. Leicester had many superficial accomplishments; singing and dancing were two of them. The people and the nobility were often disgusted, but on account of the queen's decided preference, they all feared him. Throughout his life he was Elizabeth's favorite.

At his death he was succeeded in the queen's affections by Essex, whom she doted upon. It was the love of a silly, childish old woman, and he was quick, high-spirited, high-strung, and would not tolerate her foolishness. One day she boxed his ears; this would have amounted to little in any other woman, but when an angry queen did it, it was too much, and Essex, in great indignation, said that he owed her the duty of an earl, but he would never serve her as a villain or a slave. Essex was fearless and rash, but right; the ministers, who knew the hold he had upon the queen's affections and anxious to be rid of him, with calculation and deception brought him to the block when he was thirty-four years of age.

In a passion of self-will and temper Elizabeth signed his death warrant, and spent the remainder of her life grieving over it. Until her death she was in a state of remorse and melancholia. She thought she could overcome the loss of Essex by sheer force of will and determination, but she could not. She cared too much for him, and she missed his bright, splendid presence, his attention to her, and in her secret heart she loved his independence of spirit and action.

She was sad and old and feeble, for she had survived all of her faithful ministers who were her obedient servants, and she realized in her later days that she was surrounded by far-seeing, self-interested, greedy noblemen; she realized how much she had depended upon her ministers, and how faithful and fearless they had been. But in spite of all of this, to the very last she was stubborn, sullen and silent; determined to die as she had lived, a mighty queen.

Parliament voted her a "divinity upon earth," from which there was no appeal. They had officially requested that she should wed, and this request was ignored with mocking and scorn. She wasted into death in 1603, helplessly, miserably; her last hours were unsupported by affection, friends or family ties. Her life, though resplendent and magnificent, strangely and sadly alone, illustrates the effect of great responsibility in governmental affairs upon the female character.

Her reign, supported by Shakespeare, Bacon, Spenser, Raleigh and Drake, was of great and endless advantage to England. Creditable it is to Elizabeth that Sir Walter Raleigh admired her, and in her honor he named a splendid part of the New World, "Virginia," for she was called by her people "The Virgin Queen."

Her father, Henry VIII, left a college of his founding and built a superb palace; her grandfather, Henry VII, erected the beautiful chapel which bears his name in Westminster Abbey. Elizabeth left no monument showing her interest in architecture, education or religion. The only tangible evidence of her taste which remained after death was three thousand gowns of native and imported material.

Her reign ended the Tudor dynasty, and it shows to what heights of statesmanship and patriotism a woman may arise, praise and honor are due her until the subject of her treatment of her cousin, Mary Stuart, appears for consideration—then we must all condemn her. She had plenty of good common sense, and when this was untouched by her tremendous vanity, she was a real statesman, and listened not to the voice of emotion or foolish sentiment. Nature has produced few like her.

MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND

Beauty, a quick wit, charm of manner, charm of voice, and influence over personalities, are valuable attributes; they are not the only necessary elements to perfected womanhood, but they are of assistance to her who would accomplish a desired purpose. These attributes may, to a degree, be inherent; to a considerable degree they may be cultivated.

The women who possess these charms are loved and admired by their real friends, they are respected and considerately treated by those who may not be their admirers, but still are just and unbiased in opinion and observation, but these same gifted women are by a large class misjudged, misunderstood, thought insincere, and critically set aside among the "uncertainties." As long as time has marked progress, woman's way has been all her own, and her attitude to her sisters has many times been remarkable for its cruelty. This is not true in all instances; of course there is the shining exception to this as to all other severe, but absolutely reliable rules.

Mary Stuart was badly treated; she was the most abused, ill-treated, pitifully forsaken woman of her time. Her ill-treatment grew largely from the manner in which she was treated by her contemporary women. Not that all doubt is in her favor, for it is not; but opportunities passed when by a single word or act she could have been saved suffering or a heartache; and, perhaps, who knows—her life might have been saved. She had no women friends save the sisters in the con-

vent, whom she loved with a love approaching worship, because of their kindness to her.

Catherine de Medici did all that she could to ruin her, because of her narrow-minded jealousy of Mary's beauty. Elizabeth, vindictive and cruel, after giving her every pain and humiliation, finally took her life. Even the women in her prison deserted her, and visited every neglect upon her. And with all of this we know Mary's sweet character, her generosity, her religious devotion, and her strong affection. Even though these women had absolutely known her guilt, which they did not, they might have extended a helping hand or expressed a word of warning.

For, though Mary was impulsive, quick to reach a conclusion, quick to go into error, she was glad to correct a mistake, and ever ready and seeking an opportunity to forgive. She was the best born woman in Europe if the blood of kings constitutes good birth. She was a martyr offered up for a great cause, but a victim of the darkest intrigue and treachery.

Mary Stuart lived and suffered at a time when the history of a queen was the history of her country. The passing of centuries has brought about marked contrast between the biographies of great women, especially sovereigns, in the modern and older time. The tragic history of Mary Stuart must, to a degree at least, be the history of Scotland.

The modern queen may or may not be good; she can not be great; she may be amiable, virtuous and charitable, but modern royalty will not permit her to be acute, sagacious or learned. Her crown was once a symbol, now it is an ornament for her head. But the celebrated Mary Stuart belongs to

that number whose biography is closely knitted to her country's happy, sorrowful existence, and from the day of her birth the purple mantle of royalty hung heavy from her slender shoulders and the crown of her fathers pressed cruelly on her fair white brow.

For two centuries this woman has furnished a theme for controvertists, many holding that a queen who was so constantly unfortunate must, in a degree at least, have invited or deserved her fate. But for a long time now all of this uncertainty has been set aside, and it is usually conceded, with the archbishop of Bruges, who said, "Marble, and brass, and iron decay, or are devoured by rust; but in no age, however long the world may endure, will the memory of Mary Stuart, queen of Scots and dowager of France, cease to be regarded with affectionate admiration."

Mary Stuart, third child of James V of Scotland, was celebrated above all other women for her beauty and her continued sorrows.

She was born on the seventh day of December, 1542; seven days later her father died, and she succeeded to the throne of Scotland. Her kingdom was torn asunder by political and religious dissensions, her coffers were depleted and her people were suffering from a war with England. Her early years were spent at the Castles Linlithgow and Sterling. Four young ladies of rank were selected to be her companions, all having her name, so they were called "The four Maries."

The Scotch and the French, hoping to protect themselves against England, formed an alliance which was sealed by the betrothal of Mary and Francis, the French dauphin, son of Henry II and Catherine de Medici. The treaty provided that

Mary should be sent to France, there to receive her education and remain until the nuptials were celebrated.

She journeyed from Scotland to France, where she was received with great ceremony and royal honor. She, with the king's daughters, attended a convent, and it was here that the seeds of her fervent religious zeal were sown; the beauty and the tranquillity of the life made a great impression upon her nature, for she was naturally fervent and enthusiastic. She resolved to take the veil and to enter the cloister, but the king, realizing that his ambitious desires in regard to her would be defeated by such a procedure, had her removed to the gayer scenes of the court.

When separated from the beloved vestal sisters, Mary shed bitter tears, and bewailed what she considered a cruel fate, but Henry thought that convents and monasteries were "fit for little else than teaching linnets to whistle" and would not be outdone in his determination. Mary had a good knowledge of Latin, which was at that time indispensable. She spoke well in her native tongue and in French, played on the lute and the virginal, was a fine chess player and she had few rivals in the minuet. She was gifted with epigrammatic speech and expressed herself in the choicest phraseology.

When she was sixteen years of age she was married to Francis, the spectacle, bridal processions and festivities being far beyond anything of the age.

Mary was tall, slender, graceful in every line and curve of her figure, her complexion clear and very fair, with never any color. She was white without being pallid; her hair was the darkest

auburn, appearing black, except in the brightest light; her eyes were hazel and were irresistible; her forehead broad and full; her shoulders stately and her body beautifully proportioned. Her taste in dress was fantastic, for she often affected fancy costumes, going en masque when it suited her, and often attired herself to represent ancient characters. She could be approached by her humblest subject, and she lovingly drew to her side, men, women and children.

In order to exhibit her love for her native country, she would sometimes dress herself in the costume of a Scotch Highlander and appear in public. She was pronounced a goddess, even in this trying costume.

But the greatest compliment was paid her beauty by the beggars, who, one day when she passed from her carriage unattended, dressed in pure white, fell on their knees, exclaiming "It is an angel! It is an angel!" and remained bowed in the dust until she had disappeared. She had time to talk to little children, to visit sick people, and her prettiest thoughtfulness was to old women, those who were poor and many times afflicted. She remembered them with flowers, caring for their creature comfort, and on certain days she received them in her apartments. She was the idol of these poor old hearts, and her bright, sweet presence was sunshine in their dark, tired lives.

Francis died in his eighteenth year, after a reign of a year and a half, leaving Mary a "beautiful, sorrowful widow." She was not insensible to her loss, and was really attached to Francis, for he had loved her since her infancy; a boy he was, and she a mere child, but they had spent only happy days together; and a really deep-seated and genuine

love is one that invariably comes of mutual sorrow as well as mutual joy. She spent some days in sincere mourning, and then reluctantly but positively determined to leave France.

Catherine de Medici, after the death of her son, was very disagreeable to Mary. Mary, unconsciously perhaps, had deeply humiliated and angered her by stating that she came from "a line of a hundred kings." Catherine believed this to be a slur against her ancestors, who were Florentine merchants (de Medici), and she never forgave Mary, and this unjust conviction rankled in her suspicious, vindictive mind.

Mary's uncle, the duke of Guise, had been banished from court, and her environment was sadly changed; she bade adieu to France with tears of bitter sorrow, for her love for the people, for the beloved vestal sisters with whom she had passed such happy fruitful years, and the memory of her many triumphs over the warm-hearted French, were so impressive as to make other pleasures pale by comparison.

Elizabeth Tudor, then queen of England, and Mary Tudor, her sister and predecessor, the daughters of Henry VIII, were believed by the Catholics to be illegitimate on account of the views which the Catholics held in regard to divorce and marriage. Mary Tudor was the daughter of Henry VIII and his wife Catherine of Aragon, and Elizabeth the daughter of Henry and his wife Anne Boleyn.

Mary Stuart was the daughter of James V of Scotland, whose mother was sister to Henry VIII, her father being Henry VII; and Mary by her English followers was considered the rightful heir to the throne.

At the death of Mary Tudor, or "Bloody Mary," when Elizabeth ascended the English throne, there was great controversy and dispute as to Mary Stuart being the lawful heir. This gained for Mary the eternal hatred and the continuous warfare of her cousin Elizabeth. Mary en route to Scotland was forced to pass through England without Elizabeth's consent.

John Knox, the great reformer, at this time was vigorously denouncing Catholicism and planting everywhere the seeds of the reform in Scotland. Immediately upon Mary's arrival in Scotland, before she had occasion to express herself in regard to her faith, or to cause by her views the slightest opposition to his teaching, he denounced her, speaking in great bitterness, even ridicule, of her coming and her religion.

The reception which was given her upon her arrival in Scotland was in strange comparison with the surroundings she had left in Paris; the weather itself was gloomy and dolorous, and the music which celebrated her coming was made by the weird monotonous bagpipe. Everybody wore long faces, over which smiles ne'er had traced, and a pleasant word or a sprightly manner was considered worldly and not in keeping with undefiled religion. She introduced singing, dancing and the usual forms of entertainment into Holyrood House, and this gave grave offense to John Knox and his strait-laced reformers. They forgave nothing, not even the innocent joyousness of a young and beautiful queen.

The direct truth and general excellence of the reformed doctrines were never appreciated or understood by her. She yielded to all that she could not control, but the austerity and bigotry of the

new sect, and their violent and growing fanaticism at first shocked, then disgusted her, and she greatly deplored the sacrilege that was constantly practiced in regard to the ancient cathedrals and monasteries. It was not her intention, however, to expel them, or to crush them at her first opportunity, for she had natural kindliness of heart and a horror of sorrow and persecution.

The personal and political history of Mary is one and the same. She had no foreign wars, nor foreign alliances. Her affairs were at home, many in her own house, always within her own territory, and they were many and terrible, one crowding upon another without ceasing, without being enlightened.

There were many suitors for her hand, among them Don Carlos of Austria; she expressed herself as not desiring marriage, and had she followed her own inclinations, probably would not have married again. Poets, lords, earls and princes were constantly in her pursuit, and she, a vivacious, attractive young woman, found a degree of pleasure in so much admiration. To some natures this is welcome, even though its lack of sincerity is assured, and Mary's troubles were so many and so irritating that her restless spirit found amusement, at least, in this great number of suitors.

Perhaps a more rash and foolish choice could not have been made for the royal spouse than Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, Mary's cousin. Mary described him as being the "best looking long man she had ever seen." He had all external accomplishments, but every vice of body and heart, and to please Mary he affected much refinement and a taste for music, poesy and art. He was only nineteen years of age and Mary was twenty-three; he

was an overgrown, handsome boy and Mary a beautiful sympathetic woman.

Mary thought herself happy, or tried to be happy, for a while, but she soon realized the imprudent step she had taken. Darnley was headstrong and conceited and his head was completely turned by his promotion.

He was cruel, scathing and unkind in his remarks to the queen, and one time she left his presence and her court in tears. He sought every honor of kingship, and was not content to be merely the spouse of the queen, but wished every power and privilege that the Scottish parliament could give. Mary did not trust him, and in this lack of confidence she was sustained by her secretary, David Rizzio.

Darnley was sullen and insolent and made many threats against Rizzio. So a conspiracy was formed,—dark, horrible, and pitiful—to assassinate the secretary. It was designed that the atrocious deed should be committed in the presence of the queen.

So while the royal household was at supper—Rizzio was stabbed, from over Mary's shoulder, dragged from the room and thrown downstairs. Mary remained locked in the room, the scene of the assassination, all night, overcome with fear of the conspirators, not knowing to what extent the bloody treachery might go. Not knowing that Darnley was so nearly connected with the affair, she begged him to "give up his wicked companions" and flee with her to Dunbar. This he consented to do. The others of the conspiracy fled to England, the refuge of all of Mary's enemies. Darnley had incurred the general contempt and disgust of everyone, and this was heartily shared

by his wife. In June of this year Mary's son was born in the castle of Edinburgh.

At this stage of events an ambitious, daring profligate found favor at court—the notorious Bothwell. But with all of his weakness and other sins, he was, for a time at least, faithful to Mary and her interests. She is accused first of caring more for Bothwell than her queenly dignity allowed. Secondly, she is accused of having participated in the conspiracy bringing about the death of her husband.

Her sympathizers believe that she was the victim of a designing, unscrupulous, treacherous man. Bothwell was determined to make himself the head of her government and to marry her. So he set himself to prepare for the murder of Darnley, who was then recovering from smallpox and lodged in Kirk-of-field, near Edinburgh. Mary was much with him there, for, subdued by his illness, he was more grateful and appreciative, and she, with her usual tender-heartedness, willing and ready to forgive him.

Bothwell kept close watch to find at what time Mary would be absent from Kirk-of-field, and upon finding her attending the marriage of one of her maids of honor, he, with his accomplices, blew up the house with gunpowder, and the body of Darnley was found, unscarred, in a corner of the garden. Bothwell was tried, but acquitted by a court composed of the "first nobles of the land." He now determined to marry the queen. He contrived to have a bond signed by the archbishop and two bishops stating that in all of her kingdom he was the best fitted "to assist her royal hand."

He secured a divorce from his wife, the Lady Jane Gordon, and went to the castle of Edinburgh

and there remained, never leaving the queen's presence, overpowering her with his pleading and persuasion, absolutely frightening her with his rough, uncouth manner and bearing, until, hardly knowing what she did, she consented to the guilty marriage. She lived with him one month—the most wretched days of her wretched life. He kept her under guard, suffered her to endure every indignity, gave her no service or attendants, until she several times threatened to take her own life.

She allied herself with the party against Bothwell, who agreed that she should have their allegiance, support and protection. She persuaded Bothwell to retire to Dunbar; this was an unexpected but a very decisive step. Mary never saw Bothwell again. Less than a month this disgraceful union continued, but its fearful results ended only with the death of Mary.

The insults were now heaped upon her from the nobles as well as from the citizens. She was carried into Edinburgh, and before her marched a courier with a ghastly banner, on which was painted the portrait of the murdered Darnley with the words: "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord!"

The lords feared that the people would rise in her favor, so she was conveyed by night to Lochleven, where she remained under strict guard, with no attendance befitting her rank. This was her first captivity. While she was confined at Lochleven the lords exacted of her a formal abdication of the crown in favor of her infant son. Amid tears and sobs, crying out against the violence practiced against her, she signed it, vowing that because she did it against her will it was not valid.

Her treacherous brother, Lord Murray, was

present and was the leader in this vile piece of work—in fact, he was responsible for the lords demanding her signature. He had no heart or it would have been broken, for Mary upon signing the paper threw herself into his arms and begged that he would accept the regency until her captivity should end.

This was just exactly what Murray wanted. He was declared regent during the minority of the young king and Mary gave up all right to her ancestral throne.

Her imprisonment was greatly embittered by the harsh, outrageous treatment of Lady Margaret Douglass, the keeper of Lochleven, who accused her prisoner of every form of uncleanliness and deception, every lack of womanhood and delicacy, and even taunted her in suggestive, evil manner about her beauty. But the splendid young son of Lady Margaret, being alive to Mary's sorrows and charms, undertook her deliverance.

William Douglass, son of Lady Margaret, so sympathized with Mary that he determined to assist her in escaping from Lochleven, and in many ways and many times did he attempt her safe removal before he succeeded.

The first attempt failed on account of Mary's thoughtlessness. She disguised herself in the apparel of her laundress, and safely went from the castle to the boat which was waiting 'neath the castle walls; but just as the boat was receding from shore, she raised her hand to her head, and the blue-veined beautiful hand, with its exquisite whiteness, betrayed her to her enemies.

A few weeks later a successful escape was effected with the assistance of William Douglass. At midnight, Mary and her maid, Jane Kennedy,

escaped in a boat from the island prison, safely landing on the other side, where they met a company of faithful friends and adherents.

At the head of an army of six thousand men she met her brother, Murray, regent for her son, at the field of Langside, where she was totally defeated. She beheld the conflict and saw her army perish. She then fled to the south, where she took refuge in the abbey of Dundreden, rejecting the advice of her trusted general, Herries, who thought she could safely live in France, and had best go there at once. She hesitated for some time, realizing her danger in Scotland, though opposing the journey to France, since she considered that page in her life finished, and remembering the unkindness of Catherine. So she adopted the fatal resolution of throwing herself on the mercy of her cousin, Elizabeth. She faltered several times on the journey, but no other means of protection seemed possible, and she journeyed on, crossing the frontier at Carlisle.

Elizabeth in order to observe some form of decency sent a party of noblemen to meet her, with instructions that under no condition were they to allow her to leave the kingdom. Mary requested an interview with Elizabeth, but under pretence that she considered Mary guilty of Darnley's murder, this interview was denied. Mary begged and pleaded for the opportunity to prove her innocence, but Elizabeth called a conference at York, where Mary was tried by a court of commissioners.

Murray was there and brought every accusation against his sister that would hasten the trial, and indignities, one after the other, were heaped upon her. He accused her of Darnley's murder and of

imprudent conduct with Bothwell. He produced a dozen love letters and one marriage contract, addressed to Bothwell, and all were alleged to have been in Mary's handwriting. It has since been proven that these documents were skilfully constructed forgeries.

No decision was reached at this conference. Murray, though Mary accused him of forcing her abdication, was permitted to return to Scotland, and Mary, of course, expected to be given her liberty. After the formal conclusion of the trial Elizabeth sent a formal message to Mary, that only upon condition that she would renounce her throne and country forever and live privately and without interference with England could she be free. Mary scorned the idea of accepting liberty at so high a price. So she remained a captive of this hypocritical, unpitying queen.

For the following twenty years she was a prisoner, going from dungeon to dungeon, placed in the custody of various nobles, each being more cruel than the last. The dampness and lack of sunlight rendered her rheumatic, and before she was long a prisoner her health had failed. Mold and mildew covered her few rude pieces of furniture and insects and rats annoyed her sleepless nights.

She endured, with wonderful fortitude, these terrible conditions, making friends wherever she was placed by her charming adaptability and genuine goodness of heart. She remembered every religious duty, spent much time in prayer, wrote many beautiful letters, and occasionally attempted French composition. She did much beautiful needlework, exquisite lace and embroidery, some few pieces of which are still kept among the

"beautiful effects of Mary," taken from Jane Kennedy's collection. Jane Kennedy was the faithful attendant and friend of the unfortunate queen—the last kind face which she saw upon earth.

During the years of Mary's captivity Elizabeth had many times been fearful of her own life and throne. Plots were made constantly to release the queen of Scotland, for there were hundreds who loved her and who would have willingly died for her. Mary expressed her intention and willingness to coöperate with these deliverers, and felt great anxiety for their success, but she stated that under no circumstances would she be an accomplice to an attempt upon the person or against the authority of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth tried to implicate Mary in plots and intrigues, but failed in this, as Mary's friends seemed to be increasing rather than diminishing. Elizabeth influenced her parliament to pass a law which condemned to death not only conspirators, but also those in whose name conspiracies were formed, even though the object of these conspirators remained in innocence or ignorance of the plots in their favor. Many brave, gallant men of this time cherished a desire to do something for this amiable, beautiful Mary, chief among these being Thomas Babbington from Derbyshire.

A plot was formed, having two distinct parts. First, an idea prevailed in France that when Pius V, the pope, excommunicated Elizabeth, the act was dictated by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. And in the estimation of these religious bigots Elizabeth was an enemy to the church, and her assassination would be pleasing to God and would bring upon the people many indulgences; the second part of this plot was to bring about the re-

lease of Mary, and Mary entered into this so far as her own interests were concerned, but no further.

The plot was discovered by the English, who were constantly looking for intrigue, fourteen of the members were executed immediately, and Mary held as an accessory. At this time she was held in prison in the castle at Fotheringay in Northamptonshire. She refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of Elizabeth's commissioners, stating that she was not Elizabeth's subject, but an independent sovereign, and that she "would consent to nothing unbecoming the majesty of a crowned head." For days she argued that Elizabeth had no right to hold her, but she was finally brought to trial by the pleas that her hesitation brought reproach upon her own reputation and was convincing of her guilt.

She met the court and "defended herself upon a plea of high treason." And such a defense has never been made since. She had absolutely no assistance, not one voice was heard in her favor, not one tear was shed in pity for her destitution; her own son, having been educated by her enemies, had been taught to believe in her duplicity and guilt, and was willing that she should be a victim of artifice.

The craftiest lawyers in England were assembled to question, to mock and to scorn her, to frighten her with a great display of their knowledge of the law, their convincing evidence of her guilt, and to entrap her in a confusing mass of fine points and technicality. All papers and data to which she might have referred were taken from her. They looked her all over, then riveted their eyes upon her, hoping to disconcert her, to so control her that she could not speak. But spirit dom-

inated over physical infirmity, and the illness and pain which she had endured for the weeks preceding seemed to add to her presence, for her mentality, always active, was now powerful. The agony of mind, inquisition of the heart and the awful loneliness which had been hers were now a wonderful reserve and background to the clear, direct energy in her plea for her life.

Not when France loved her, when she was in the full flush of her perfect girlhood, or on her first bridal day, was she more beautiful than when, surrounded by enemies, forsaken by those who should have sustained her, she calmly, quietly appeared before the representatives of her rival. She was attentive and met the arguments of the judges with acuteness and perfect dignity. She denied all connection with the Babbington affair save to the extent that it concerned her personal safety. She swore that she had never in the smallest way attempted to injure Elizabeth; that her attitude toward her was one of kindness and kinship.

When she had ceased speaking, not a word was spoken, and all eyes were upon her; the listeners were appalled and overcome with her eloquence, her simple pleading, free from ostentatious words and sacred with the hope that her life might be given to her. The judges, who had been carefully instructed beforehand as to their decision and their sentence, were agreed as to her wickedness in general, her murder of Darnley, her imprudent life with Bothwell and her connection with the Babbington affair.

Horror spread throughout Europe at the outrageous treatment of Mary by Elizabeth, who now, though determined to execute the sentence, affected hesitation and a deep concern—the foulest

and most complete piece of deception, perhaps, ever practiced by one woman against another. She pretended to parliament that she preferred that justice should be satisfied in some other way, but parliament understood, and they repeated the request for her execution. Elizabeth even intimated that Paulet, the jailor, might be induced to poison Mary, but Paulet was unwilling to have any such vile connection with the wretched affair. He and his family, during the lonely, wretched days of Mary's confinement, had become deeply attached to her, and loved her gentle manner and piety.

Elizabeth with firm hand seized the death warrant, delivered it to her secretary and set the time for Mary's execution. Many of the English nobility were commissioned to attend her execution. When the earl of Shrewsbury called upon Mary she was ill, but, upon being told that his errand was important, she consented to see him. He read the death warrant, when Mary, her hands upon the Bible, swore again that she had never in any way harmed her cousin Elizabeth. This made no impression upon the earl. Mary asked if her son, James of Scotland, or any foreign nation, had ever interfered in her behalf, and made a somewhat minute inquiry as to who had been interested in her fate. Upon being advised that the time set for her execution was eight o'clock the next morning, she gave evidence of some feeling at the haste and lack of mercy in the appointing of the time. She requested to be left in her room alone, that she might enter into communion with her Lord and make the necessary preparation for death.

The purest gold is that which passes through the crucible. Mary, daughter of James, did certainly serve out a season of purification; surely

her troubled spirit winged its flight direct to paradise, where a crown more precious and more beautiful than those of earth waited to reward her.

Her will, which she prepared this last night, covered four closely written pages, and no person whom she knew in those last dark days had been forgotten. An inventory of her wardrobe indicated on its flyleaf the names of each person who was remembered. Jane Kennedy, her faithful maid, gave way to passions of weeping, in which Mary comforted her, telling her to be brave, that the trial would soon be over. On the morning of her execution she was up at daybreak, having retired at two o'clock, and she bade affectionate farewell of all in the castle.

Her last toilet was of black satin, the long sleeves and heavy skirt bound in red velvet. Her face, always pale, was resolute and determined. Jane Kennedy, after much persuasion, was permitted to accompany her, and tied a gold-bordered handkerchief over her eyes.

She prayed for herself, for the Queen of England, for the people who loved her, for those who had unmercifully used her, and as she knelt at the block she said: "Into thy hands, O Lord, do I commit my spirit." Three strokes fell before the beautiful head of the daughter of the Stuarts rolled into the dust, and when the executioner held it before the gazing multitude, and cried, "Long live the Queen of England!" only one "Amen" was heard, and this was from the duke of Kent.

Her death, 1586, did not occur in the time of a revolution and when bloodshed was a common sight on the street, when death warrants were signed every day, so it terrorized, even paralyzed, the ones who saw and felt it. Her death satisfied

vanity and it appeased wrath; it makes a blot on the escutcheon of a woman and a sovereign who, but for this, would be a ruler without a parallel. Elizabeth, though England's mightiest queen, fell low in the scale of humanity and justice's ears were closed and bound, or she would have heard the heart's moaning of a destitute, forsaken woman.

Unto this day does Mary's life appeal to the gentler, better side of us; the helplessness, the pitiful loneliness of a queen robbed of her throne, a mother robbed of her child's affection, a sister who constantly faced the awful hypocrisy of a treacherous brother, and a wife who suffered every agony of disappointment and broken trust.

When the glory and splendor of the Elizabethan age has long been surpassed by a more glorious later age, when John Knox, though he was sincere and did a good work, takes his niche in the corridor of Fame, there to remain with the hundred other reformers and fanatics, the story of Mary Stuart will be told by fireside and sung in every tongue—Queen of the Scots and queen of our hearts.

NELLE GWYNNE

We persuade ourselves sometimes that times have changed; that our age, being removed in point of time and progress from the ancient time, the brilliant-hued Middle Age, or from the dawn of modern age, produces men and women of a new, a stronger or a plainer type. We feel that fantasy, romance and story are not of us, but in a fascinating past, in which we may look now and then to be entertained, amused or horrified. We forget that men and women have ever in some attributes of mind and heart been eternally the same. History shows some beautiful lessons of life, of sacrifice, unselfishness and heroism; on the other hand a moral lesson may not always be successfully drawn from history.

In every age we have had noble Cornelias and Judiths; we have also had Cleopatras, and we have no reason to believe that the time will ever come in the history of men and women when a woman may not, by quick wit, intelligence, beauty or personality, change the wisest, soberest, most austere man into a fool—or a lover.

We may look about us in every city, town, community or village and find women who show plainly the traits of Cleopatra—diabolical though we may consider her. We may find that woman who shows such adoring mother love and ambition as did Cornelia, who pleaded to be called the mother of the Gracchi and not the daughter of the great Scipio. We find in every community those people who love each other and whose love brings a lifelong joy, and we find those people

whose love for each other brings heartache and desolation to them and to others.

The Nelle Gwynne type is far from being extinct; circumstances have changed, social laws are more severe, and properly so, but the woman's character is the same.

We have Nelle Gwynnes in many communities. She had done wrong and forever afterward endeavored to compensate in good deeds for that wrong; and this type is not a type unknown to us.

Nelle Gwynne, orange girl, tavern singer, successful actress, and later the mistress of Charles II, the "restored Stuart" to the throne of England, is a character in English history; at the mention of her name, for many years after her death, it was expected that everybody should feel shocked and look grave and doubtful.

Her later biographers prove that she was not entirely good for nothing, but that even at this day the good that was in her is being felt, for she was the only human being in England who exercised anything like a good influence over the wayward, frivolous Charles II.

Her character has been somewhat studied in recent years, and this study brings out the fact that she was the great friend of the poet Dryden, that she was far above the average Englishwoman of her day, or this day, that her acts of charity were substantial and much needed, and that the dukes of St. Albans, her descendants, have taken places of trust and confidence in the management of England's affairs. The mention of her name now in England brings a smile, and she has become the idol of a certain kind of tradition.

There is an unspeakable fascination which will always hang around Nelle Gwynne; ridicule has

spared her, history commends her good deeds, and men and women love her.

She was a living contradiction of the women of her kind, for, as the years passed on and opportunities for wrongdoing increased, and her beauty and personal charms increased, her behavior became more and more prudent, and her character more and more circumspect.

She came into this world in the very meanest dregs of obscurity, poverty, even vice; she arose above this by what culture she might receive from those few cultured people with whom she was thrown in contact; and these, being truly cultured, were willing to help her.

Her improper language, tavern-tainted manners and lack of early training till the last showed in her exterior, her outer appearance, but her nature was not permanently corrupted or tainted. Terrible stories have always been afloat of her coarseness, plebeian birth and corrupt life, but when ladies of the court gambled and swore, what could be expected of the orange girl? If Pompadour and Du Barry are given a place in the annals of French court life, two women without principle, iniquitous, scheming, conspiring, wielding their seductive influence ever for evil and never for good, certainly Nelle Gwynne should be remembered when English women are chronicled.

Though fact assures that she was of their class in a way, Nelle Gwynne used her influence, which was powerful and unmistakable, over a worthless monarch; she benefited and strengthened the English people, who were tottering under the uncertainty of reconstruction from civil war.

Charles II, the "Merry Monarch," was indolent, careless and despised the thought of exertion

or business; had he not been so lazy he would have been a typical despot and ruled as did the other Stuarts. But he loved sports, amusements, dissipations and all abandon, he was without feeling, and boldly licentious.

It was a critical time in England, this reign of Charles II, which followed the puritanical, psalm-singing, rigid, dogmatic rule of Cromwell. In the memory of the English citizens, the king's father, Charles I, had been executed by the people, a military despotism organized and effectively organized, their king brought home from exile and restored unto his people and a search made for the regicides, most of whom were found and foully put to death.

The English people were accustomed to be ruled by a king; it was in their natures to be subjects to a throne; they cared not for, nor could they grow accustomed to, the protectorate, so when Charles II was brought home from his nine years' exile in Holland he was greeted with the wildest demonstration and enthusiasm, and the leaders of the army and of parliament actually vied with each other as to who should present to him the first formal invitation to return. The house of Stuart was restored with rejoicing, because the proud throne of England's long line of kings had swayed on the brink of anarchy and ruin.

Perhaps the greatest opportunity ever given to an English monarch to do needed good, to build up and reinstate, was given to Charles II; but with all of the inherited weakness of the Stuarts, with constitutional laziness and lack of force, he was at all times, of this vital period in his country's history, a weak trifler.

And right here it might be well to state that but for the lack of strength and resolution on the part of Richard Cromwell, who succeeded his father, Oliver Cromwell, as Lord Protector, the house of Cromwell might have been numbered among the royal houses of England. Charles I, beheaded by his people, and Oliver Cromwell, the great rescuer of the people and their rights, left sons who were timid in action, incapable and irresolute. Much of the good which was accomplished during this critical time was due directly or indirectly to Nelle Gwynne.

The little light that was there for her to see, Nelle Gwynne first saw in a coal cellar in Drury Lane on the second of February, 1650.

Her first employment, and she always had employment of some kind, was that of barmaid in the mean, low, infamous part of London which afterward became so notorious for crime.

For a time she sang in the London taverns, next she sold oranges in the Drury Lane theater, standing with the other urchins in the front row of the pit with her back to the stage.

She gave her little earnings to her mother, for it was their only support; sometimes when her day's work was done she would divide with the other little venders who had been less successful than she had been.

All during the days of the protectorate the London theaters had been closed, but at the beginning of the restoration Charles II with great festivity and ceremony opened them. There were many old theatergoers who were delighted, and the younger people who had never enjoyed such entertainment were wild with interest over what

from their infancy they had heard so praised and had despaired of ever witnessing.

The two theaters opened first were the Drury Lane and Dukes. Charles II went to the theater; all of the kings before him had the actors come to the royal palace and give the performance in the presence of the court, but Charles, with great pomp and vanity, preferred to go to the playhouse. Always before this time the various parts were taken by men, but now the casts included men and women, and great excitement and curiosity were experienced when a woman first made her appearance on the English stage.

The performance began at three in the afternoon and the pit was uncovered, so if it rained the audience dispersed in confusion and went home through the mud. The first lights used in these theaters were from wax candles, and Charles saw to it that gorgeous costumes and scenery were introduced, and theaters became more and more in vogue. Many of the most beautiful costumes were contributed by Charles and his court from their private wardrobes.

Pepys' diary describes Nelle Gwynne as a good actress and a pretty one, a charming wit and universally popular. She pleased everybody, from the king to the charcoal seller. Many plays were written for her; she took the thought or plot and with this combined her originality and interpretation, adapting the play to her especial delineation of it.

She won the English heart along with the royal heart; songs were written about her, styles of dress were named for her, her portraits were painted, and she became a well known and much loved person in a very little while.

When Dryden's tragi-comedy, "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen," was first put on the boards, Nelle Gwynne took the title role. This production was well received, for the king had suggested the plot, and it was among Dryden's best early work.

Lord Buckhurst was Nelle's first lover. He was the best bred man of his time and was distinguished for his services in the war with the Dutch. He taught her many things, realizing the keenest delight in his brilliant pupil, and through her teacher Nelle's qualities of mind were revealed unto herself. She studied many good and useful books under the direction of Buckhurst, and when she took up the stage work permanently she was much better prepared to interpret and "live the part." After her instruction and study under Buckhurst she created the part of Mirada in "All Mistaken," which interesting piece of dramatic art was far better than anything of its kind given at this era of the development of the stage.

The king saw her in every performance, talked with her, entertained her, became fascinated with her, discussed and studied literature with her, and finally became her constant visitor and admirer. She became his mistress in 1669, from which time began the work which is so closely associated with her name. She divided her time between the two London theaters, having stated times for study, rehearsal and appearance.

Charles and his court were lost in admiration of her interpretation of Dryden's "Conquest of Granada," and Dryden was her close friend and adviser, giving her always the first choice of the leading role in his dramas.

The duke of Albans, son of Charles II and

Nelle Gwynne, was the first of that name, and was dearly beloved by his father. Though Charles was unmistakably fond of Nelle and her children, his affections were somewhat distributed and promiscuous. Nelle Gwynne used her good sense and did not consider the unfaithfulness of Charles any excuse for her own. She took the "rivalry" in thoroughly good part, and by this philosophical method soon brought the king to her side.

The feeling during the restoration was intense as to Catholics and Protestants; the Protestants were bitter and scathing and the Catholics watchful and ready to condemn or punish.

Nelle was a Protestant, and this went far to gain for her the love of the people. She held great sway over them and exerted her influence over them constantly; evidence of this is found in the old time chronicles.

There was no limit to the power she could exert over the king. She knew his neglect of duty, profligacy and lack of stability. Rumors of his neglect of duty and the perilous extent to which he might go reached her, and in the most direct and altogether characteristic manner did she bring him to his duties.

Upon one occasion, in the presentation of one of her new and popular plays, which dwelt in governmental irony, suddenly omitting the regular lines, the comedian rushed upon the stage, exclaiming: "Things are in such a dreadful condition that I am going to hell to fetch up Oliver Cromwell to take some care of the national concerns, for our Majesty takes none." Charles, sitting in a box near the stage, took the suggestion good-naturedly and attended a sitting of his council that night.

Nelle Gwynne established a hospital for the indigent veterans of the civil war at Chelsea. One day she was driving and a crippled old soldier stopped at the door of her carriage and asked for charity. She hastened to the king with the proposition to build the hospital, and she never let him rest until he had consented to build it. At first he opposed it on the plea of low funds, an unnecessary expense and too few survivors, but Nelle's pleading, as usual, was irresistible.

Her father was a soldier, and all of her early suffering and hardship had been incident to this fact. Her earliest memory was of stories of the war, and since a child she had given of her kindness and love to veterans. Her memory is still held sacred by the pensioners, and her charity to decrepit old soldiers still imitated.

Abandonment, dissipation and prolonged revels brought Charles to an early death. After a reign of twenty-five years he was succeeded by his brother, James II, whose reign was short and despotic. The resistance of the Covenanters in Scotland of the introduction of episcopacy brought upon them the meanest persecutions. The Covenanters were determined to worship God in their own way.

This persecution of the Covenanters, the terrible fire, plague and Dutch war from 1664 to 1667 and the passing of the celebrated habeas corpus act by parliament are among the important events of Charles' reign.

We also during this reign first hear the names Whigs and Tories. The Whigs were the political descendants of the Roundheads, and the Tories of the Cavaliers.

Charles' last conscious thought was of Nelle

and her children, and his last words to his brother, James II, were pathetic, and to his credit: "Don't let poor Nellie starve." She was with him unto the last, attentive and devoted, untiring in her efforts to relieve him, and he unwilling that other hands than hers should care for him.

James followed the instructions and did care for Nelle and her sons, and when the national finances would allow he settled a handsome annuity upon her. She survived Charles two years, dying in 1691; dignity and discretion marked her behavior at all times.

She bequeathed most of her property, a considerable sum, to her son, the duke of St. Albans. She liberally remembered Dr. Glinson, a minister, rewarding him for taking poor debtors out of prison. It was her custom to make regular prison visits and to give care and sustenance to women prisoners.

She left an annual sum to St. Martin's church on the condition that every Thursday evening in the year six men should be employed for the space of one hour in ringing the huge bells, for which they were to have a roasted shoulder of mutton and ten shillings of beer. The bell ringers of St. Martin's still enjoy this donation, and the old bells can be heard late Thursday evenings.

Error was forced upon Nelle Gwynne as much by circumstances as by choice, and her latter years were spent in contrition and repentance.

As a woman she claims our sympathy and many times our respect; she has left behind no enduring monuments to her power, but she has left a name which acts as a spell upon the fancy. Nelle Gwynne was gay, bright, frolicsome and extravagant, but never selfish, vicious and designing.

Her influence over a voluptuous, self-indulgent monarch was for the accomplishment of good, and through her he did something of benefit.

Her wit, manner and traits of character were all peculiar to herself, and she was ingenuous by nature.

Thoughtfulness and charity gave to her the love of the English people, and one of her admirers has stated that "she had the patent from heaven to engross all hearts."

Of all the women attached to the wicked, profligate, idle court of the Restoration, Nelle Gwynne, and Nelle Gwynne alone, won pity and forgiveness.

MADAME DE MAINTENON

Francoise d'Aubigne, known in history as Madame Maintenon, arose to such heights and realized such ambitions as have few women. With no social position, from the rank and file of the people, with every seeming disadvantage, she not only became a member of the royal household, but she married the king, and the proudest, mightiest, "divinest" ruler of Europe.

The Arabian Nights affords few more charmed lives than hers; she knew not difficulties or hindrances, but mastered every situation, evil though it seemed, until she married the king, and he no less a man than Louis XIV, the "grand monarque" who ruled France and Europe with his own personality and individual tastes.

In the time of Louis XIV the most exclusive ideas of birth and inheritance were entertained. France, the most exacting, critical, fault-finding nation of Europe, was at its social height, and men and women of brilliant intellects ornamented the court and kept out the impostor and the "would-be great."

There was superficiality in the court of Louis XIV, but much that was the best in literature, science, art and history ornamented his reign, which, all told, was the most brilliant of any European sovereign in any age. If it was gay, gilded and idle, it was intelligent gayety, gilt and idleness, and a "great age" is one which produces the greatest poets, the greatest artists, the greatest scientists and the greatest philosophers.

Voltaire said "the reign of the Grand Monarque

was the marvel of French history"—he would still say that could he speak to-day. All of this goes to prove the peculiar charm, power and almost superhuman ambition of a poor French girl.

In 1635, in a prison, whither her mother had followed her disreputable father, Francoise d'Aubigne was born. Her only claim to good birth was through d'Aubigne, the celebrated French historian, who was a far-removed relative of her father. With frugality, many times nearly starving, the poor mother cared for her little girl by sewing, spinning, but never begging, until broken in heart and enfeebled in body, she died, leaving the daughter absolutely alone and penniless.

At first she accepted a home from a prosperous relative; but only a home, no bounty or no advantages. She worked very hard, did menial labor and every morning at five o'clock this girl, destined to be the wife of the king of France, in a checked apron and red sunbonnet, her dinner in a rush basket, could be seen following the wayward sheep over the green hills near the village; or late in the evening she minded the ducks and the turkeys, often feeding and milking the cows. So, perhaps, no more distant journey could have been selected for the woman who would wed a king than the one which this girl traveled.

As she grew into womanhood, untrained, but with a morbid desire to read, study and improve herself, she developed an ambition to enter the exclusive circles of France, brilliant and intellectual, though black with wickedness. This desire grew and grew, but to gratify it, to take any step toward gratifying it, was a problem. It seemed to her impossible, but she was not able to over-

come the desire; and a "genuine desire" to do a thing with some natures invites opportunity; in fact, I am almost persuaded that the "genuine desire to do a thing" is the opportunity to do it.

There is nearly always a stepping stone if we can just see it, and we see it when we look for it; but curious indeed were the "stepping stones" which led this girl to the fame which she craved. A woman friend who had long seen the girl's powers and deplored her unfortunate environment invited her to go to an "informal soiree." This soiree was at the home of a buffoon, ribald poet, Scarron, who for years had lived in Paris, the center of a certain reckless dissipated literary set. He was a comedian of some ability, an inexhaustible wit, and his substance long before spent in riotous living, for years he had existed because of a government pension. A strange character was this Scarron; in his early life he had been a priest and he always wore the garb of an ecclesiast. He had a good mind, and a fine memory, but was deep-dyed in all of the vices and evils of his time, and suffered from bodily afflictions, sometimes being paralyzed or crippled with rheumatism, sometimes suffering with nervous disorders.

The girl attended the soiree so poorly attired and so self-conscious that upon seeing the ladies in appropriate evening dress she fled from the hall in tears; but the party and this first meeting with an invited company were much to her, and she wrote a detailed account of it to a girl friend.

The letter fell into the hands of Scarron, and it was so full of wit, of pure good-natured fun, of ridicule of him, of abuse of her own foolish timidity, and gave evidence of such individuality, that Scarron, remembering his guest, whom at the

time he noticed to be beautiful and of good manners, resolved to marry her.

She knew he was profane, coarse, old, so poor that the guests furnished the dishes for his table, but with it all, she married him. She was sixteen, but old enough to recognize her "first step."

It was a difficult and disgusting one, but ambition reckons high prices and the girl could see ahead. This was the beginning of her strange, eventful life. Nor do we ever learn that scandal tainted her, that she did more wrong than the awful condescension of marrying a man whom she did not love. She now presided at all functions given by Scarron; she cultivated the art of conversation, the art of story-telling, then so popular in France; she won the admiration of Scarron's guests, who were always the brilliant men and women of the day. Scarron never had a dull man or woman at his table. She had ability to make herself mistress of the situation, to rise above embarrassment, even poverty, and she was skilled in the tactful arts.

After a few years which were worth much to her, though they were of poverty, Scarron died, leaving her again dependent upon her own resources. Now she taught a school and surrounded herself with pupils who were the sons and daughters of the best people in Paris. This brought her to the notice of the king's mistress, Montespan, to whom she was recommended as governess for Montespan's children.

When she assumed charge of these children, who are said to have been beautiful and bright, but so bad as to have almost been beyond the control of human influence, having never been controlled before, she was in her woman's beauty and bloom.

She was ready, witty, and absolutely severe in her morals; this attracted the notice of the king, for he had been surfeited with imprudent women, and the coarser side of his nature, so long in the ascendancy was gradually giving way to his mind and reason.

Maintenon, as we will now call her, was consistent and she had good judgment. In the most delicate manner did she lead the king to appeal to her for decisions and to ask her advice. She made herself indispensable to Montespan's children, and they improved daily under her training. Louis, to show the gratitude of the children for her interests and care of them, presented her with, or gave her the opportunity to possess herself of, the valuable estate of Maintenon, also giving her the right to assume its name.

Maintenon assisted Louis with his many official duties; she read reports, credentials, petitions and appeals to him and she knew when to be on hand and when to be away. This alone is a good deal for a woman to know, for too much of even a good thing is a certain form of satiety. Before Louis was aware of it, he depended upon her for everything. She filled up his life; she was his mind, his memory and his judgment. But constantly keeping her thought upon the end which surely justified any means, however rigid and severe, she toiled on slowly and subsequent events show how surely. Her first difficulty was her greatest one, and that was to gain the confidence and affection of the king's beautiful mistress, Mme. Montespan.

Montespan had held undisputed sway over Louis XIV, but she appealed to his lower, never to his higher, nature; her influence was through

the emotions and sensibilities; she amused him, and entertained him, but never went beyond this. Her charms were best displayed at fetes, balls, court levees and in the drawing rooms. Her charm was not of manner, for she was not naturally gracious; not of mind, for she had little culture; not of heart, for there was little of womanly good in Montespan.

She was content with the present hour and cared nothing for the future; in fact, she was thoughtless in every way, depending for her success upon her physical charm, which had brought her forward, to be sure, but foolish is that woman who thinks that any man, however coarse or insensible to the best things he may seem to be, does not at times yearn for a high, noble atmosphere, pure and untainted; and this must be provided for him by the woman with whom he is most intimately associated.

No man was ever born on earth entirely coarse and entirely depraved; not only the best of them, but all of them, crave the best and purest things, and the search usually continues until the best is found.

Louis was growing very tired of being amused with fetes and balls; some of his long cherished delusions were beginning to pale, and he was growing tired of the tyrannies and the imperiousness of an exacting mistress. Montespan, so secure did she feel, allowed herself to forget that retaining a man's affection is a thing to be studied and watched daily; it is a living thing and grows and increases or withers and dies; there is no resting place in anything that is really worth while.

Maintenon took in this situation perfectly; she studied her opportunities and made the most of

them. She must win Louis, and this she could do under the law of contrast, which she understood, and which she carried out with the care and diplomacy of a Richelieu.

She appealed in every way possible to the king's intellect; and Louis XIV was superior in qualities of mind to many of the Bourbons. Maintenon, by this time, was in touch with the literature and art of her time, a correct historian, especially of France's history, and a cultured entertaining woman. She could have engaged in other employment than teaching, but teaching brought her to the notice of the king, and was another step in the accomplishment of her ambition, which was always, to her, clear and well defined.

As the wife of Scarron she had been the leader of a fashionable circle, even an exclusive circle; now she would not stop until she led the court, and the most resplendent court of Europe. She had set herself a difficult task, and long and irksome were her lessons in patience, endurance, prudence and tact.

The wonder of it all was that Maintenon retained the regard and esteem of Montespan, the woman whose place, in every good sense, she had taken. Montespan confided in her, told her of the king's alienated interests and affections and asked her advice in so delicate a situation. She was governess to the children for twelve years, which years were marked with dignity, shrewdness, self-control and watchfulness. She knew her only hold was in decorum, and that Louis must see and know her decorum.

This woman at the house of Scarron had been a dancer, a soubrette, anything that occasion demanded; now she ruled the frivolous king with

sobriety, dignity, even piety. She impressed her great virtue upon Louis in each interview. Gentleness she combined with her positiveness, but never abruptness or harshness.

Oh, Maintenon! greatly did they need you later in France! Oh, you of the woman's wisdom! and you whose life, blood and existence were ambition! Your heart was a muscle and sent the warm, red blood all over your beautiful body, but mind was the seat of life with you! Well might France's diplomats sit at your feet and learn!

Of course in due time Montespan was dismissed. Maintenon, without evil report, remained as "mistress of the robes for the dauphiness," until, having been guide, counselor, comrade and appeal for the king, she became his wife.

She was a lawful wife but never a queen. She was far too wise and to politic to make the mistake of allowing any other relation than wife, for she well knew the fate of the king's other favorites. It was a secret marriage and not really divulged until after the death of Louis; and this placed her in a false position; one very difficult to fill in spite of all of her wit and diplomacy. Her troubles were many and would have daunted the spirit of a less proud woman. Louis was vain and would not concede the "widow of old Scarron" to be the queen of France—he was far too good a politician for that, for it would have scandalized Europe and embarrassed his court. So he only sacrificed his pride.

He had married the most attractive woman in all of Europe, and his dependence upon her, his faithfulness and his devotion unto the time of his death prove the depth of his affection. The dauphin was furious at the marriage, and never

in any way recognized Mme. Maintenon, giving her every humiliation and indignity possible.

The court with which Maintenon surrounded herself was quiet, dignified, at times even dull, but she had the complete confidence of the king. She sat in the councils with him and gave her opinions, written and spoken, upon matters of finance, foreign and domestic relations and all national issues. Her influence affected the fortunes of a kingdom, and by prudence and tact studied and practiced daily she retained the confidence of the king.

She even undertook to make of Louis a religious man, and succeeded as far as going to church and the forms of religion can make a man religious.

Her influence over him was so great that it is believed by many historians that it was through her that Louis revoked the celebrated Edict of Nantes, granted by Henry IV, which gave to the Protestants of France freedom of religious worship. The revoking of this broad and liberal measure was the fatal mistake of Louis, which led to his political breakdown. There was no political necessity for it; it was cruel, it made countless enemies for him, and it was the result of narrow prejudice and blind injustice.

Other historians claims that Maintenon had nothing to do with the revocation, that she was too sensible to the best interests of the king. There is no question of her having been cold and calculating, but if it is true that she brought about the revocation of the Edict, a stain rests upon the character of the most gifted woman of her age, which makes it hard to remember her virtues. Maintenon encouraged morality, scholarship and all forms of genius, giving her personal attention to

the organization and management of many of the schools of Paris.

Like the cultured women of France have ever been, she was deeply interested in politics; this made her so wise a counselor to the king. After the death of Louis much of her time was spent in the convent of St. Cyr, where the nuns were greatly attached to her. This was the convent of her founding.

She was not endeared to the French people, though her history is the history of an important era in France. She died in 1719. Her life may be called a success because she attained that thing which she started out to attain, but she sought that which was not for her and she suffered the humiliating bitter consequences.

The happiness which came into her life was that form of happiness which is a part of some natures, to delight in carrying out a fixed design, in having their way and in controlling. Hers was not a dominating spirit to bend all whom she knew to her way and will, but her way was to select that which she wanted and have it if life lasted.

She won the king by decorous manner and dignity, and not as his mistress but his wife is she remembered in France. She was the center, the pivot and the genius of the life of the "Grand Monarque" and the only living creature whom he ever loved.

MADAME POMPADOUR AND MADAME DU BARRY

It is not pleasant to chronicle bad things about women, just as it is not pleasant to discover bad things in their natures and in their personalities, but in order that the unquestioned good of some women may be shown, the law of contrast must be emphasized to show other women.

The woman has never yet been born who was altogether bad. God has not yet failed to plant His own divine seed in the human heart; evil environment and a disdainful, rather than a sympathetic attitude, from other women often make woman do wrong, or, having done wrong one time, a lack of kindness and gentleness from other women will make her go on and on, never caring what she does, believing herself to be unloved, unneeded and hopeless.

Inasmuch as the influence a woman may exert for good is without limit, so is her influence for evil. We find woman not only causing heartache, pain, separations, even death, but we find her disturbing a nation and irritating generally all affairs of state.

The reign of Louis XV came between two powerful periods of French history. The reign of Louis XIV was vain, pompous, extravagant and heartless, but withal characteristic and memorable. The reign of Louis XVI marks the era of revolution, the culmination of all the evil, selfishness and harm of the Bourbons.

The reign of Louis XV was a national calm, with no special intellectual impetus, no great de-

velopments, and it was marked by retrogression rather than progress. Horrors and vices were fostered during this reign, for which Louis XVI suffered and died.

Louis XIII, guided and guarded by the keen, unequaled minister, Richelieu, began the extravagances and despotism. Louis XIV received all of the benefits and indulgences from this rule. Louis XV gave himself over to all of the abandon, recklessness and impurity, with none of the charm and personal power of Louis XIV. He originated nothing except a few new disorders and irregularities. He gave out to his people an inheritance of a hundred years of misrule.

It is in connection with this reign that the causes of the French revolution should be studied. I do not mean that the French women were the causes of the French revolution—not that, but I do mean that the influence of woman is positively without limit, and if every woman in France had united her power for the good and purity of France, had held herself above all forms of vice, the nation could have been saved. More than any nation of the world does France share her history with her women. The French woman has ever been a part of the political history of France, and the Frenchman depends more nearly upon the wit and wisdom of his countrywoman than does the German, Englishman or Italian.

And one reason why France did not remain an ideal government, commanding, even with cruel wars, extravagance and tyrannical works, the respect of all Europe, was because of the depth to which her women had sunk—erring, unscrupulous, corrupt, designing women who sold their honor for a place at court, to amuse and ornament

a vile, profligate, gilded, superficial, worthless social body.

A type of these, a leader of her time, and perhaps superior to some others of her kind, was the celebrated Madame de Pompadour, who, with all of her vices, held the reins of France's government, controlled France's king and became the dictator of French society. She had a cool, clear head, and attained and retained hold upon the national situation.

Jeannette Antoinette Poisson was born in obscurity in Paris in 1721. Of her mother we know little; her father became very wealthy, and took great pains with her education, especially devoting attention to the ornamental side, drawing, elocution and music. During her vacation days her habits of life were carefully guarded and regulated, and she was fond of all athletic sports. Her mind was good enough, but what held the many visitors spell-bound who frequented the salon of the wealthy financier was not the quick wit and brilliant repartee of the daughter, but the superb grace of her body, the majesty of the physical woman, and the artistic costumes in which she was becomingly attired. These costumes were of endless variety, selected with beautiful taste, and worn to advantage by a woman, tall, strong, magnificent in every line and curve.

The prominent men of Paris were her constant visitors, and many eligible men sought her hand in marriage.

In 1741 she married Lenormat d'Etioles; in a few months she attracted the notice of the king and he established her with every elegance and royal surrounding at Versailles, gave her the title Madame Pompadour, and she began to rule him.

Her influence over Louis XV was due as much to his weakness of character as to any strength possessed by her. She was not a deep, thoughtful woman of the type of Maintenon, but she was quick to see and take in the situation. She knew well her good points, to what extent her influence could be exerted, and she lost no time in playing upon every frailty and weakness of the king. She was clever, wily, acute; she had cultivated all of her powers of observation, and she was absolutely unscrupulous.

It was not in her intellectual power to grasp the political situation of France; she had no real understanding of justice, jurisprudence, punishment of crime or statecraft, but it was in her grasp to study closely the natures, the human natures, of the men who controlled France, and this she did. She knew the power of her voice, her eye and her touch; she knew the power which an attentive listener may exert, and she knew how to look as beautiful as a Venus, and with these powers she controlled the king and his court.

From her infancy practically she had been thrown with showy, but not often cultured, people. Repartee was a habit with her, spontaneous and delightful, and it was this type of woman and not an intellectual one who could have ruled and overpowered the lazy, indolent, yielding, feeble Louis XV. She was far superior to the king, even in matters of national finance, and to a considerable extent she controlled the exchequer.

She made herself an indispensable diversion, a bright spot in the life of the king and court, and taught Louis to look to her and depend upon her. When she really did not know a thing she pretended to know, until she could fathom it out, and there was no mystery which she would not at-

tempt—unravel, certainly none that the king's indolence and passiveness would permit him to attempt. When her magnetic power over Louis had somewhat waned he still adhered to her advice, her suggestions and ideas, and they were to him instructions as though she had been the teacher and he the pupil. For twenty years her power over the French minister was absolute, and she had marvelous power in winning people to her.

Maria Theresa, famed for prudence and dignity, wrote her a letter framed in words of affection and approval.

She made ministers, statesmen and generals, and then unmade them. Her apartments in Paris, Versailles and Fontainebleau were the finest that had ever been seen in France and her annuity, besides hotels, estates and palaces, was fifteen thousand livres. She drew upon the treasury of France for any fabulous amount, refusing to state the object of her expenditure, and she treated as a joke any idea of curbing her extravagance; to disagree with her or cross her was banishment from the court to the Bastile. Everybody thought best to pay homage to her, as she appointed the prelates of the church, leaders of the army and all in diplomatic service.

Voltaire greatly admired her beauty and praised her publicly, and the proud ladies of old and aristocratic families favored her, entertained her and sustained her in her various whims and caprices. She showed some admiration for intellectual pursuits and some sympathy with the schools and universities in France, but her greatest interest was given to those of infidel or licentious views. Every folly or misdemeanor which attends one suddenly raised to a high position was hers, and because of

this she was the constant prey of satirists and cartoonists, who pricked her because of her common origin.

Through the influence of Pompadour the Jesuits were expelled from France; for many years she labored to attain this expulsion, first in small, mean ways, later by allying unto herself many dignitaries of church and state. Her dislike for the Jesuits was of long and positive standing; she hated them, not from any conviction of theirs, not because they favored casuistic books, missionaries or autocracies, but because they interfered with her conquest, and constantly fought her. They refused to recognize her power.

She ridiculed them publicly and privately and condemned their sophistries. Their animosity grew to rage when they found that she mocked them, and they tried diligently and tediously to bring about her overthrow. It was horrifying to them that such a character should dictate affairs and issues vital to their king and their state.

The Jesuits failed in their attempt to overthrow her because of two things: first, in their estimate of her wrath and revenge, and, most of all, her tremendous power over the king. In satanic art, in every dark and treacherous way, did she play upon the royal moods and temper, until the goods of the Jesuits were confiscated, and they were banished from France.

It was through this woman that the French philosophers, with their bitter, infidel teaching, triumphed. Because of the distribution of their work the revolution was hastened and made more terrible. There was never a time in France when so little was done for the general good of society, and Pompadour's influence only ceased with her

death. She reigned for twenty corrupt, worthless years. She left valuable porcelains, jewels and tapestry, but a stained and blackened memory. Relief, not sorrow, was felt when she died in 1764.

She was succeeded in the affections of the king by Madame Du Barry, who was first a lady's maid, or tire-woman, and later a milliner. A coarse beauty, with many love affairs. Louis XV exacted no more than this. What little intellectual strength he may have had in his earlier years had fallen now into senility. And this woman was as intelligent, except for a knowledge of the political situation of France, as he was.

Madame Du Barry was the mistress of M. Du Barry, called the "roue," and she presided over his gambling tables. Sometimes she called herself Mademoiselle Longe, and sometimes she assumed the more dignified name of Madame Beauvarnier. This gaming place was the most celebrated of its kind ever established in Paris, and it fostered fast living and corruption without precedent.

When Louis XV visited the gaming house and became enamored of madame's coarse beauty, he persuaded her from her lover, Du Barry. She married a brother to this roue, Du Barry, and became in truth Madame Du Barry. France and the court were sinking lower and lower, and Madame Du Barry took charge of the king, court, chancellors, lord bishops, as though the kingdom of France were a great playhouse, subject to her caprice.

Her reign of ten years cost France thirty-five million livres, spent recklessly upon her early friends and herself, with a pretense of promoting art and letters. She had an avowed enemy in the minister of foreign affairs, Duc de Choisseul, who

showed a real interest in his high office and tried to sustain the dignity of his country. He hated her lack of natural chastity, her impurity and low birth; he loathed her and constantly fought her, so she quietly brought about his dismissal.

Louis XV died from smallpox; his miserable, misguided life ended unregretted, unwept. The malignity of the disease kept all away save the professional watchers. Du Barry was not near to share regret, which, of course, she did not feel.

She retired from court for a time, and after the revolution was well on she went to London to investigate the mystery of her lost jewels. She made much stir in London and succeeded in attracting the attention which she so craved.

While there she appeared dressed in heavy mourning for the king of France, which fact was too much for Robespierre, who because of his knowledge of her improper intimacy with the decaying Bourbons, and partly, I suppose, from his habit of taking the heads of all within his reach, caused her arrest and brought her before the revolutionary tribunal, where she was accused of wasting the state's money, keeping the treasury empty and conspiring generally against the republic.

She was guillotined in 1793.

One of the meanest things of which Du Barry was ever guilty was her treatment of poor little Marie Antoinette when she went to Paris the bride of the dauphin of France. Louis XV took a pride in this sweet young woman and made her some beautiful presents, which fact incensed Du Barry and she resorted to cruel speech and all forms of scandal. One of the chief causes of sorrow of Marie Antoinette was the base conduct of this woman. She was ever engaged in some form of

evil, ever diligent in some pursuit to bring about the unhappiness of others.

When she was arrested she pleaded for her life and begged to be spared, that she might make reparation for her false, fateful years. She met death as a coward meets it, afraid to pass into the night, afraid of the ghosts of her dark, checkered pilgrimage. As a rule, no good woman in France would tolerate her, but unto the last she was followed by sensuous, wicked men.

When a woman does wrong, and there is no question of her guilt, of course she will be accused of doing, or of being connected with, everything wrong that is done. There was no crime committed in her time of which she was not, in one way or another, accused. It would have been an impossibility, the element of time considered and none other, for her to have done it all.

And to do her credit it should be stated that many stories of her wantonness are unreliable. She had deadly foes, and many women of her kind were jealous of her. Withal she had beauty of face and form, and beautiful women had much to contend with during the French revolution.

Pompadour was her superior and for twenty years ruled France and the king. Du Barry for a much shorter time played upon the coarser senses of the king and the court. Du Barry had a certain amount of superficial education, but no knowledge of the true, good and beautiful things. The caste of the maid was ever upon her, there was no elegance, good breeding or dignity in her.

But even at this day, when influential women of France are enumerated, the gay, the bright, the attractive, the remembered, in one way or another Du Barry's name is on the list.

MARIE ANTOINETTE

In the days of the pagans human sacrifices were made to the gods, to plead their indulgence for victory in battle or for prosperity to the people. Since these ancient days human sacrifices have been required to appease great wrong, national and international.

Near as many times as there are women, a woman's heart, her pride or her life have been given in atonement; have been the price paid for something greatly needed or of great permanent value.

The world has moved on, great changes have come, great reformation and revolution have come, and the women have paid the price. Mothers' hearts and wives' hearts have paid; both have been broken. A mother's, a wife's, a queen's life is taken; she is sacrificed; for what? A part of the design, the great plan and arrangement, and the only plan of saving a nation—of saving thousands of human beings, many yet unborn, from foul sin, corruption, torture, and homeless degradation. The independence and national life of all great countries has been gained by the shedding of pure loyal blood upon the altar of patriotism. Pitiless and heartless as this may seem, it is the means to an end, and the end is national purity, national pride and national love.

There is a difference in the death of a patriot, who in the glow of national pride and honor gives up his life for his country, and the death of a martyr, who, without honor, appreciation or triumphant death, is slain to pay the cost of freedom or national independence.

Great religious movements have succeeded through the holy deaths of martyrs, and through the sacrifice of human flesh and blood, and the blessed lesson which is the glorious inheritance of the Christian world is the lesson of the Atonement.

In extreme cases of history, both sacred and profane, the blood of martyrs has been demanded. Marie Antoinette's life was a sacrifice of happiness, hope, love and affection, and her death was the death of a martyr. The annals of this woman's life show a characteristic age in French history.

For generations hate had existed between the House of Hapsburg of Austria and the House of Bourbon of France, and she was the victim of all of this hate, malice and years of prejudice.

Maria Theresa in allying the two countries by marriage had hoped to remove the scars of old wounds and to establish, by the marriage of her beautiful daughter, amicable relations, and thereby promote her own interests. But the deft diplomacy of this great woman could not remove the marks of bloodshed and enmity of generations.

There have been few more mournful tragedies than the life and death of Marie Antoinette. The story is simple, but it carries with it a reflection, a moral and a "Beware." It has taught other nations, other sovereigns and other diplomats who would bring about royal matrimonial alliances.

A foreigner, a good, true woman, transferred from her native land, is tortured with the criticisms, curses and slanders of a selfish, bigoted people, and death was the only relief received at their hands.

It was in 1755, the year of the frightful earthquake at Lisbon, when lives were lost and property swept away, that a little princess was born in Aus-

tria, the fourth child of Maria Theresa and Francis I, duke of Loraine. It was this same year that the long policy of enmity between Austria and France was changed to an alliance, and attempts at friendship and reconciliation were begun.

This little girl was destined to sustain this alliance, and her training and education were with a view to her marriage with the house of Bourbon. Her mother, intent upon the political and diplomatic side of the affair, giving little heed to her daughter's marriage from the viewpoint of her welfare or happiness, sent to France to procure a tutor. Maria Theresa thought careful selection was being made, and a proper teacher of the moral, social and literary phase of education being chosen for her daughter.

The teacher selected was Abbe de Vermond, and a more designing, unscrupulous, unprincipled man did not live in the kingdom of France. He took pains not to teach his pupil self-reliance, but to depend upon him for all things, thereby hoping to advance his own standing at court. She was not taught substantial, actual, practical life lessons befitting the education of one to rule a great kingdom or one upon whom rested great responsibility. Her training was so regulated as to make her teacher a necessity to her.

In a superficial manner she was taught French, but she could not write it correctly. Of her native tongue she knew nothing; history and science were scantily taught to her and she never studied mathematics at all.

Her teacher would show to the empress mother traced copies of letters, drawings and pictures, making her believe they were the work of her children. The mother was duped, for she was so

taken up with affairs of state that she had little time to overlook the recitations of her children, and depended entirely upon their unfaithful teacher. Marie Antoinette developed into womanhood without the tender solicitous care of her mother.

In after years, sadly realizing the deception of her teachers and her incompetency, she, with great resolution, began to study her native tongue, encountering all of the difficulties which a foreigner might encounter. She had some natural talent for music, but had not been taught to play well upon any instrument. During her time music was a universal feminine accomplishment. All young women could play upon some instrument, and she was greatly mortified in the confession of her ignorance. The accomplishment of music was demanded by the courts of Europe, and the long years wasted in incomplete study could have been so well devoted to the most attractive of all accomplishments, and given the poor child some opportunity to take her appointed place. With the same resolution she began her music lessons with a private teacher and made wonderful progress.

The marriage of Marie Antoinette, archduchess of Austria, and Louis XVI, dauphin of France, in May, 1770, was an event of great international pomp and ceremony. The bride was fifteen years of age. During the festivities which were given in the city of Paris in celebration of the marriage a lamentable accident occurred which was looked upon as a sinister omen, and greatly depressed the royal participants.

Through an injudicious arrangement for the display of fireworks in the center of the city, where a high scaffolding had been built, intended to sur-

pass all preceding displays in brilliancy of spectacular effect, more than three hundred people were killed or wounded. The entire scaffolding, through some spark, was enveloped in a sheet of flame and the conflagration converted a scene of royal festivity into the gloom and terror of sudden death. Rockets, flying candles and showers of fire filled the air and fell in burning mantels upon the seething, struggling, frenzied crowd. The horses were uncontrollable, their stamping hoofs exploding the mines, and their fright caused many to be killed beneath their feet. There was destruction on every side, and so dense and packed was the crowd that it was unmovable.

The shrieks and groans of the dying followed the bridal party, who were finally piloted out through the showers of every species of pyrotechnics.

Those who were not killed were terribly burned or wounded. The dauphin and dauphiness immediately gave their whole income for the year to be used for the unfortunate relatives of those who were burned.

Louis XV, the king, grandfather of Louis XVI, was charmed with the bright girlish manner and the frank disposition of Marie Antoinette, and he expressed his approval by making her some handsome presents. This caused great anxiety and displeasure to the king's mistress, Madame Du Barry, who was very jealous of any of the king's favorites and who, from the beginning, was the avowed enemy of the dauphiness. She was an influential enemy—and not only felt malice and hate, but spared no opportunity to injure the dauphiness in the opinions of her followers. She studied the conditions under which Marie Antoinette had come to

France; she knew the old-time enmity between Austria and France and she sent her poisoned arrows into the weakest parts. She successfully circulated a report that Marie Antoinette hated the French and that she was an Austrian at heart.

She told, and found many who were ready to believe her, that the mind of the dauphiness was depraved and unrefined, and that her frank unrestrained manner was only an evidence of her meniality; that her spontaneity and natural, uncurbed manner of speech was the invitation and opportunity to evil men to debase her high station. Madame Du Barry lost no opportunity to traduce the character of this pitiful, unprotected, innocent woman.

Marie Antoinette was away from her old friends and she had no elderly woman friend to whom she could go for counsel or advice; this fact alone shows how sad was her condition, for in all of the kingdom of France there surely was one woman of sympathy and knowledge of her delicate situation who could have given her a mother's care and thought.

Her husband for the first trying months of her married life was cold, reserved, full of the foolish and unnecessary court demands, placing them far above the genuine substantial relations of life, and from him she received no demonstration of affectionate regard when her soul yearned for it and when it would have meant everything to her. He was impassive and marble-like; true, there was not much in Louis, but an ordinary semblance of marital love might be shown by any man.

Some men who are slow to be aroused to such a feeling can none the less be surely aroused, and the very fact of their indifference, or feeling so long

suppressed, makes them fervent and never ceasing in their affection for their wives, which finally becomes the better part of their natures.

Louis had none of this—there was no particular harm in him, but surely no particular good; he existed, bowed to the people in response to their formal cheering and greetings, went through the duties and requirements of his station very much as a wooden man would have done. Think of a bright, vivacious, spirited woman being tied down with such a man. During these first years of their married life she might as well have been married to one of the cold marble statues in the garden of the Tuileries. Marie Antoinette, suffering and misunderstood, tried hard to find something to which she could cling, some manly trait that she could respect, but Louis at this time seemed to be in a more or less insensible state.

In Austria there prevailed a certain boisterous manner and etiquette among the people, especially in the court. It was the proper thing to ignore the proper thing, it was etiquette to ignore etiquette, it was good taste to ignore good taste, and society recognized no code, law or ceremony. Rowdyism prevailed, careless bluffness was the manner of nobles, and what the women did and how they behaved was not a matter of much moment. Abandon was the fashion in "fair Austria's realm."

A condition exactly opposite existed in France; French fashions, always exacting, were at their height; there was a correct way to do everything, and a violation of these powerful unwritten laws was an unpardonable offense; there was no return for the offender; after such violation he was eternally socially lost. There was a way to sit and a way to remain standing, a way to mount

and a way to dismount, a way to ride, a way to walk, and this last was the most important of the social codes, a violation of which was a social crime. All of these vastly important matters made of the offender a social outcast, and so conspicuous that he became a social exile.

Mary Antoinette's teacher, who understood the situation perfectly and desired and paved the way for trouble, skillfully kept from her all social requirements and taught her the reverse of what she should have known. She knew absolutely nothing of restraint; not only was she free in manner and speech, as were the other Austrian maidens of her age, but her freedom and ease of manner was accentuated and made extreme by her diabolical teacher.

She was unguarded and free, as much so as a mountaineer's daughter; she said what she pleased, went where she pleased, was cordial to whom she liked, ignored whom she did not like, dressed as she pleased, and was independent of everything and condition. Like a child, she repressed no emotion when she was angry; she showed a good amount of temper, when her feelings were hurt she cried, when she was glad she laughed and danced like a child with glee, and when she was surprised she made exclamations in the language that suited her.

She had well defined ideas of right and wrong, and could not be persuaded to do what she considered wrong, but her conduct was many times imprudent; she took a certain pride in recklessness and rashness, and a secret delight in shocking others by her quaint originality and independent speech. She delighted in ignoring the opinions of others, and in incurring their criticism and dis-

pleasure, and she was constantly involved in some sort of undeserved difficulty.

Undeserved from a standpoint of actual offense to virtue were the accusations against her, but many times very strong circumstantial evidence condemned her.

At the death of Louis XV, when Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were notified that they were the king and queen of France, they fell upon their knees and invoked divine guidance and direction, for they realized their youth, their incapacity, the terrible times and the feeling of the people toward them.

The many acts of kindness and evidences of thoughtfulness and benevolence which the young dauphiness had exhibited were readily forgotten when she became queen; her grace and beauty, her charm as a woman, her youth and inexperience, were forgotten in the fact that she was a foreigner and a subject of strong prejudice. Old circumstances, remote in their origin, had brought about this feeling in France—a state of feeling and condition that was rapidly ripening into a fearful issue.

Her thoughtlessness and neglect of strict etiquette had injured her reputation. She became a mark of censure, keen and heartless criticism, and was accused of impossible and improbable crimes.

She was very extravagant and was the constant victim of the jewelers, modistes and milliners of Paris, who took advantage of her liberality and inexperience. The lookers-on watched for opportunities to misconstrue and to indorse evil report; with eagerness they repeated everything that they heard, coloring and giving

indecency to every act of thoughtlessness or imprudence.

It is when some women are conscious of being watched and criticised that they are guilty of the greatest offenses to prudence; they are constantly watching themselves, what they say and what they do, until in reaction they do the most foolish and unlikely things, and these are the women who suffer the most pitifully.

From censure and criticism the feeling developed into hate and malice. Designs became complex, duplicity began to show in new and venomous forms; mortifications, embarrassments and reflections on her character confronted her from every quarter and in every form. Her private life and most intimate family relations were torn to pieces by vicious social vultures and report, foul and false, was spread, a black wave of cruel slander over France and Austria.

An extraordinary occurrence added fuel to the flame of the calumny, and that was the affair of the diamond necklace, which shows the manner in which she was duped and the almost impossible evils of which she was accused. A shrewd jeweler of Paris had urged Marie Antoinette to purchase the magnificent necklace. In fact, so sure was he of her love for beautiful jewels, show, and display that he had placed his entire fortune in the superb necklace. But the young queen had undergone a change; she cared less for gems and grand toilettes, besides she had come into possession of the crown jewels and had others from Austria.

And now, sweetest and most comforting of all, she had become a mother; and in spite of the bitterness and torture which came to her from the cruel people, she had a home, in all that the holy word

implies; and the presence of little children softened and quickened a life otherwise given over to sorrow and tears.

Marie Antoinette did not want and would not consent to the purchase of the necklace. Louis would have purchased it, but she did not want it, and said so repeatedly.

The Countess de la Motte, who was constantly thrown with the queen, a clever, but exceedingly corrupt woman, by a vile intrigue, in which she made the Cardinal de Rohan her successful tool, purchased, in the queen's name, the magnificent necklace at a fabulous sum. She forged the queen's name to certain bills until she secured the necklace in her possession, then she immediately sold it in England. She imposed upon the cardinal by a feigned correspondence with the queen. The plot exploded and brought about the greatest scandal in France, which spread over Europe. The queen was indignant at the Cardinal and demanded a public investigation. Though obviously the victim of an intrigue, the queen received as much censure as if she had been guilty. It positively, grossly and unjustly affected her reputation. The crafty countess was assisted in her cruel work by a woman who bore a strong resemblance to the queen in face and figure.

The Cardinal was not really guilty, though on account of later follies many have thought him so. There were many guilty ones, many selfishly implicated, but no one doubts the queen's innocence; her sting was just as severe and her humiliation and ignominy just as great as if her sin had been the blackest and deepest. Talleyrand, from the beginning of the affair, said: "Mind that miserable affair of the diamond necklace; I

should be nowise surprised if it should overturn the French monarchy." After this every evil was attributed to her, and she was accused of being an Austrian at heart; hatred took the form of open violence and the terrible days begun which had no end.

In May, 1789, the States General met; when mobs began to sweep the streets of Paris Louis XVI, with absolutely no force of character, in his usual passivity and negativeness, was averse to any measure of violence. He could not be persuaded to act by his wife, counselors or the rapidly increasing success of his enemies. The queen, who was growing much like her heroic mother, pleaded with him to act, but all of this was to no avail.

In October of this same year the mob, thirsty for blood, went to Versailles, broke into the royal palace, murdered the guard and forced themselves into the queen's private apartments. Her energies and her blood fired to the point of heroic resistance, she attempted the impossible thing of inspiring the king with courage, firmness and endurance, but Louis was full of the absurd idea of concessions. He had the idea that the way to win his people back to him was by favors; there was no better way to keep them away, and they very soon knew his utter lack of independence and manly resistance. He could do nothing; he would do nothing. He made a flight to Varennes in 1791. Marie Antoinette accompanied him and endured the taunts, affronts and insults with unexampled fortitude and magnanimity. In April she accompanied him from the Tuileries, where they had been held as close prisoners, to the legislative assembly, where he was arraigned.

The Bourbon kings who preceded Louis XVI

were haughty, arrogant and in every way oppressive; they trod their enslaved people into the dust. They all died in luxury, in dignity, in royalty, surrounded by slavish subjects. Louis XVI was mild, inoffensive, unobtrusive, even benignant, and upon his unresisting form fell the punishment, the certain doom from which his corrupted, unprincipled, sin-steeped ancestors escaped. The sins of the father were visited upon the children's children, and it was only after death that the judgment came.

In the awful days preceding the execution of the king, when the queen was the victim of every privation and indignity, the king seemed awakened to the deepest affection and love for his wife and children. Unlike the early passive years of their married life, he was constantly by her side, in tender, gentle, devoted companionship. He became an ardent father and gave to his wife the love which her poor, breaking, aching heart craved. If she could not rise to the point of respect for Louis she certainly found solace and comfort in his love, which he proved during the last dark days.

Upon the execution of the king, the twenty-first day of January, 1793, a thrill of horror went over all Europe, and so fastened a stigma upon republicanism as to surely pave the way for the reerection of the Bourbon throne. The dauphin was forcibly torn from his mother and given into the charge of a miserable cobbler, Simon, who treated him with every conceivable form of cruelty, and degraded and brutalized in every way an innocent child. He whipped him, starved him and sent him upon the streets to beg.

On the second of August the queen was removed to the Conciergerie, where, in a deep, squalid cell,

she awaited her trial. During her trial before the revolutionary tribunal, which lasted seventy-three hours, she preserved a superhuman dignity and composure. Her replies to the infamous and unreasonable charges against her were laconic, simple, direct and noble. As is the custom when the accusations had been heard, she was asked if she had anything to say, and in clear, sad tones, looking into the face of the justice, she replied:

"I was a queen and you took away my crown; a wife, and you killed my husband; a mother, and you deprived me of my children; my blood alone remains; take it, but do not let me suffer long."

At four o'clock on the morning of the sixteenth of August, 1793, she was condemned to death by a unanimous vote, and she heard the sentence with self-possession and resignation. At twelve o'clock of the same day she ascended the scaffold.

There were those present at her execution who had welcomed the beautiful star-eyed Austrian girl to wicked, sinful, murderous Paris; her beauty had dazzled and her loveliness had charmed. The eyes were almost expressionless and sightless from continuous weeping and sleeplessness; her beautiful hair was bleached, her shapely figure was shrunken and hollowed; nothing remained of the fair bride who joined Hapsburg and Bourbon. The completed sacrifice was about to be made, the price was ready to be paid. After kneeling for a moment of prayer Marie Antoinette gave herself to the executioner.

Her remains were thrown into a pine coffin and hurried to an obscure burial; no hand of love, even of decency, touched her dead body; no shroud, no covering, no incense or holy candles blessed her burial, and no requiem was sung for her soul.

The most beautiful flowers of France had bloomed to adorn her boudoir and banquet hall, and not one gave purity or emblem to her last mortality. Upon the records of the church of La Madeline you may now read, "For the coffin of the Widow Capet, seven francs." In her thirty-seventh year, the wife of the greatest monarch of Europe, the daughter of the proud house of Austria, perished a victim to circumstances of birth and position, a martyr to cruel circumstances, ill report, inherited enmity, national prejudice and the accumulated hate and enmity of more than a hundred years. The annals of savage life record foul crimes; but the murder of this woman by a people who called themselves civilized far exceeds any murder, massacre or butchery on record. This girl removed from her home to treacherous, uncongenial surroundings, without friends, assistance or help when she cried for it, died more bravely than did her sires, her predecessors or her followers.

There have been many tragedies of the guillotine; it has greedily swallowed husband, father, wife and mother, but its knife was christened with the best blood of Europe when it sunk deep into the throat of Marie Antoinette. When France was decayed in clergy and crown and was black with vice, treachery and chaos, this woman's blood paid the price of the nation's freedom. Her life and death were a tragedy and, like the martyrs of old, she was first ignored, then abused, then cursed.

Marie Antoinette, daughter of the heroic Maria Theresa, wife of Louis XVI, received the storms of life with few of its sunbeams ; her history is melancholy, but the dark visions which tinged her

earthly horizon were not permitted to cloud her hope of heaven. She relied upon the merits of our Lord and Savior for salvation.

Since hers was a martyr's life, hers is a martyr's reward. God's law includes her among the blessed, and the record of the angel who keeps the entries of our deeds, good and bad, shows the sinning against her, the broken friendships, the tortures and tempests of her heart and the inquisition of her body.

In that place in heaven where sit gathered the good who have been misunderstood, the innocent proven guilty and those who have given up that thing which they most dearly loved and which cost the most at the parting, will be found this widowed queen and childless mother, happy in the presence of her loved ones.

The mockery of life being over she lives no longer the grief child, slowly wending an earthly journey, but glorified, purified and redeemed.

MADAME ROLAND

Liberty, Justice and Religion are Tyrants! and History shows that they have demanded without measure that which is precious and that which is valuable.

Terrible crime has been committed in the name of Liberty! Terrible injustice has been administered in the name of Justice! and the deadliest sins have been visited upon countless hundreds in the name of Religion.

Human life has paid the exorbitant and unfeeling price of these tyrants who in intense periods of history have exacted the purest, the noblest, the best.

Madame Roland is an incorruptible and fit model to study of the great number of politicians in France who so longed for the revolution. She craved it and impatiently awaited for it and it never fatigued, even satisfied her.

She was a part of the vanguard or one of the forerunners. In her for years could be anticipated the events of revolution. She claimed to have had a premonition or presentiment that she was an integral part of the political situation of France; that she would be permitted in one way or another to serve her country, and that her own true level was a high one.

Madame Roland, born in 1754, was the daughter of a wealthy engraver and had a broad education. She was a devoted Catholic, giving much of her time as a young girl to church duties and studies. Her reading was not general, that is, she read only a few books, chief among these was

Plutarch. She gave deep study to the "great lives" there given, and her own life was influenced by the sacrifices, patriotism and heroic deeds there recorded. She was beautiful, of strong persuasive character and attracted many admirers. After her mother's death her father became dissipated and nearly ruined.

She married M. Roland, a wealthy manufacturer of Lyons, nearly fifty years of age, of reserved and abrupt manners. The marriage was not remarkable for happiness. M. Roland was a selfish, exacting husband, but her enthusiastic, cheerful nature made bright her life by drawing unto her innumerable friends.

He was devoted to economic and industrial studies, and these pursuits were shared by his wife, who also studied, practically, natural philosophy.

She adopted the popular doctrine of "equality and brotherhood," and her life well illustrates the principle that good lies solely in activity, and activity alone can save us from lethargy, retrogression, even mental decay, and activity alone fits us for unexpected conditions which may arise. Esteem, virtue and happiness come from activity properly directed, and from action disposed for good ; these are all useful support in life or death.

The opening of the French revolution was her first appearance in public life. She appeared before the bar of the national convention to give some information which she had obtained, and she spoke with charming grace and dignity. Well poised, with presence of mind, being entirely sure of herself and what she could do, she was admitted to the honors of the sitting; she was ready with word and wit without preparation or notice, and she was the only woman in France of just her

type. Her manner bespoke earnestness and resolution and her bearing was womanly and modest. She was essentially feminine—no masculinity in voice or manner, and this is a precious gem in woman's diadem. She was religious without being fanatic; reasonable, sensible, but under a calm exterior there could be seen and felt a current of mighty resolution and unswerving conviction.

In Paris her beauty, enthusiasm and eloquence exercised a marked influence, and she soon became the nucleus of a powerful political party. She presided with discretion and caution over large political meetings, watching the trend of affairs and made few mistakes.

M. Roland was leader of the Girondins, and they made him minister of the interior. The Roland home was headquarters for the Girondins during the revolution, but it was Madame Roland, not her husband, who was the real leader and center. The Girondins recognized the superiority of her judgment, her keen perception and she molded their opinions. Whenever it was possible, she opposed the diabolical massacres, and this brought upon her the hatred of Danton and Marat, though they recognized her gifts of mind, her scholarship and her wonderful influence.

When M. Roland retired from the ministry his wife despaired of liberty. Now she was abused, hated, and calumny were heaped upon her. This and not the scaffold horrified her. After the fall of the Girondins she was the victim of the resentment of the Mountainists, who became the dominant party. It was well known among the Mountainists that she was the ideal of the Girondins, and they decided that her death would give the death stroke to republicanism.

Though in early days she had been a friend to Robespierre, he signed the order for her arrest, and on May 31, 1793, she was sent to prison at l'Abbaye.

To realize and actually know that the very worst has come, that there is no more evil accusation or heartache in store, raises the prisoner far above the executioner.

When she had been placed in prison and the first terrifying shock was over, she succeeded, as was her wont, in making the most of a bad situation; concentrating her thoughts she prepared a series of sketches of her public and private life, always concealing her work from the jailer.

She entrusted her work to her friend, Bois, who kept it sacredly. It was a sustaining comfort to Madame Roland to be able to preserve the records of at least one year of her life.

She busied herself constantly with these sketches, and towards the last, when giving an account of her own arrest, she yielded to a temporary human weakness, and wrote to Robespierre.

In this letter, which reviewed somewhat the days when she had befriended him, there was a half appeal to mercy, but, recovering her self-control, she tore the letter in pieces. She could have ended her life with poison, but she was too brave to do that.

Her examination and trial was but a mocking repetition of the hundreds of others who were daily being sent to their doom. Her main reproach was "for being the wife of M. Roland and the friend of his friends."

She pleaded guilty in both instances, and spoke with great gentleness and love of her husband and respect for his friends, and all reference to herself was in dignified modesty.

During the trials of the revolution the people who were assembled to witness the trial took a part in the dialogue between the judge and the accused.

The verdict largely rested with the people, who could address the court and compel their silence. This trial was participated in by the assembled hundreds whose words were sometimes of inquiry, but more often of reproach and condemnation. She calmly heard her death sentence, "as one who saw in the condemnation a title to immortality." She arose and, bowing to the judge, said, with a sad and bitter smile, but not with sarcasm: "I beg to thank you for considering me worthy to share the fate of the good and great men you have murdered."

As she approached the prison on her return from the trial the prisoners assembled to meet her, and before she reached them she drew her hand across her throat to indicate that she had received the death sentence. Many, too base to weep for their own fate, wept for her, and tears of deep and genuine sorrow.

She was carried to her execution, 1793, in an open cart with a decrepit old man, who wept bitterly, sobbing and trembling. She tried to comfort and sustain him, and begged the executioners to let him be executed first, that he might be spared the awful sight of the execution of those listed before him.

The executioner complied with this request. When Madame Roland was called she addressed the clay statute of Liberty, near the scaffold, with the never to be forgotten apostrophe: "Oh, Liberty! Liberty! How many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Her exquisite body, the idol of so many hearts, was thrown into the fosse at Clamont.

M. Roland committed suicide shortly after. Beauty, genius and unselfish love were sacrificed to please the demon of the revolution. Thus did the Montainists remove the courageous and untiring support of the Girondins.

Madame Roland gave every effort to sustain her country when despair and misery had sickened the hearts of her countrymen. Such patriotism astounds and electrifies.

There were other women than those of Sparta who showed courage and resolution. Men have sometimes quivered under pain that women have borne with resignation, and the weak have trampled over the strong.

Some women have borne the burdens and fought the battles and have never flinched in the hour of peril. Resolution is a marked quality of perfect womanhood.

Real heroism is not ferocity, not bulldog stubbornness, but whole-souled action, and the constant pursuit of a path believed to be righteous, with unwavering steps and earnestness.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

There lived in France during the bloody days of Revolution a beautiful girl, with wit, deep feeling and truly heroic resolution. Full of the fire and spirit of a revolutionary era, her mind filled with the horrors of the guillotine, the executions of kings, of queens, and ladies of the court. Hers was a fantastic nature, full of the romance which is more inborn in the French women than in those of any other country

After years spent in a secluded convent, repeating prayers, going for long, quiet walks with the sweet-faced nuns, regularly receiving absolution from the holy father, her mind, in reaction, consumed the pages of Abbe Raynol, Voltaire and the School of French Philosophy. From Plutarch she obtained a love for civic virtue. All magazines, all journals, of the dark days found their way to her ready hands, and she lived upon record of war and bloody deeds, and upon current political issues of the party afterward so well known as the Girondins.

This girl was Charlotte Corday, born in St. Saturnine, in Normandy, in 1768, and descended from a noble family. The famed Corneille was her ancestor. She was not petite, as is usual with the French beauty, but taller, her eyes were dark, though more hazel than brown, her hair molten gold, if that can describe a color, and her complexion pale. The simplicity of her dress approached the peasants' costume, an utter disregard

for decoration or ornamentation was conspicuous, and she cared not for the homage which her beauty attracted.

Her manner was sometimes absent minded. Her thoughts were far away, ever thinking, ever planning, ever expecting to act. Hers was the lot of other beautiful young girls, so when her lover, young M. Balzmen, came into her life, it was to him that she confided her thoughts, fears, patriotic love and anxiety for France. With him she attended all political meetings held at Caen, for at the downfall of the Girondins many of their leaders took refuge in Caen, which place they made headquarters for an army of volunteers. She well knew that their efforts in Normandy would fail. There was an unconscious preparation for action going on in her mind. The crisis in her life, the turning point so inevitable, in due time came to her.

The devoted young lover, her companion at all meetings, in her reading, the one who received her sacred thoughts, was one day included among the guillotined, as they were going twenty an hour in black, blood-stained, reckless Paris. No sooner had this announcement reached her than the resolution to strike to the heart of the matter seized her, and she determined to avenge his death, and by one supreme act show her love for France and her people.

Marat was a tyrant and had been the chief agent in the overthrow of the Girondins. She conceived the idea of going alone to Paris to assassinate him, thinking this would break up the terrorists and be a signal for a counter-revolution.

Immediately upon her arrival in Paris she sent this letter to Marat:

"Citizen: I have just arrived from Caen. Your love for your native place doubtless makes you desirous of learning the events which have occurred in that part of the republic. I shall call at your residence in about an hour; have the goodness to receive me, and to give me a brief interview. I will put you in a condition to render great service to France."

She was refused admittance at the home of Marat, and wrote again, promising to reveal to him secrets of greatest political import, and she appealed to Marat's sympathy on the ground that she herself was persecuted by the enemies of the republic.

She therefore called a third time, and Marat, hearing the sweet pleading tones of her voice in an ante-chamber, consented to have her admitted. He was suffering from a hideous disease which had almost reduced him to putrefaction, and was compelled to live in a bath tub. Near by was a table upon which were confused papers, certificates, death lists, etc.

Charlotte's own confession is our definite account of what followed.

She told Marat in detail the events passing at Caen, and he told her that all parties named should be guillotined in a few days, for that day he had asked for two hundred thousand heads. As he spoke and wrote, she drew from her bosom a small dagger and plunged it into his left side. It pierced the lung and the aorta.

In answer to Marat's call to his housekeeper, who was his mistress, she and a messenger boy rushed in. They found Marat and the papers covered with blood, and the girl calm, serene, motionless. The boy knocked her down with a

chair, and the housekeeper trampled upon her. A crowd was soon attracted and the neighborhood became a scene of desperate confusion.

Charlotte Corday bore with dignity the ill usage of those around her. Members of the quarter hastening to the spot were struck by her beauty, courage and composure, and prevented her from being torn in pieces.

She was carried to the Conciergerie with great difficulty; there she continued to confess everything with the same composure. The report immediately became current that it was the Girondins who had armed Charlotte Corday, and the death of Marat furnished new and renewed supposition for their crimes and new cause to send them to the scaffold.

The Mountainists, Jacobins, and Cordeliers glorified Marat in death, and it was proposed to give him extraordinary honor. It was their desire to bury him in the Pantheon, but the law permitted no one to be buried there until twenty years after death. So was the "People's Friend" honored, and the publication of his journal continued. Robespierre made great speeches in memoriam and lamentation.

Young girls walked around the coffin and threw in beautiful roses when the cry arose, "For the people he lived, for the people he died;" that the republic, not the man, was assassinated, and the republic must be avenged.

A deputy, Duperret, and a bishop, Fauchet, were implicated in the matter.

Charlotte Corday's trial was brief, and she interrupted the first witness before he commenced his deposition, saying: "It was I who killed Marat." "What induced you to commit murder?"

"His crimes." "What do you mean by crimes?" "The calamities he has occasioned since the revolution began." "Who instigated you?" "Myself alone. I had long resolved upon it and would not have taken the council of others in such a matter or action. I wanted peace for my country." "But do you think you have killed all of the Marats?" "No," sorrowfully.

She then suffered the witness to finish, and after each she repeated: "It is true, the deponent is right." She defended herself on one point only, and that was her connection with the Girondins. She contradicted only one witness and that was the woman who complicated Fauchet and Duperret.

Charlotte Corday was condemned to the penalty of death. Her fair young face betrayed no emotion at the sentence, and at her own request a portrait was made during her time of imprisonment in the Conciergerie—the well known picture behind the bars, leaning with pen in hand, the beautiful work of the artist Hauer. She wrote to her father asking him to forgive her for disposing of her life.

She ascended the scaffold amid applause and acclamation. The kerchief was removed from her shoulders and bosom, which suffused her cheeks with the blush of modesty. Three months more and she would have been twenty-five years of age. When the ax had terminated Charlotte Corday's life the monster who wielded it gave the beautiful face two hard strokes, and it is said the color returned, mantling the cheek with a delicate blush, as if, even in death, conscious of the insult. Her death had no religious consolations to fortify it in its last agony.

A warm imagination and tender heart often furnish a stormy life for those who are endowed with them.

The whole of Paris felt the emotion of this execution, though great indifference was affected. History affords few parallels to this deed—which shows that devotion and capacity for political action are not always the peculiar attributes of the stronger sex.

MADAME DE STAEL

Genius is a combination of native strength and will power. A "genius" is sure to accomplish something, his presence will be felt, and his influence exerted. Not alone in the time which he lives and works, but his light shines through years and years which follow his brief existence. A "genius" overcomes difficulties, makes or invites opportunities, takes advantage of unexpected opportunity, makes the most of a bad situation, and surely, though maybe slowly, rises to the top, to the height which he determines to reach.

I do not share the opinion of some that the world is full of "unrecognized genius"; there may be genius which is unrecognized for a time, but not for long; that which has force, strength and quality will make itself felt and will endure.

The best substitute for genius, and an uncommon thing it is, is "common" sense. When a genius has "common" sense along with his other powers and attributes, he commands recognition from the world at the time in which he lives, and admiration from his biographers. This combination is invincible and brings in its train acuteness, observation, and impressiveness.

In the inquiring, infidel, though certainly brilliant age, the eve of the French revolution, there appeared a genius—a rare combination of force, energy, native ability, common sense, and withal, beautiful character, and this genius, recognized then as now, was Madame Anna L. de Stael, born in Paris the twenty-second day of April, 1766. She impressed her personality upon the literary,

political and social life of her time. Up to the time of Madame de Stael letter-writing was the only literary accomplishment attained by women, but to such a degree was it attained, as specimens still extant show, that it was considered a very decided literary accomplishment.

She was the first woman to make a place for herself in the literary world; she stood far ahead of any woman of her time. By her pen, which was always brilliant, though sometimes sarcastic, she pleaded for that which was true and permanent, and condemned the false and unstable. Her charm, manner, and wonderful power in conversation brought to her side many who were first admirers and later sympathizers.

As a rule conversation as an accomplishment or an art develops in middle life, after the mind is enriched by reading and travel and broadened by experience; but to this pretty general rule Madame de Stael was an exception; as a young girl, even as a child, her conversation was remarkable for command of words and beautiful sentiment.

Napoleon Bonaparte paid few compliments; it was not his way of expressing approval, not his way of showing what he felt, and when compliments were paid, he usually demanded that they be paid to him. But the highest compliment a man ever paid a woman was the one which he, in the zenith of his power, paid to this woman.

He was the monarch of the world, the arbiter of Europe, except the part to be reached by his unconquerable foe, the English navy. His name was on every tongue, his picture hung at every fireside, odes and songs were written to him, princes and kings were his guests when they were not his prisoners, he was dazzling, intoxicating and

dazing France with his power, with his personality, with himself. This woman alone kept an even equilibrium and refused to be excited, to be overcome, and not one time would she do him homage.

She not only remained calm and unruffled herself during this intoxication and hero worship, she influenced others to her views and opinions; she brought men to the point of realizing that it was selfishness and love of personal power that moved the new hero, and no form of patriotism or love for France. France recognized her excellent mind, her patriotism was never doubted and even her enemies knew that she had a loving, tender heart, always sympathetic and watchful of the interests of those less fortunate than herself.

She and Bonaparte crossed swords and were avowed antagonists. Both were foreigners, he an Italian Corsican and she, though born in Paris, always a resident of Geneva, Switzerland.

She had great discerning powers, and from observation and a close study of human nature was able to read character with remarkable accuracy. She first knew Bonaparte when he was a soldier of the Republic, and read, early though it was in his career, his designs and ambitions. She saw in him indomitable force and courage, an utter contempt for difficulties and a supreme determination to win. He knew that she understood him; he recognized her power and influence, the magnetic qualities which she exerted upon all who came near her, and he felt the strength of her disapproval and enmity.

When he came into power one of his first official acts was to exile her, to get her safely out of his majestic way, to remove her from the scene of his

triumph and supremacy. She was sent one hundred and twenty miles from Paris under police guard, with instructions "to keep that bird of ill-omen; her appearance bodes mischief."

This exile was a public announcement from him that he considered her a very dangerous rival—and surely such from the great Napoleon was a compliment.

He said of her: "The arrows of Madame de Stael could reach a man if he were seated upon a rainbow."

Of this woman who made herself so felt and because of whose presence in a great city the greatest man of his time was made ill at ease, a few items are very interesting. Her mother, Madame Neckar, was an unusual and most interesting woman, though severe in her dignity and exacting of her daughter in every instance.

She had been a teacher, and her habits of precision and systematic work clung to her; she rarely commended her daughter's work, the nearest approach to approval being: "In time I think you may do very well."

Gibbon the great historian had been in their youth greatly attached to Madame Neckar, the mother of Madame de Stael; he said she was the most learned women he had ever known and entirely free from pedantry. He often visited in the Neckar home, retaining his life-long admiration for Madame Neckar, and, as Gibbon never married, there is reason to believe she was never supplanted in his affections.

The daughter stood in great awe of the mother, of her criticism and disapproval; when a child she showed literary inclination and wrote dramas, making kings and queens act all of the parts. Her

mother discouraged her writing—in fact, forbade it, so it was to her father that she went for sympathy and encouragement, and to whom she was the more deeply attached.

Her father, M. Neckar, was resident minister from Geneva at the court of Versailles, and later minister of finance under Louis XVI. He was a man of integrity, enjoying the esteem and confidence of the French people, and his culture was very broad. During his residence in Paris his home was the resort of philosophers, orators and artists.

The Bourbon throne was tottering because of the vices of the nobles, the impurity of the clergy, the literature of the infidel writers, which was being spread more and more rapidly, and the weakness and lack of force on the part of Louis. Taxation was heavy, and the people clamored and rebelled against the tyrannical rule, and their children "cried for bread in the streets."

Neckar was called to the aid of the government, to try by economy to save the nation. There were yet those in France who hoped that the tide of revolution might be turned. Neckar loaned the government two million dollars of his private fortune and did try to save France, but it was too late; more than dollars is required when revolution once lives in men's hearts. He published a statistical exhibit showing the imprudent, unnecessary and illegal expenditure of national funds, and for this he was exiled. He was later recalled—and when the bad advisers of the king again asked him to leave, the people who loved him heard of it and demanded his second recall. This time he came from Brussels and the people were wild with delight.

The revolution, which had been coming so

gradually, but so surely, was now well on; matters had gone too far to be prevented; it was a reality and a living presence. The mob hastened to Versailles, men, women and children, and it could not be appeased. Neckar fled to his country seat at Coppet and remained until his death.

Mlle. Neckar was not considered beautiful; she was impressive and fascinating, astonishing; she understood the art of complimenting, and she was cordial and generous. While a brilliant conversationalist, she drew to herself the thoughts and confidences of others, inviting them by her wonderful charm of manner and exquisite tact to speak of themselves. She enjoyed the confidence of all of her friends. She was charitable in speech, leaving unkind things unsaid, and this alone won for her the respect of those who knew her.

She was, altogether, a gracious, delightful woman, lending herself to any condition, and ever showing her good breeding by her ready adaptability and consideration of others. She was sought in marriage by many of the best men in Europe. William Pitt, the minister of England, paid her repeated visits and asked her father's permission to pay his addresses to her, as did Count Fersen of Switzerland. Her parents were very exacting in regard to her marriage and were ready to find fault with each suitor in his turn.

Her mother was much prejudiced against Catholics and exacted a promise from her daughter that she would marry a Protestant. Her father inquired minutely into the private life and family heritage of each, and there were few young men, though many were considered eligible, whose characters could bear the scrutiny. She was certainly not concerned or harassed with affairs of the heart,

her attachments were intellectual and no tax upon her affections.

Baron de Stael-Holstein was Swedish minister to Paris, a nobleman of good standing at court, and a Protestant, so her parents decided that he was a proper suitor. In a mechanical sort of way, realizing that her social position was being enhanced, and glad that her parents approved, she became his wife. Her dowry was two million francs a year; she became the center of a brilliant, intellectual circle in Paris, the toast of princes, princesses and noblemen. Later she became a good friend to brave Marie Antoinette.

The queen received her at court, giving special entertainments in her honor, and invited her to visit at the royal country houses. In the dark days of the revolution, when the poor heart-broken Antoinette was robbed of friends, family and all but the shadow of a throne, Mme. de Stael was her comforter and her devoted friend. One of the strongest literary productions of Mme. de Stael was a defense in behalf of the queen.

Her marriage to Baron de Stael was not a happy one. He was extravagant and self-indulgent, not fond of her life or sympathetic with her aspirations, and he could not rise to the plane upon which she lived and thought. The marriage was not based upon congeniality, and therefore they both failed of happiness and grew very tired of each other.

After a short time they were separated.

After as before the separation her home was the resort of intellectual Paris. She remained in the city in the midst of the seething revolutionary mass, her advice being constantly sought by Narbonn, Lafayette, Talleyrand and others identified

with the awful times. Hers was the home of wit and wisdom. She discussed and wrote about all of the affairs of the day in a manner all her own, and with all of its sparkle and brilliancy her mind was fundamental, practical and far-seeing.

She understood people, she could draw them out and anticipate them; her knowledge of character was wonderful; she could put herself in another's place and feel and know a condition; her idea of justice was clear and true; and how many women—the best women—have any conception of justice? They can condemn a wrong, sustain a right, love their own, and some have toleration; but how many women are just?

Many are merciful, to be sure; they tip the scale of justice in favor of mercy; but well defined justice, is it a feminine virtue?

She wrote Talleyrand's report on public instruction in 1790, which is said to have been the best exhibit of its kind ever published.

By tactful procedure she procured Narbonne's appointment as minister, and when Talleyrand was exiled she obtained his appointment as minister of foreign affairs. She strengthened and influenced, sometimes created, public opinion.

The entire burden of her thought was "Liberty." She was an enthusiast on the subject, and never tired, never ceased her efforts for the cause of the people, risking her health, often her life, in her efforts to save Robespierre's victims. During his ascendancy she published many powerful defenses advocating liberty, and her work was read everywhere.

When Danton and Marat kept the Paris prisons filled and the plots in front of the heavy doors were piled high with the bodies of their victims, she

went with her eloquence and pleading and saved the lives of many. She had many miraculous escapes from assassination; upon one occasion her carriage was held eight hours by the assembly, while she waited for the decision of the council.

Employed assassins, their arms and bodies covered with blood, their hard cruel faces indicating that they were equal to their beastly work, passed all around her. When the mob attempted to seize her carriage a strong man mounted the box and vigorously defended it. He killed four of the ruffians, beat the others away with the heavy carriage-whip, called a body of armed men to his assistance, and drove her safely through the city. She learned later that it was the notorious Sauterre, the bloodiest, fiercest criminal in Paris, who afterwards conducted the execution of Louis XVI, ordering the drummers to drown the last words of the king.

Sauterre had seen M. Neckar distribute corn to the poor in Paris in time of a famine, and now his daughter's life was saved because of his magnificent citizenship. So it is not always the evil, sometimes it is the good, which lives after men. And Sauterre, grim and terrible in his butchery and bloodthirstiness, I can not think was entirely bad, because he had gratitude and was glad to show his remembrance and appreciation of a kindness.

She left the city, directed by an employed agent who knew the mountain passes. She reached her Geneva home in safety, and many of her friends, fleeing from the horrors of the commune, followed her to the quiet retreat in Switzerland.

Hospitality was extended to those whom she knew and to those whom she did not know; every traveler who asked for shelter was received and entertained; this home was a refuge to the un-

happy ones fleeing from the terrors in Paris. Men and women came in disguise, to be recognized as the leading citizens, fleeing to this open-hearted, genuine welcome which ever awaited the lovers of liberty.

Madame de Stael never ceased to watch the rapidly growing power of the Corsican; she kept up with him and recognized with alarm the extent of his sway over the people; he never rested, he never stopped, he was never still. She saw that it was only a matter of time, and a short time, before he would extend this power over Europe. No one seemed to understand him as she did, to appreciate the magnitude of his efforts, or to see the splendid goal of his ambition. She felt his vanity, utter heartlessness and his total disregard for the real needs of the people in their spiritual or creature welfare and his self-centered policy, his passion to conquer at any cost, were known to her from his first appearance in Paris. His brothers, Lucien and Joseph, were her good friends and visited her until forbidden by their brother.

A great mass meeting was held in Paris and a bold speech was made on the "rising tyranny." The people were much impressed with it and Bonaparte at once suspected that Madame de Stael had prompted it. He declared through the press that "he *did* love the republic; that he *did* love the people," and he openly denounced Madame de Stael. He declared that all who visited her home "were less his friends when they came away than when they entered." She knew to what extent Bonaparte would carry his designs, so she again fled from Paris, fearing imprisonment.

When she returned she brought Baron de Stael, who was in his last illness. They had been separ-

ated some years before this, but the last months of his life she spent with him, giving him every care and attention. After his death she retired to Coppet, which became a resort for interesting, unique people. Artists, writers, philosophers and orators found a home with her, for to be near her was to be electrified. Being of great talent and of the deepest feeling she suffered all the more, and felt the more keenly the exile and the tyranny to which she was subjected.

It was a great trial to constantly remain away from Paris, she so loved the city and craved to be there, so she returned within twenty leagues. Here she remained some time; happy, even joyous, in the renewed relations with her many old friends; but when Bonaparte heard that the road to her home was constantly thronged with visitors, men and women from France and other countries, he sent a messenger post haste exiling her forty leagues, giving her only two days' notice.

Now, almost broken-hearted, she fled into Germany; she was welcomed by Louise, queen of Prussia, always sweet and good, who comforted her and gave her opportunities for diversion. For these Madame de Stael did not care—her heart was in Paris and she cared little for this German hospitality other than to appreciate the kindness which prompted it. She met Goethe and Schiller and other bright lights then shedding luster in literary circles, but she refused to be comforted and thought constantly of Paris and how she should manage to return.

Her health became impaired, and her son interviewed Bonaparte in regard to his mother's return to her beloved city. The autocratic emperor was unrelenting—he said positively and cruelly: "She

would not be six months in Paris before I should be compelled to send her to the temple. * * * I would regret this, for it might injure me in public opinion. She will commit follies, she will have the world about her."

After completing her book "Allemagne," she moved near enough to Paris to receive regularly and to correct proof sheets; for months she worked diligently on this cherished volume. As soon as the ten thousand copies were printed, Napoleon ordered them destroyed, and this order was carried out to the letter. The only reason ever given for the destroying of this work was the fact that she had chronicled nothing in praise of the proud, haughty, egotistical emperor, and he was unwilling for posterity to read a volume written in his day which did not exalt and glorify him.

Humbled in pride and spirit, not her bright, hopeful self any more, but a sad, broken woman, she retired to Geneva, and here came a chapter in her life entirely new and unexpected—unexpected to her as it was to those who looked on and wondered.

She met and very soon married a young officer in the French army, Rocca, of Spanish or Italian extraction. To explain why she did this, to give any reason for it, would be impossible. Rocca was twenty-five and she forty-five years of age; he was a weak-bodied, dilapidated officer, though accomplished somewhat, and he wielded a strange influence over her from the beginning. She in all probability is responsible for the attachment; how could it have been otherwise? He would have never aspired to winning her had he not been sure of his opportunity. Her friends discouraged Rocca's attentions, but he replied that "he would

love her so much that he would finish by making her marry him."

And this he did, for she was tired and wearied of her life and craved the affection which he gave in such abundance. The marriage was kept secret, partly because they were both ashamed of it, and partly because they feared Rocca would be sent back to Paris. All of Madame de Stael's friends were now exiled, even Madame Recamier.

She hesitated to go into Paris for fear of imprisonment, and this, with the emperor's enmity, meant certain death. She determined to go to England, but French subjects could not enter without special edict. She, with her husband and two children, took the tremendous journey through Russia, Austria and Sweden, everywhere being placed under greatest peril and difficulty. But in spite of the dangers and inconvenience attending the journey, there were some pleasant occurrences. Alexander, czar of Russia, offered her courtesies, as did Bernadotte, the general who had become king of Sweden. Toward the end of this journey she became much "the woman of the hour," and in England was given an ovation.

The English people took special delight in entertaining her, feasting her and giving her every opportunity to display her accomplishments and talents. They did this partly from their real appreciation of her, and partly from the satisfaction of honoring one who was so antagonistic to their great enemy. All of Europe knew of the continued exile to which she was subjected, and her friends and enemies watched with interest.

In the meantime Napoleon had abdicated and was on his way to Elba. Europe looked on now, guessing at the next shift of scene. Her enemy

being safely removed, Madame de Stael returned to her beloved Paris. As of old her salons were crowded with the representative men and women of Russia, England and France. Alexander of Russia and the duke of Wellington were constant and admiring visitors.

Her friends vied with each other to do her homage, and at this time she was nearer being really happy than she had been since her father's death. She glowed under the light of friendship and drew, as a magnet, all people of her kind unto her. When Napoleon returned from Elba she fled again, fearing him and never believing in him.

He sent her with all formality an invitation asking her to return to the city to reside permanently, that he was "now living for the peace of Europe." But she could not bring herself to the point of believing him sincere, so she remained away from Paris until after his final defeat.

When he was taken to St. Helena she came to Paris; but now she was wearied, broken in spirit, tired, and worn with trials. When she no longer had to fight and force her way, somehow life lost zest and animation. She spent the days quietly with Rocca and their children; his attentions and tenderness making life calm and sweet.

In her last interview with Chateaubriand, when they were going over their interesting lives together, their narrow escapes and wonderful experiences, she told him that she had endured much, had tolerated many annoying, even ill, conditions; had grown weary under the burden of admiration and praise which had so often been hers, that she had tried many times to fancy or believe herself able to love, and to be dependent upon a single personality for happiness, but, as her life was nearing an

end, she could look back and realize that the only real love she had ever known in her life was the ardent love which she gave to her father.

She loved God and her country, but alone in her affections stood her estimable father, M. Neckar. She was survived seven months by Rocca.

Napoleon was so dominant in his hostility and so continuous was her exile that she embraced literature as a means of rescue from its monotony.

After her death, July, 1817, her "Considerations on the French Revolution" and "Ten Years of Exile" were published. Her best work, "Corinne," is used as a reading book in some of the French schools; as a work of art by many it is not considered strong, but it abounds in admirable phrases, carefully selected words and, more than her other works, bears the stamp of her own personality.

"Allemagne," her book on Germany, was republished in 1867 in Paris. At the same time the books of Napoleon reappeared, both being widely read and generously received.

It is said that her tomb is more often visited than any woman's tomb in Europe. It bears a very unusual epitaph, "Hic tandem quiescat quae unquam quierit"—"Here rests one who never rested."

Madame de Stael had faults and committed errors, but withal she was a great woman. She was persecuted during the best years of her life, and this would have crushed the life out of some women. Her spirit and powers of resistance were wonderful; society and the association with people of her kind was a necessity to her, just as friendship and affection were a necessity to her. Her character and mind were restless, they knew no repose, be-

cause she was ambitious and constantly striving and looking upward. The worst thing that can be said of her is that she was worldly and perhaps vain. She had strong individuality, good nature, a marked power for friendship and a generous, loving heart.

MADAME RECAMIER

There is much prejudice among many people, and good and well-meaning people they are, against what we call "society." Perhaps this word "society" is improperly used, but we must use it for want of a better word, and because of its accepted meaning. "Society" in reality, in truth, in what it is intended to mean, is indispensable to the thinking man or woman; for men and women, though they may be students or engaged in some regular business or profession, and give nearly all of their time to a chosen pursuit, are, by nature, "social," and dependent, to a degree at least, upon each other. There are others whose entire existence and happiness come from social exchange and the pleasure of meeting and being with congenial company. We are all, at broad range, included in these classes.

Some very short-sighted, narrow-minded people who speak too often without thinking, and who, perhaps, have been deprived of the best things in life, and are therefore biased, have the idea, to which they are strongly adhesive, that "society" is a number of men and women in a crowded hall or parlor, where conversation upon a sensible, interesting topic is impossible and unheard of; where manners are affected, nothing is genuine or true, but all is gilded, frivolous, empty, even silly, and all lofty sentiment and common sense are suppressed.

This condition is the reverse of "society" in its truest, broadest and real meaning. So-called "society women" by some people are never accredited with doing good or with being useful, and are

many times unjustly given credit for what they never think of doing, and for motives from which they are entirely free. "Society women" are accused of idleness and of laziness, of fostering all that is bad in its influence, and some people find it hard to believe a good thought or good deed possible in a woman who lives up to the duties expected of her in "society."

Of course there are cases of "bad society." For instance, there are assemblies where may be found those who, without other merit, have suddenly been made rich; sometimes, temporarily, impostors occupy the place of those "to the manor born." There is an occasional vulgarity to be found in the best regulated social life, but this is accidental and comes under the head of the exception.

These "accidental occurrences" soon regulate themselves, for there is a constant shifting, and the tendency is for the man or woman of merit to come to the top, the imperfect, out-of-place, poor thing in false plumage to sink to the botton, out of sight and out forever.

History records one woman, and a "society woman," who, by her generous deeds, unselfishness, beautiful charity to all humanity, and thought of those less fortunate than herself, impressed the time in which she lived with her earnestness, her womanhood and her superior ideals.

History is pleased to write her name with those women who influenced men's lives and hearts, stimulated men to deeds of courage and daring, taught men pure and true lessons, and therefore influenced nations.

The name of Madame Recamier will be remembered and loved in her native land and in other lands when women of perhaps greater force and

broader education have been consigned to the great register of "copies, not types," "good, but not original." Madame Recamier was a pure and excellent type, an original, and her life was replete with loving deeds and consideration of others.

Juliette Bernard, daughter of good, prosperous people, but of no rank, was born in Lyons in 1777. Her father was much respected by the community in which he lived and was a thrifty, interested citizen, contributing much to the progress of his city by his indomitable energy and enterprise.

Juliette was placed in a convent, remaining there summers and winters, giving the major part of her time to instrumental music. The nuns gave much care to their promising pupil and she developed rapidly into a dignified, elegant woman.

Her mother, who was of a practical mold of mind, noticed carefully that the domestic arts were not neglected, so this young girl, when her school life had been completed, could sew beautifully, and understood all of the culinary arts. She was modest, unassuming, unaffected, and a complete absence of vanity or self-consciousness marked her manners from the beginning. She loved her girl friends, her home, and spent much time with the beloved nuns who had taught her; she thought little of marriage until Jacques Recamier, an old friend of her father's, visited her home.

He was a wealthy banker, well-bred, attractive and kind-hearted. Their marriage could claim no firmer foundation than good friendship; they were good friends and thoroughly admired and trusted each other, but of sentiment there was none.

It was a perilous time in France, and for several years after their marriage they lived in strict retirement, but when they went to Paris and M. Re-

camier introduced his young wife to the vain, proud city, exacting in all things, especially critical and exacting of woman's charm and personality, she was immediately proclaimed "the most beautiful woman in France."

Her beauty of face and form are celebrated the world over; her hair was black unto the color of purple and curled around her forehead and shoulders; her eyes were not large, but very expressive, showing sympathy, tenderness, animation, as reflectors of her quick mind and loving heart. Her complexion, so delicate and beautiful, is one of the evidences entered in the "chronicles of beautiful women" that the French women are the most beautiful in the world. She had little color other than the glow of modesty, which comes and goes, indicated by pleasure or pain. Her carriage was erect and her bearing stately, indicating pride, but never vanity or disdain.

Her beautiful face and charming manner called forth genuine admiration wherever she went; on the streets as she passed the little newsboys and chimney sweeps would stop to look after her in wild-eyed admiration. Old men and old women, whose eyes were tired and tried with seeing gay and gaudy Paris, would look upon her sweet, innocent countenance as though it gave to them relief from coarser faces. Crowds followed her to the theater and to church.

In some of the churches of Paris it was the custom for the most beautiful women to carry around the purse for collections. Madame Recamier was selected to do this in the fashionable church of St. Roches. The church could not near hold the immense crowds who came to see her; men and women stood in windows and on chairs

and though she was assisted by several strong men she could hardly make her way through the crowd. Upon one occasion the amount collected amounted to more than twenty thousand francs.

Thus through her was a contribution made to charity, for Paris does not hesitate to employ artistic, unusual diversions, even in her consecrated precincts. And if beauty can not be given for the best results, to move men and women to great deeds of generosity, it is not a blessing. So do the Parisians reason about it.

Everybody loved her, but nobody seemed able to win her. Napoleon Bonaparte was attracting the attention of the world, everybody sought an opportunity to bow down to him, and, hearing of the unquestioned powers of this woman, he invited her to one of his banquets.

She accepted his invitation with great timidity, feeling no desire to ally herself to him or his followers. Her attentions to him upon the occasion of the banquet were no more than were ordinarily due a host from his guests, and Napoleon, who exacted slavery from everyone, never forgave her. He was a hero to men rather than women, and many ladies of rank were afraid of him and his sarcasm. He had no comprehension of sympathy and was bombastic and self-inflated always in his manner. He was really much better at heart than his manner indicated.

Lucien Bonaparte, brother to the emperor, became very much in love with Madame Recamier, she quietly but firmly refused his attentions, and his near relation to the arbiter of Europe had little weight with her; Lucien only basked in the light of his brother's greatness and had little merit of his own. This again incensed the emperor.

She was solicited by one of the princesses to act as maid of honor, thereby adding to the beauty and splendor of the court; she declined to accept this honor, which was unquestionably a great one, and she only the wife of a citizen without title. The emperor seemed to feel from this that well-bred women tried to hold themselves aloof from him.

A warm personal friendship grew up between Madame de Stael and Madame Recamier. And fertile ground it was for a friendship, for both women, having some essentials the same, were very unlike.

Madame de Stael was masculine in her intellect, in her grasp of conditions and in her delineations of men and women. Madame Recamier was gentle, effeminate, indulgent and refusing always to believe the worst of anybody. The strength and decision of the one appealed to the dependence and loving trust of the other; this friendship was a genuine one and continued throughout lives that were visited with all forms of national and domestic peril.

Napoleon's dislike for Madame de Stael influenced to no considerable extent his dislike for Madame Recamier. So many things contributed to the hostility of Napoleon, that it was probably through him that the government refused a necessary loan and M. Recamier lost his great fortune. Madame Recamier constantly refused all attentions from the emperor and his court, she would persist in allying herself to the aristocracy, and because of these her husband became a financial ruin. After the loss of her fortune her conduct won universal sympathy and respect, and increased the number of her friends.

She at once sold her magnificent jewels, her old

plate, which was the finest in Paris, her handsome equipages, even her exquisite gowns, the creations of the most artistic modistes, her hotel in which she had sumptuous apartments, and took up her abode in a modest little home, living as simply and with as marked economy as the plainest villager.

It was during these days of her simple life that she accepted an invitation to visit Madame de Stael at her country home; it was here that she met Prince Frederick of Prussia, who so loved her that he diligently sought her hand in marriage. Princes at this time thought that they had a right to take a wife from her husband, so the prince had little fear of winning the exquisite beauty who had so attracted him. This prince was an interesting man of the world, much older than Juliette Recamier. He had known and had affairs with numerous women, but in her he saw all of the womanly virtues, as he interpreted virtues, every female loveliness and a ready tact and elegance, more admired by man in woman than a profound intellect.

Men like to meet and converse with a profound woman just as they like to consult the encyclopaedia for desired information, but they do not love the encyclopaedia as they do the bright, sparkling little volumes which are companionable and readable. The beautiful, gentle femininity in this gifted French woman attracted this man who never before was made to feel and know the responsiveness which such a woman can create.

At first she was dazed by his attentions, and greatly enjoyed his society, and she wrote her husband in regard to the matter of divorce. He was a prince and she the most enchanting woman in Europe, and the temptation took such form that she could not resist it.

Right here comes the greatest flaw in her character; a flaw, a weak spot, it is without question. It shows that she was worldly, that much of the spirit of her time was reflected in her, and she felt a certain security which is born of universal flattery and homage.

Her husband, whose kindness and consideration had been so continous and uniform, wrote her with such dignity, tenderness and affection that she felt ashamed, and resolved not to leave him even if she didn't love him. Some men, upon discovering that the thought of separation was entertained for one minute, would release a woman, however much she might be loved as a wife, but M. Recamier's independence took other forms, and he so loved his wife that he was willing to retain her, though he must remember all the rest of his natural life that "she would have married the prince."

So, greatly to his surprise and humiliation, the prince was dismissed. There was much criticism of this procedure; many of her friends thought her husband was selfish in not encouraging the marriage, and depriving a beautiful woman of so splendid a destiny, but morals and standards were not then exalted in Europe.

The friends of Madame Recamier included the rich and poor, the high and low, the known and the unknown; she had some singular friendships, and from those whose devotion amounted almost to idolatry and who demanded no return save the privilege of paying worship and devotion.

Her devotion to one of her friends, M. Ballandre, shows with what independence and lack of fear of criticism she bestowed her favors. He was the son of a printer, disfigured in face, a cripple, of uncultured manner and general hideous appear-

ance, but to be near her, look upon her rare beauty and listen to the gracious words from her lips was all that he asked. He was pitifully slow of speech, though of some ability in literature, having made some contribution to the press. She never neglected him; when she was surrounded by princes, kings or whoever may have been in her circle of admirers, she paid special attention to this poor unfortunate. Of course everybody loved such unselfishness as this woman could show, and he gave to her complete idolatry, for he had no advantage to gain: he was content with worship alone.

At the time of her visit to Rome, at which time the pope was Napoleon's prisoner at Fontainebleau, and Rome was strongly fortified by French soldiers, and her apartments were filled with the most exclusive elegant people of the city, Ballandre made her a visit. She took him to all places of interest, and cared not once for criticism on account of his low birth and miserable appearance. He was her friend and she never forgot him.

The sister of Napoleon, the queen of Naples, received her at court, paying her beautiful attention, entirely uninfluenced by the dislike her brother had never failed to show.

Upon the fall of Napoleon, Madame Recamier hastened to Paris, followed by many of her new, as well as her old, friends. She was older now, sadder, and no longer cared for lovers at her feet, but drew around her an exclusive circle of her best beloved. Her husband's fortunes had improved, successful investment brought large funds to her command and she resumed much, but not all, of her old time elegance.

In the autumn of their lives, which had been so radiant, so brilliant and so full of change, there

grew a strong and delightful friendship between Madame Recamier and Chateaubriand. He derived the greatest strength, encouragement and fortification from her presence. Hers was an affectionate nature, never a passionate one, and she craved friendship of the purest, loftiest kind. Chateaubriand visited her every day and wrote to her with great regularity when absent on diplomatic business. He was exacting in this attachment, as he was in all relations of his life, but she met every demand, giving hours of her time to entertaining and amusing him.

Men, the wisest and soberest, must be amused, and foolish is that wife, famed though she may be for worldly wisdom or native intellect, who has not learned that much about a man. There are times when the deepest, most profound, or the busiest, most hurried man must be amused as though he were a little child.

Madame Recamier knew all of this. She recognized his mood as soon as he entered her presence; she understood him, honored him, sympathized with him, never abused him, and therefore he loved her.

The intimacy was affectionate and spiritual, never improper, nor was it misrepresented. Life had lost much of its illusion for her and she would not marry Chateaubriand, but unto the end of her life this friendship, of a high moral tone, continued to bless both of them.

She gave much of her life to beautiful and unselfish charity, and while the awful suffering was being endured at Lyons she gave a series of entertainments for the benefit of the poor unfortunates. Her apartments were in a convent, and during the evenings of her entertainments they were filled with

the gay, the young, the wise, the old and philanthropic of Paris. Lady Byron paid one hundred francs for her ticket.

Kindness of heart was by far her most characteristic trait. She delighted to please, but her real pleasure was in giving service.

All who met her felt assured of her willingness to help them, of her ability to understand them, and all affairs or reports intrusted to her confidence were safely guarded. Madame Recamier could be depended upon, and was free and far removed from the baseness of repeating gossip. An evil report, when brought to her, went no further, but by tact, for even unto the point of genius did she possess tact, she discouraged the belief in ugly rumor, and so carefully diverted the attention of the bearer of ill that seeds of charity and love grew up in his heart rather than tares and weeds. Such control of others as this could have emanated from none but a true, beautiful nature.

Madame Recamier was talked about, of course She was the most beautiful woman in Paris and loved by a great number of people, and the frailty in some women, then as now, took the form of gossip and ugly report. But there were women in Paris who were above it, well-bred, cultured, excellent women who hated it, and these are the ones whose influence and helpfulness we feel, even after more than a hundred years. When Madame Recamier was selected as maid of honor to the court, it made some of the Parisian beauties very angry; when she received the attention of every great man in Europe it was more than some of the designing mothers could endure. When she was presented with decorations, medals, pictures and flowers on fete days, there was a general dis-

satisfaction among a certain narrow class, but good sense, unselfishness and a genuine desire to do right soon placed this woman where she truly belonged, above falsity and imitation.

She considered those in humble life her greatest admirers, little children loved and admired her, the little chimney sweeps knew her by name, and her especial "charity" was to hunt up, visit and generally look after feeble old women. To the long established widows' home in Paris she was a constant visitor, and the sick rooms in this lonely place were regulary blessed with the sunshine of her presence.

During her social reign in Paris she brought about quietly, but none the less positively, some valuable social reforms. She discouraged tete-a-tetes in a low voice in a parlor filled with guests, and herself led in general conversation, seeing that every member of the party participated. She talked little, but knew how to bring others out.

By her gracious personality, thoughtfulness and ever present consideration of others she discouraged all forms of exaggeration and pretension, and she compelled attention—not deeply learned, but so wise in her own gifts, and so just that her decisions were many times sought and her judgment appealed to.

She reigned because of her wit rather than her wisdom, and was the inspiration to many of the men of genius of her time. A man of genius gains much more from the inspiration of a gifted woman than he does from the book shelves of many colleges.

In 1849, surrounded by priests, friends, servants and hundreds who loved her, her sweet spirit grew weary of earth. For two years before her death

she was blind, which affliction she bore with great serenity. She died of cholera. So many excellencies were united in her that her power was irresistable. The influence for good of those who inspire our social circles can not be over rated; it generates fire, life, sentiment and good feeling. Good nature, amiability, persuasiveness, sympathy and toleration mark the interesting woman, and in good society this type may reign an undisputed sovereign.

JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH

It is natural for us to see the admirable and beautiful traits in those we love, and it is difficult for us to dissect their characters and discover the weaknesses and ugly places. This is true of the study of our favorite characters in history,—we are prone to give them none but the good traits, none but the strong qualities, and those attributes which we admire. But we must look all around the character and try to see it all.

The character of Josephine, the empress of the French, is interesting to a charming degree, delightful in its study, and her life was placed in a setting or environment so unusual, and at times so remarkable, that there is no scene or change which does not delight, amuse, sadden or sicken in its turn. But those of us who admire her most must admit that by no means is her character faultless.

To commit imprudences to the extent of allowing all lookers-on to be convinced of one's guilt, to disregard social and conventional law to the point of "browbeating" society, has been considered by many a sin. Inasmuch as it brings upon the actor the same criticism, the same sting and the same contempt as though he were guilty of the sin in question.

Josephine was imprudent beyond question, and brought upon herself constant reproach. Her admirers hold that she was not culpable, only very imprudent, but there is great diversity of opinion upon this point. Her sins were the Parisian sins and the sins of her time; her frailties and weaknesses those of a credulous, mild, indolent, overlov-

ing woman, and she partook entirely of her environment, becoming the sympathetic part of all with which she was associated.

She had many devoted friends who believed in her and trusted her, and she had harsh and unfeeling critics who took the cold, hard facts unrelieved by thought or consideration of human temptation, human frailty or local social conditions.

It is an unsolved problem why men and women will condemn in others those things of which they are guilty themselves, and those errors which they daily commit, forgetting that all of us are made of dust—unholy, weak, unresisting, human dust.

There are few women in history more loved than Josephine and no woman whose character has been more thoughtfully studied, from whom more comparisons and parallels have been drawn, and no woman who is studied from so many different viewpoints. Her place in the hearts of history students depends a good deal upon the place which is given to the man whose life she positively influenced, to the man whose phenomenal success was confined to the years which were lived with her, and to our willingness to be unprejudiced and unbiased. Confusion of opinion and controversy have ever been entertained in regard to her; many love her; some condemn her; those who view her from a "high" standard of moral and social excellence, or those who have opinion without considering the setting, circumstance or environment, always trying and peculiar, in which the woman was placed, usually condemn her.

As a rule the real student who admires the emperor most admires Josephine most, for she was the inseparable part of his success and happiness; that is, the little happiness which he knew; not

the accepted meaning of happiness in a sense of perfect bliss and peace, his nature was too restless and disturbed for that, but she was the nearest approach to happiness which he ever knew.

Not until she came into his life did his great success begin, and not until she went out did his success pale, "his star set." The world loves a lover, and with Josephine near we hail the great Corsican as a lover. Her influence upon him and upon the great world with which she came in contact is proof positive of the influence of natural, unaffected, unchanged woman. She pretended nothing; she had no airs or fine manners; no education or accomplishments to give her self-confidence and poise; no rank or wealth or distinguished military relative to give her proper introduction.

Josephine was plain, unaffected, charming; the same woman on the throne that she was on the sugar plantation at Martinique. The same warm, sweet nature, the same heart that loved and blessed the poor; the same impulsive, trusting, credulous, superstitious woman. She changed little, and the advantages given her in Paris and the great European cities only brought out her natural charm; only beautified and placed in splendid relief the "real Josephine." She was not altered or changed.

She was a loving woman and she possessed all of the weaknesses which accompany that phase; she was a trustful woman and was a prey to all of the sorrows which are a part of that phase. She was attractive and magnetic in face and form, and exposed to all of the temptations which attend those charms. She was admired and loved by hundreds of people, and received all of the envies and unkind criticisms which go along with those favors; she married a man who for a time at least seemed not

in any way to return her great affection, and she endured all of the humiliation, pain and torture which accompanied that condition. She married, again, the man who was perhaps the greatest genius who has ever lived on earth, the world looked on and wondered why he married her, and criticised *her* for it. He subsequently divorced her, and since then the world has still looked on and wondered.

Now, as then, there are reasonable men and women who understand and sympathize with the passions of the human nature; now, as then, there are men and women, phlegmatic, irresponsive and untruthful in speech as well as act of life, who pretend not to understand, but who really do. There was no throb of the mortal heart kept from Josephine; early loves, early wifehood, motherhood, separations before death, separation by death, widowhood, second marriage, divorce, the great love of people, the unquestioned disapproval of people and splendid and many friendships.

One great mistake which Josephine made, and it is a mistake for any woman to make, was that she allowed the man who loved her to discover her limitations. We all have limitations, of course, but it is a woman's part to keep that fact from her lover. On the other hand Josephine had the cleverness, and a good deal it requires, to turn her lovers into friends, this is a difficult thing to do, but she did it successfully. Not one woman in a thousand can do it.

Her life is romantic enough and speaks "destiny" from the beginning. The birth of a daughter to a creole planter, Tascher, came the same year that Port Royal, with songs and festivals, announced the recession of Martinique. There was

great rejoicing and thanksgiving, for now peace had returned and the people were glad.

Marie Josephe Tascher de la Pagerie was born at St. Pierre, Island of Martinique, West Indies, on the twenty-third day of June, 1763. Six years later on the Island of Corsica the man was born with whom her life and destiny are indissolubly linked. Both were born on islands near France. Soon after their island homes became a part of France; both are singularly attached to their early homes, and both have been accused of assuming France as their home when they were no more than adopted children. During stormy periods each was accustomed to retire to his quiet secluded early home for meditation and rest, and throughout the life of each genuine love was felt and shown for early home and associations. Corsica was annexed in June, 1769, and Napoleon was born in August, 1769.

Josephine sat upon the throne which was the most powerful since that of the mighty Charlemagne; a thousand years had left historic imprint upon Europe since such an empire had existed. Her elevation, the events of her life following in rapid succession, and the dangers, difficulties and complex situations which were hers, give the touch of magic and a charmed existence to a little creole girl born on a tropical island who had no thought other than to love and be loved by her little playmates and the slave children.

Her father, Joseph Gaspard Tascher, early entered the military service and was the captain of a regiment of horse. Her father and her mother, Claire Desnegers de Sanors, were both natives of France, though they spent their lives in Martinique, and were married at San Domingo. Some time

before Josephine's birth her father retired from the army service and lived upon his plantation in San Domingo, called La Pagerie. The daughter at her baptism in the old church at San Domingo was given the name of both parents.

As a little child Josephine was the delight of her own circle; sprightly, candid, unfailing good nature, and gentle sympathy drew to her friends from the obscure and old, as well as the young, gay and frivolous; everybody loved her and everybody remembered her. She exhibited beauties and excellencies of character from her tender years. Chief of these was her power of forgiveness; she hoarded no malice or evil, but was amiable to such an extent as to place her first with her companions. This trait, which is perhaps the most to be sought and cultivated by human hearts, enabled her, in later years, to wield an influence extraordinary over the strange spirit so unlike her own which became a part of her life.

The people who lived in Martinique at this time were better citizens and a better class of people generally than those living there either before or since. The society was that of a large neighborhood, the families saw much of each other, spent feast days and holidays together, and the children grew to manhood and womanhood in the relation of brothers and sisters.

The opportunity of going to school was denied Josephine; from the nuns in the convent at Martinique she received her only scholastic training—merely a beginning or suggestion of school. It was all to be received in the colonies, but the educational opportunities that were denied her in the beginning were surely supplied by her later contact with the world.

School is not by any means the only place of education; contact with wit, eloquence, good and bad people can give more in a season to that person keen of perception than can so-called education give in a decade. Native refinement and tact, both natural and cultivated, saved the fair Josephine from the shoals which would have inclosed the woman who depended alone upon her education received at school.

Josephine shared the qualities, temperamental and physical, of the creoles—that is, those who are descendants of Europeans, born in the tropics. The true creole is imaginative, full of fantastic ideas, idealistic, passionate, given to levity, and the creole knows no restraint. The creole women are not restrained by too much clothing; their bodies are developed along natural lines, and the limbs are strong and symmetrical. The children play all day long, take long walks into the woods and fields, know the birds, butterflies, flowers and fruit, and live with nature. Josephine loved the slave children and they were her first playmates. Where she led they were willing to follow, and at Martinique, when a slender, bright-eyed girl, she was a queen and ruled a court, her subjects lovingly obeying every whim and wish and fancy; it would naturally follow that she was spoiled—but not this girl; her unselfishness and gracious character saved her from that peril.

When Josephine was a child her home at Martinique was destroyed and a large number of islanders killed by a terrible hurricane. It was with difficulty that her father was rescued, and several times Josephine and her faithful nurse, Adee, were separated from the life saving party. All of the early haunts and homes at Martinique were swept away

except the quaint old garden, which to this day is still visited, surrounded by mango and citron trees. After many years M. Tascher succeeded in restoring somewhat of the appearance of prosperity to the island by replanting coffee and cane and rebuilding the cabins of the slaves, but the great trees, the beautiful palms and the sweet-voiced song birds were gone forever—a part of the olden time.

Adee's little children were all killed in the storm, and Josephine's care and affection for her old nurse during her grief for her little ones showed her deep and genuine love. The faithful woman lived in the house with the Tascher family, and Josephine gave her every care and comfort. A touch of gravity and a real sympathy for those in distress is a characteristic of the well-born creole.

After losses and reverses M. Tascher became the victim of melancholia and depression; his good wife grew weary of the vicissitudes of fortune and the struggle for existence, so their chief joy, and it would seem their only joy, was in their promising little girl, who, with the thoughtfulness of a perfect daughter, entertained and amused, as well as served them.

At the early age of ten years Josephine was a well developed, admirably proportioned girl, with small hands and feet, her body strong, agile and supple, and her mind as free from impurity and evil thought as her graceful, flexible body was from defect. Development occurs early in women of the tropics—the bloom of womanhood crowns the girl in her early teens.

Adee gave the same watchfulness to the developing young woman that she had given to the infant in her arms, and she was friend and confidant as

well as servant. They bathed in the same pool, sang the same songs and spent many of their days together.

One time Adee with Josephine and a little girl from Port Royal, Annie Dubee de Riveri, who was Josephine's playmate and the daughter of one of the best families on the island, wandered further into the valley than was their wont, and they had an adventure which made an impression upon the lives of both little girls. They waded in a stream, following it until it became a silver rivulet, when they saw, high on a hill, under a tall tree, a strange hut woven of cane, palm leaves and moss.

They climbed the hill, and upon close approach found a substantial habitation which had the appearance of having existed for a long time. The vines spread across the front almost excluded the doorway and partially shaded a woman who sat on a heap of palm branches. Her dark hair was spread over her shoulders, and her hair and eyes indicated the Caribian tint; her hands and feet indicated her aboriginal birthright and her serpentine movements, her richly colored skin and fine eyebrows, showed her to be the pure island type. She looked like a forest queen, but investigation proved her to be a priestess of Obadi. She was attired in a fantastic holiday costume; upon her head was a red and yellow turban, her skirt was of violet silk, and over her fine shoulders was draped a scarf which was studded with trembling, quivering pins and pendants. Her round full wrists were encircled with bracelets of gold-flecked ivory, her ankles bound with gay ribbons, and the little girls stopped half in awe, half in admiration, as they came nearer.

In a mellow, soft-toned voice she said to them: "You did not leave home to have your fortunes told, but to-day they shall be revealed to you." The little girls shrank from her presence and her touch, until Adee, her arms around them, gave reassurance and went into the tent with them. The fortune teller looked into their eyes rather than in their hands. Never removing her gaze from their innocent, wondering eyes, she began slowly and softly: "You are both to be queens; one will reign in France and the other in an oriental harem." This bit of information at once fascinated and restored courage, and the little girls entered into the spirit of the prophecy.

At their levity and excitement the priestess frowned and shook her head; when they had become quiet and composed she continued: "Remarkable fortune will attend you both; you will both make a long and perilous sea voyage; each will marry; after the passing of years one will be made free by the death of her husband; the other will be captured by pirates from Algiers and sold, a beautiful slave, to the sultan of Turkey. She will acquire peculiar influence with him; her son will sit on the throne, but she will die miserably and helplessly."

Looking long and earnestly into Josephine's upturned face, her superstitious nature indulging its chiefest delights, and her credulity knowing no bounds, she said: "As for you, I see it written in the stars that you will become the bride of the greatest man the modern world has seen, though he is not yet in the world's eye; his star rises coincident with yours. But, mind you, when yours goes down, then his, rapidly following, is lost beneath the horizon." She looked at the skies and

the sun, then looking again into Josephine's hand said, "Yes, yes; you will be a queen! Wait, child, wait! A queen did I say? Aye, more; more than a queen! Go, now; I have spoken. You do not understand, of course. Wait! Wait! Yet twenty years!"

Annie when sixteen years of age was captured by Algerian corsairs, sold to the sultan and became the mother of one of the cruel Mohammeds with whom Turkey has been cursed. She died miserably, a prisoner.

At the completion of this remarkable adventure they slowly left their enchantress, talking little, and in the twilight, Adee following them, they reached their plantation homes.

Ere they reached the old gates leading to the house on the plantation, for they had wandered several miles from their usual walk, the blackbirds swooped down on all sides of them, covering their paths. The islanders considered this a very bad omen, and nothing was dreaded so much as the blackbirds. Adee, falling on her knees, crossed herself, shrieking: "Bon Dieu," for it was the "Diablotin" or "devil bird."

An occasional earthquake or an over-shipment of sugar which brought many people to the island were the only interruptions to the simple, joyous existence of these innocent creole maidens.

When Josephine was fifteen her mother, Madame Tascher, realized that her daughter, though giving promise of the best things, had no advantages; and, being attractive, she was rapidly drawing unto herself admirers from among the youth of the island. Of this latter association Madame Tascher seemed to have a growing horror, so she accepted an invitation from Joseph-

ine's aunt in France to have her daughter come for a visit of indefinite period.

This aunt, Madame Kinandine, wrote that she had selected an appropriate companion for Josephine, the young officer, Beauharnais; Madame Kinandine was his godmother, and she later married his father. Beauharnais was not an entire stranger to Josephine, for she had heard many great stories of him, his fine family and his splendid personal appearance. He stood out as one of the few "heroes" of whom she had heard, and she looked forward to the time of meeting him as an event or an occasion of marked importance.

It is always a bad plan to tell two people much about each other before their first meeting; they are practically sure to find each other wanting, and wanting in the essentials which they had expected to find. There is no spontaneity or the delightful discovery of personalities in a meeting where every virtue has been extolled, and the consequence is, two people who could have been devoted friends are robbed of that relation by some overzealous enthusiast, who, in trying too hard, fails, and destroys good material for friendships or attachment.

Josephine greatly opposed the journey to France, and said she had rather never have a husband than to leave her beautiful old home, her family, friends and Adee. She finally consented to go, and with bitter lamentations among the slaves, and kisses and tears of her young friends, who loved her to reverence, she departed for France.

Just before Josephine's departure Adee again visited the fortune-teller and studied the flights of the devil birds; she translated their message to

mean "Beware of the sea, and to remember the Carib's warning."

The first day out after bidding adieu to Martinique, a terrible storm arose; many on board were killed, and only after delays and recurring dangers did the vessel deposit its burden of souls safely upon French soil.

That same year, 1779, from another island colony there arrived at another port in France the one who was to raise this charming, but as yet unknown, girl, Josephine La Pagerie, to the highest round of power. She was to be his sharer of a throne, the sharer of his destiny, and the only creature who ever could entirely forgive him for all that he did—for he never forgave himself.

Beauharnais was disappointed in Josephine, of course, because he had heard too much about her, and though she was a splendidly developed girl, she was a child at heart; she and her companions took their dolls and played with them on the voyage from Martinique to France. She had none of the little mannerisms and society small-talk of the women with whom he had been thrown in Paris; she had the native charm, but in no way had she learned to use it; however, on the whole he was glad to meet her, and man-like, that is man-of-the-world-like, he was glad to know that his bride had had no previous attachment, and that she was to be his very own with no suggestion of rivals or jealousies.

He gave little, but he expected all, and they were married, not mated, in the church of Noisy-le-Grand. The interest which they felt in each other was awakened by the representations and reports of their friends and relatives, and by the unusual manner of their betrothal.

They had never been thrown together to discover the good, the indifferent and the bad of each other; they had no long friendship upon which to base affection; they had no common past, and an element of lasting love is a common past. They were nothing to each other, and a great injustice was being done both of them. Love had not been cultivated between them; it had never even been awakened. The prospect for happiness was certainly not very bright to Josephine, and hers was a heart overflowing with love, and her nature, true to climatic influences and the native temperament of the Southern-born woman, was passionate, intense and responsive.

The first year passed quietly, with no remarkable interruptions to the dignity of the family. The Beauharnais household made a petted idol of Josephine and indulged her in every way. Her later years were made bearable because of the gentle consideration extended to her by these good people.

She knew nothing of what was expected of her in a great city, with its artificial, constrained surroundings, its social exactions and the dignity of being a young matron. She complained of and found very trying the clothing which she must wear, so unlike the natural child-like garment she wore in the colonies. It was a trying time to Josephine, because it was the formulative period of her character; she was developing from a creole provincial, with no education save that procured from an obscure convent, into the most lovable and accomplished woman of her time. Her environment during this first year did much to improve her, for her new friends were trained in the most approved schools of society, and Josephine, with

cheerful ready tact, cultivated all the graces and excellences of her new station.

Beauharnais had long been in touch with the world, knew all the gay, frivolous, great and would-be great, and he very soon assumed a superiority over his innocent young wife, ridiculing her quaint creole manners, ideas and her provincial teaching; this was very galling to Josephine, who at all times was amiable, and endured without protest or murmur.

The novelty wore off in a year. Any amusement or pleasantry which Josephine may have furnished by her innocence and simplicity or her quaint little ways ceased to amuse and ceased to entertain, for in a year a real estrangement began. Beauharnais criticised her in company, taunted her, wrote offensive letters to her, made fun of her childishness, and with jesting and jeer told her that she had only the "domestic virtues"—as though they were not the very best ones to possess.

Two years brought open rupture, and though the members of the Beauharnais family tried repeatedly with persuasion and promise to bring about a reconciliation, it could not be done, and the story, which now mocks every generation, was repeated with these two.

The truth of the matter was that Beauharnais had grown genuinely, honestly tired of his strait-laced, simple habits, so new and untried; he fondly remembered the delightful abandon days of his bachelorhood and lovingly pined for their return. He made up his mind that he could not live without them and they must return; he met them more than half way, and greeted them as restored treasures. He gave as his excuse, when he gave excuse at all that Josephine was utterly incapable of

doing the things which he had planned for her to do, that she could receive no mental training, and that the position which he gave her was higher than she ever could reach. All of which was not true.

The birth of a son, Eugene, brought about partial reconciliation; Josephine, in whom mother-love was so beautiful and so pronounced, was too happy in the holiness of her new responsibility to deplore other conditions which were not happy. But this joyful event, her tears and her pleading could not keep him from returning to the garrison.

From deep grieving, and days and nights of expectancy and waiting for a truant husband, she went into fits of morbid jealousy which were pitiful and sickening, lasting for months, and which finally wrecked her health. Nor was her jealousy without cause, and due cause, for unsolicited reports reached her every day of the unfaithfulness of her husband. A woman in Paris, a pretended friend, gave Bauharnais melancholy reports of his wife and her conduct, and he was aroused to great jealousy of the young mother whom he had left alone in dissolute, dangerous Paris.

After these reports reached him he stated, with great boast and anger, to M. Tascher, Josephine's father, that he would go to Paris and to Josephine's apartments and demand an account of her conduct in his absence; and this he did, notwithstanding the fact that the last mail had brought him news of the birth of a daughter, Hortense, born the tenth day of April, 1783.

Hortense Beauharnais came into the world under the saddest conditions, and the sad beginning followed on and on, affecting her life, which, though resplendent at times, was marked with heartaches and wounded pride.

Upon Beauharnais first visit to Josephine after the birth of their daughter, he demanded a divorce and instituted proceedings toward that end. It was customary in Paris at that time and under those conditions for ladies to retire to a convent; this Josephine did, sustained and encouraged by the sympathies of the Beauharnais family. The court decided to give Eugene to his father, Hortense to her mother, and a maintenance was adjudged to the mother and daughter. The court found "faults on both sides."

A creole mistress, who had caused every bit of this trouble, followed Beauharnais to Paris, and was now his only adherent, for his father, sisters and brothers rallied with attention and kindness to Josephine.

She longed for the quiet and tranquillity of the island plantation; she pined for her childhood associations, for her faithful old nurse Adee; she was homesick, and in response to this longing she went for a visit to the scenes of her childhood. Great demonstration was shown and a loving welcome accorded her by her family and the faithful slaves. During this visit Beauharnais suddenly, but not the less ardently, begged for reconciliation. Josephine was a type of the "clinging-vine" woman, and in spite of the harshness and trials of the last few years she clung, woman-like, to the first year of their married life when she thought herself happy. She desired, more than all else, that her husband and children should be together.

Her parents implored her to remain with them and not to give up a certainty for an uncertainty; in fact, they thought her ungrateful to them, for they wanted her to stay and had done much to

comfort and care for her. But go she did, and was lovingly, joyously received by Beauharnais, who now gave every evidence of love for her and their children. Josephine forgave him fully, completely; he was repentant, absolutely; it is God's law that we are forgiven of sin in the same degree that we repent and leave off sins.

The tumultuous revolution was on; Beauharnais was elected a deputy of the nobles, and at the time of the flight of the king, June 1791, he occupied the chief place in the nation, that of president of the assembly. During his presidency some of the most important matters of the assembly came up for settlement, his opinions were sought and considered, and he was highly regarded by his colleagues.

The "Committee of Safety," the revolutionary tribunal born of the execution of the king, controlled the lives and property of the people. Beauharnais, who later commanded the army of the Rhine, was greatly hampered by this committee and its commands, which did much dictating but furnished few men and little material for the war.

When the Girondin leaders were arrested by the Jacobins, Beauharnais, being a sympathizer, was "suspected." He hoped to win fame, the gratitude of his country, and to save his family from ruin, but hope, during the French revolution, took a long holiday. The "Terror" was soon upon all held in suspicion. Beauharnais, one of the countless victims of the ingratitude of the Republic, was arrested in January, 1794, and he and his wife placed in prison. At the time of their arrest Josephine showed fortitude, courage and a marked self-control.

Though the creole nature is considered indolent

and without energy and action, it can rise to heights sublime in heroism and sacrifice. Josephine exhibited true womanhood under this trial.

The chief accusation made against Beauharnais was that he was an aristocrat and bore a title. He defended himself boldly, made a strong defense for constitutional reform, confounded his accusers and refuted their accusations, but all to no purpose. He was condemned to death. He wrote a touching letter of farewell to Josephine, stating that the glory of dying the victim of tyrants, and the martyr of freedom, ennobled the scaffold.

He had grossly wronged his wife, but there is every evidence at the last that he loved her, and made reparation for his early folly and neglect. The four years preceding his death he gave provident care to his family, and spent his time, when not engaged in governmental affairs, with them, taking much pride in his children.

Josephine's imprisonment was in the Carmelite, and her cell mate was the celebrated Fontenay-Tallien, "Our Lady of Thermidor," the woman who later destroyed Robespierre. Josephine of course expected to be guillotined, so she cut off her beautiful hair, wrote letters, made her will and talked of her condition to her children. When the time came for her execution she was so ill that the physicians declared that she could only live a short time, and because of this declaration she escaped. She was a great favorite in the prison. Even under such gloomy surroundings her bright spirits cheered and brightened the hopeless inmates, and there was rejoicing when her life was spared. She recovered from a terrible nervous illness, and after the death of Robespierre she was released.

With her forgiving nature and characteristic

trait of forgetting a wrong, she now only remembered the kindness and thoughtfulness of her husband, and his death, which was truly heroic. She idealized him more and more until she began to worship his memory. She mourned sincerely in the privacy of her apartment, her manner and mourning bespeaking the gravity rather than the gloom of loss.

This ends the first tragedy of her life; she was a widow and a mother at thirty-one. She was admired by men and women—to her credit it should be stated she was generally admired by women—this tender-hearted, gentle and loving woman. She represented the ancient regime, and that was in her favor, for many of the people wanted the old ways to return.

Eugene Beauharnais was a very promising boy, and by his fine appearance and obedience to his mother attracted the attention of many of the people with whom he was thrown. Hortense, though yet a small girl, seemed to know much of the terrible days through which she had passed. Josephine, with two children, no home or money, and just out of prison, was given a home and social rescue by her devoted friend, Madame Tallien, and their salon soon became the center of an interesting social circle.

We are all, some time in our lives, given the opportunity to find out just who our friends are. We may rest for a time in the calm supposition of friendship and be bitterly, sadly mistaken, but at one time or another we are permitted to know who are our friends. It was given to Josephine Beauharnais the opportunity to locate hers, and Madame Tallien in a time of need came to her rescue. Loving attentions and courtesies when for-

tune is with us, homage when everybody else pays homage, and devotion when the world is devoted are only the shadow of friendships. Many so called friendships are controlled by the law of majorities and rise and fall with the majority.

When the revolutionary darkness had somewhat given way to light and attempts were being made to reorganize homes, mementoes, then as now, were collected and treasured. Josephine had attempted, without success, to recover her husband's sword, for she wanted to keep it for Eugene, whom she had taught to honor and love his father; she carefully kept from both children all that was not relative to the nobility of their father's character.

She sent Eugene to call upon the young officer, Bonaparte, to ask if he could restore the trophy, to plead that he, a soldier, would give a soldier's sword to a soldier's son.

Napoleon Bonaparte turned from his desk to greet a bright-faced boy who begged the return of his father's sword, and who explained in an earnest manner how his father had been executed, a martyr to constitutional liberty. As the boy told the story he became more and more interested, until, forgetting himself and his auditor, he threw his arms about the general's neck and begged for the trophy which seemed a living part of his father. Bonaparte was much touched by the request, the boy's manner and his understanding of the existing conditions. He gave orders that the sword should be immediately returned.

He carressed the boy and made inquiries into the cause and time of his father's death. A few days later his mother called to express her appreciation of the general's kindness and to tell him what a

hero he was in the eyes of her son. Bonaparte was deeply impressed with the first meeting, and in a very short time returned the call, though the occasion in no way required it. He made calls at short intervals until the acquaintance ripened into a very interesting friendship. Josephine had no motive in calling upon him save that of expressing her gratitude, and nothing was further from her thoughts than ensnaring the affections of the Italian officer.

Bonaparte some months before this had been in love with Eugenie Desiree Clary, a sister of Madame Joseph Bonaparte. Her father, an influential and prosperous merchant, violently opposed the marriage, explaining that he was unwilling for his accomplished daughter to marry an obscure officer of the artillery. Joseph Bonaparte had given him much trouble, being by no means a success in business or otherwise, and he in all probability thought that one Bonaparte was enough in the family. Eugenie seemed for years to cherish an affection for Bonaparte, and was greatly distressed when her father forbade the marriage. Bonaparte never ceased to feel an interest in her and to favor her when possible; long afterwards she married Bernadotte, whom Bonaparte did not like, but whom he advanced, and who at last became king of Sweden.

No amount of protest from any source could keep this man from remembering and favoring those for whom he cherished regard, and no amount of reason, evidence or fact could induce him to favor those who had been his enemies or whom he did not fancy.

Barras, one of the five directors who was ruling France, was a great friend and admirer of Bona-

parte. He said he liked the young man because he looked like Marat; and Barras greatly encouraged the growing interest between Bonaparte and Josephine, telling Josephine that if she would marry the general he should be made the commander of the Austrians in Italy. Madame Tallien also approved it, and when the general would show the slightest signs of indifference, madame would go after him and bring him back.

Tallien read his character. She knew him to be a wild egotist, but she felt there was nothing too magnificent for him to attempt, even unto establishing an empire in Asia. The royalists called Bonaparte "Vendemiairi," after the month in which the riots were suppressed, and when Josephine went to the convent to tell Hortense of her decision in regard to marrying him, she told her that "Vendemiairi" was to be her father, at which announcement Hortense burst into tears.

Bonaparte's lovemaking was ingenuous; it was arduous, impressive and persistent; Josephine realized the disparity in their years and feared that she could not hold in thrall the affections of one so young and ambitious. She had a premonition that she could not, but in the end she yielded to his dominant magnetic persuasion. Josephine had no talent herself, but she had a genius for discovering talent in others, and so she married him, remembering the prediction of the Martinique prophetess and firmly believing that this was the man with whom she was to link her destiny. Some of her friends begged her not to marry him, stating that all advancement and advantage in the marriage lay with the general and not with her.

On the ninth day of March, 1796, after the manner of the revolutionary times, by appearing

before the civil magistrate, in the district where the bride resided, the marriage was consummated. Madame Tallien and Barras were both present. In the certificate Josephine signed her maiden name and her age as only one year more than Bonaparte's, when really she was six years older. Had this been discovered the marriage might have been annulled. The first twelve days were spent in the little home on the Rue Chauterine, at the end of which the general left his bride to hurry to Italy, to win the glory and honor which awaited him there.

Josephine admired her husband. She enjoyed his triumphs and took a certain pride in "possessing him," but as for giving him pure love out of an overflowing heart she did not do it; it was years afterwards, when she realized that she was losing him, that she began to love him.

One way to hold a man's affections, it would seem, is to care nothing about him; when the woman begins to care and to be concerned, right then his dream seems to be an awakening, and he no longer cares. Some natures seem to rise to the topmost round of affection when sustained by indifference. So long as Josephine seemed not to care one way or the other for Bonaparte, just so long he seemed to adore her. When she became alive to the greatness of his love he had ceased to love her.

It is often when we seem not to care for blessing and happiness that they come to us, when we woo happiness and beg her to come she is willful and delights in remaining just out of reach. This quality of heart, inconsistent and unfortunate as it may seem, is the way with some women.

Josephine loved everybody, which, I suppose, is only another way of saying that she loved nobody.

People who love "generally" as a rule do not love "particularly"; on the theory that there is just so much love or ability to love in us, and if that is broadly distributed there is little given to each one receiving a part. She was a universal favorite and a center around which many charming, even brilliant, people radiated; she captivated everybody and in one way or another everybody remembered her and made some striking comment upon her, and this delighted Bonaparte.

Everybody knew her life story, which was unusual and appealing; her domestic life, her husband's tragic death, her helplessness and dependence, and most of all her endurance, patience and courage drew unto her sympathy and admiration.

Josephine improved constantly; she studied herself, her powers, her limitations, and found out what she could do; she studied others, their powers and limitations, and found out what they could do. Her great popularity lay not only in her kindness and consideration for those immediately around her, but in her solicitude and thought for those not in her circle, for those less fortunate than herself—those with whom notice and kindness bore weight, and who always remember; those in one's own circle seem, sometimes, to forget. Benevolence, sympathy and a love for humanity were a part of every act of her life, and it was not in her to be a bigot or an autocrat.

She never lost a friend, because she never forgot a friend; if fault is to be found with her manner, she overdid everything, was too effusive and bestowed compliment and favor unnecessarily; she was affable and indulgent, and drew no lines of difference or distinction in the manner in which she treated people.

She grew intimate with the artifices of society, learned to be quick in deciding what to say or do, and her beautiful quality of heart, which had marked her since childhood, of never allowing cruel thoughts to remain in her mind, of forgetting a wrong, was, it seems to me, in itself sufficient to make her lovable.

She was a womanly combination of natural kindness and natural grace. Without being absolutely pretty her features were clear and delicate and her expression sweet and frank; hers was an open countenance, and there were no frowns or smirks, always smiles. She wore her clothes well, thereby enhancing the elegance of everything she wore, and she was always gowned in exquisite taste. She was neat, and gave great care to the details of her dress; there is nothing more to the shame of woman than handsome garments worn untidily. Josephine's hair was always in becoming dress, her hands and feet indicated daintiness, and her perfumes were the delicate sandalwood odors rather than the expensive coarse perfumes used then in Paris.

What man does not admire a neat woman? It will appeal to him and attract him in spite of everything; and when will so-called "smart" women begin to realize that neatness, simple, unaffected neatness, and not jewels, lace, fine feathers, furbelows, paint and powder proclaim the dress of the well born lady?

No, Josephine did not love Bonaparte when she married him, but he was so absorbed in his affection for her that he did not realize it. She knew how to inspire love without loving in return. The Austrians thought that Bonaparte's great infatuation for Josephine made him invincible in war.

When he had taken Milan he established a court, after the order of Frederick the Great, whom he delighted to copy. He sent for Josephine to join him and she did so, reluctantly, leaving Paris weeping. Many of her lovers followed her, whom Bonaparte dismissed without taking their lives or their liberty. When he left her as regent he begged her to be less lovely, less tender and not to cry, for her tears crazed and maddened him. Milan loved her, and Bonaparte loved her furiously, lion-like, selfishly and jealously.

He wrote her three times a day, and in loving words told her that he only went away to fight that he might return victoriously to her. That to live for her was his life, and that he hated the broad expanse of territory between them. His letters, though abrupt, were such that any woman might have prized, for they were filled with a deep and fervent love, and not mere amours. They were poorly written, poorly spelled and always blotted. He sent frequent telegrams to her; when her letters failed to reach him as promptly as he thought they should, he would inquire into the state of her health and beg her to come to him.

He sent messengers to her to inquire after her condition and that of her children, and he seemed constantly to think of her and to worry about her. The more he loved her, the more victories he seemed to have; the soldiers discovered this and it drew them unto her with magnetic force.

Josephine, with all of this, seemed but moderately touched; she was pleased and gratified, perhaps bewildered, by a love which she could not understand, and which swept her away with its force, but she loved very little.

The Paris people called Josephine "Our Lady of the Victories," for they believed that she was the talisman. Bonaparte constantly kept about his person a miniature of her, which he regarded as his charm, and refused to go into battle without it. When the gold circle which inclosed it was broken by accident he regarded it as an ill omen, saying, "My wife is ill or she is unfaithful," and not until he had received assurance of her health and safety was his uneasiness quieted. For the time Bonaparte was consumed with this love; that it finally came to an end, and he was no longer swayed by it, is a matter of course; but it lasted a good long time for such a love and such a man.

After the treaty of Campo Formio Bonaparte left Josephine at Milan while he returned to Paris. The great expedition to the Pyramids was undertaken, and while in Egypt Bonaparte lived openly with a beautiful Italian girl; for the time Paris lost sight of him; his brothers were doing everything they could to make life miserable for Josephine; they watched her, found fault with her and reported all that she did to their brother. Bonaparte's mother was never in favor of the marriage with Josephine, but she said little about it and was not the cause of the family feuds on the subject; it was the brothers who never tired of doing and saying disagreeable things.

It was during this campaign in Egypt that Josephine was so mercilessly criticised by her rivals, the other women less attractive and powerful than she was, and by her brothers-in-law. She was unsteady and thoughtless, committing many unnecessary imprudences, but the maledictions which some visited upon her were the most fearful that could have been occasioned by the vilest acts of unfaithfulness.

She attracted many of the generals and other dignitaries attached to her husband, and was constantly visited in her husband's absence, ofttimes holding levees and continuous receptions.

She had an open rupture with her husband for entertaining visitors whom he had forbidden her to see. In a spasm of rage he sent her from his presence and vowed that she should never return. He was notoriously jealous and suspicious by nature, and he was moody. Sometimes he would take offense at a trifle, sometimes a cause for offense would seemingly pass unnoticed. Nobody is going to be good who is watched and constantly suspected. The worst that is in us develops when we are convinced that nobody believes in us; on the other hand, a really bad person has been made strong and good by the realization that somebody believes he is true and steady and capable of the best things.

After Bonaparte became First Consul the little home which had been the scene of the first days of his wedded life was considered too small, and he and Josephine moved into the Luxemburg palace. It was here that Josephine began the feats of extravagance for which she has no peer; she spent money and indulged herself in jewels, laces and fine robes to the "extent of a miracle." She changed her toilettes three and four times during the day and was childishly fond of dress, decoration, jewels and rouge. Bonaparte took great pride in her dress and was severely critical at times, but the great expenditures made him storm, and the most protracted scenes of their domestic life were over her extravagances, which became a subject of national discussion.

When Bonaparte made peace with the church

after the battle of Marengo, he, with Josephine, appeared at Notre Dame to receive equal homage from the people, who looked upon him as a kind of magician or superhuman prophet. Upon the occasion of the crowning as emperor and empress, the second day of December, 1804, all that luxury and extravagance could suggest was in evidence, and all former similar occasions paled before the grandeur of the toilettes of the royal family.

The empress was a glitter of diamonds, her gown, of the "empress" design, of white satin, was embroidered in silver and gold, her girdle of jewels and her waist held with the finest lace that could be procured from the lace makers. But it was the artless simplicity with which she wore these superb gems that attracted the attention; hers was grace and true elegance. At the coronation, the mother of the emperor, whom he lost no opportunity to remember and honor, was seated in the royal suite and the sisters, holding the train of the empress, showed very plainly their ugly feeling and general dislike for their brother's wife. Excepting Pauline, queen of Naples, the royal sisters cared little for the empress, and gave her all the trouble and annoyance possible.

The coronation brought on more and more expenditures. Josephine was robbed right and left, and Bonaparte, who by nature was an economist, had absolutely no patience with her, and kept her in tears and distress. Sometimes after a "scene" he would apparently forgive her and pay her debts; sometimes he would have her accounts examined and refuse to pay until she would become ill from grief, or his accountant would plead for the amounts due. It would appear that he delighted in being begged and urged.

"Malmaison" is the home which is most intimately associated with Josephine, and here she entertained all of the distinguished people of Europe. She divided her time between Malmaison and the Tuileries.

Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of Josephine, married the emperor's brother, Louis Bonaparte. It was anything but a happy marriage. Louis had loved, for years, Emily Beauharnais, niece by marriage of Josephine, and she had very suddenly married the postmaster general, which fact greatly incensed Louis. Hortense had been betrothed to General Duroc, an aid-de-camp to the emperor, to whom she was deeply attached. His worthiness or unworthiness concerned her very little, she only knew that she loved him, and she heeded not the opposition of her mother and step-father. But the emperor and Josephine had a cherished plan, and that was that Louis should marry Hortense. Josephine was especially anxious for this marriage, for she knew that Bonaparte would willingly leave his throne to the heirs of the young couple, and she felt that this would remove all danger of divorce, which was just now pending. Bonaparte was attached to Hortense and Louis was his adopted son and brother.

Louis vowed that he would not marry her, and Hortense, with tears, declared that she loved General Duroc; at last, in the excitement of a ball, a reluctant consent was wrung from Louis, and Hortense was persuaded to be a dutiful daughter and to show her love for her mother by obeying her; but a more unhappy marriage never, never took place.

Louis responded to the duty to his brother and Hortense to the duty to her mother, and two lives

were offered on the matrimonial sacrificial altar. Neither remembered that the great and holy duty was the one which they owed to each other, and could only be observed by absolutely refusing to enter such a relation; the story is sad enough; duty and marriage should bear no relation until after the consummation of marriage; a marriage should be the result of free, uninfluenced choice, never of duty.

Often, when a man will marry one woman, still retaining regard and affection for another, though years may pass, he will find out that the woman who becomes his wife has done exactly what he has done. That is, married him for reasons other than love, when she had been deprived of her woman's holy love in the beginning.

The death of the oldest son of Louis and Hortense brought great sorrow to both Bonaparte and Josephine, for it was a severe blow to the plans of the succession. Bonaparte began to prey upon the thought that he would have no successor; he became more embittered and morose, remaining much alone. He wanted his glory and greatness to live in the flesh after his removal from earth; the throne of France must be occupied by his line, his dynasty—and this was his thought, his supreme purpose and his plan. The thought continued in its intensity and it took a form of action, and with deliberation he carried it out. He must be divorced, he must wed another, he must have an heir!

The chief cause for this decision was his vanity in desiring the perpetuation of his name, but it was easy to gather other good reasons, and these were the dislike borne to Josephine by his family, her willingness to spend all of the money in France,

her tremendous jealousy of him when he was in company with some favorite, and the doubt which he entertained of her faithfulness. The divorce was treated as a state affair, and Josephine was constantly watched by government spies, who reported her every act to her husband. She went with him to Strasburg and there remained during his absence in Vienna in 1809.

After the Austrian victories, Josephine knew she must give him up, for even then he was planning the alliance with the "daughter of the Holy Roman Emperors."

It is experience and not time that makes wrinkles, and Josephine was fading some. When Bonaparte returned from the Tuileries he announced the plans, now nearly perfected, for the divorce. Josephine heard him with deep anguish, tears, sighs and kisses, finally fainting in her chair, and the scene is one of the very dramatic ones in the lives of these two very dramatic people. The act of separation was read to the assembled Bonaparte family, on the sixteenth day of December, 1809.

Josephine signed her abdication, but was unable to read it, and Eugene, who had stood near his stepfather, fainted when he had passed from the royal presence. It was a trying time to Josephine, and Bonaparte seemed to suffer somewhat, but he was led on by the ambition and desire for his own advancement, which never deserted him. He settled a handsome annuity upon her, and his treatment of her now was gentle, tender, even grateful.

He married the simple, frivolous, unlovable Marie Louise, archduchess of Austria. She was kept a veritable prisoner until after the birth of

her son, and she tried very hard to keep Bonaparte away from Malmaison, which was still the home of Josephine; but this she could not do, for Bonaparte went there often, and later took his infant son, the little king of Rome, to visit Josephine. Marie Louise was cold and phlegmatic and would not allow the name of Josephine mentioned in her presence.

The little king of Rome never lived to reign or rule, but his unhappy existence was spent in exile. The Austrian emperor, his grandfather, called him the Duc de Reichstadt, but the Bonaparte family called him Napoleon II. The only person who ever showed any kindness or tenderness to this prince during his short, sad life was the Princess Sophia of Bavaria, the young wife of his cousin Francis. She became the mother of the ill-fated Maximilian, emperor of Mexico, who, in 1867, was shot at Queretaro, Mexico.

It was Josephine and not Marie Louise who was anxious, and who watched reports all during the Russian campaign, for Josephine believed that Bonaparte's successes were over. She forgave him freely, gladly, for all that he had done; she was frail herself, and therefore possessed the power or gift to excuse many things. During the years of her divorced life she was the honored of kings from all over Europe, and seemed, as much as ever before, to have the admiration and love of the people.

After the Austrian alliance no more victories for Bonaparte; after the removal of Josephine no more happiness; without the talisman, the charm, the "star," no longer a charmed existence. The rest is sad—but saddest for him, the great Bonaparte.

Elba, Waterloo and St. Helena are the gloomy dark sequels, one succeeding the other in rapid succession. Josephine wrote him at Elba that she would go to him if Marie Louise deserted him. The archduchess was unfaithful and unfeeling and seemed to care little for his humiliations.

Josephine died, in the arms of her beloved son and daughter, the twenty-ninth day of May, 1814. She was followed to her grave by thousands of the poor, who blessed her name, and who had received her loving charities. This attention speaks volumes.

Upon his return from Elba Bonaparte visited all of the familiar scenes of Malmaison, and with Hortense went to the little grave in the ancient church of Rueil. At this tomb he mused upon his vanished greatness, and shed tears of penitence and remorse.

Bonaparte's original intention for his dynasty was carried out. A son of Louis and Hortense and a grandson of Josephine in the person of Napoleon III reigned as Emperor of France.

Josephine could forgive him and at the last she loved him. She awoke too late to a realization of the depth and character of his love, and she never understood it. She was accustomed to homage, and never took it seriously, but Bonaparte took everything and everybody seriously, and himself most seriously of all. He demanded love and allegiance; she could give only affection, and could not rise to a passion superlative in its intensity.

Though radiant at times, few women have lived more parts and endured more changes. Whether she was absolutely culpable, or whether her sins "were the appearance of evil," is a subject for innumerable controverists. But she was loved and

trusted by thousands; she was thoughtful and great-hearted, and to the years spent with her are accorded the glory of Wagram and Austerlitz, the magnificence of Empire, and the rising to a world power of the great Napoleon I; to the years spent after her removal are accorded Waterloo and St. Helena—desolate, lonely and solitary.

To be greatest in adversity, disappointments, and when things seem to go entirely wrong, is a quality which belongs to the truly great.

To be able to remain one's real self, to retain a cheerful attitude toward life, even though reverses undreamed of o'ertake one, shows a nature that is strong, well fortified and capable of receiving and appreciating prosperity.

There are the fewest people who can endure prosperity. We can endure poverty and privation and some of us battle bravely, but the real test of character is good fortune and an abundance of worldly goods. Some of us weaken under it, and it requires a touch of former struggles and taunts to bring us to the point of realizing how and where we are.

There are again some few natures so sanguine and so determined to be satisfied, that so nearly rise to the occasion as to be really convinced that the thing which they wanted and did not receive would have been a calamity had they received it; they bring themselves to the point of "being glad whatever happens."

There is one thing which certainly brings out boldly the characters of men and women, and that thing is authority or the power of direction. There are men and women to whom authority comes naturally, who are born leaders, and wherever they are placed and whatever they may do, sooner or later they come unto their own and direct, by their superior judgment, some great

moral or social movement, enterprise or governmental affair.

There are other men and women who follow well in the ranks, but who can not hold even a lesser seat of the mighty without at once becoming a dictator, even a tyrant. They rise so far above their former contemporaries as to look down upon them with disdain, and authority becomes to them a battle ax and a "thou shalt exalt and honor me." This endures only so long as it requires to find the right man for the place of honor. The true spirit of leadership, authority and executive control is "he that is greatest among you should be servant to all."

The empress-queen, Maria Theresa, was a bright and never fading light to her people in adversity; she was their friend and wise counselor in time of prosperity, and her authority and control of them lay in her willingness to love, consider and sympathize with them.

Maria Theresa was not the peer of Elizabeth of England or Catherine of Russia in far-seeing sovereignty or statesmanship, but in qualities of the heart she was far superior to either.

Maria Theresa's was a tottering, even a sinking throne, and it is a question if Elizabeth's sagacity and diplomacy or Catherine's dictatorial heartless ruling could have accomplished as much as did Maria Theresa's feminine virtues, sweet spirit and remarkable fortitude. The character of this woman was absolutely preserved from coquetry; there was no deception in her pleasantry, and no affectation. She was devoted, near the point of fanaticism, to her church, and from the beginning she realized the dignity of her royal station.

Her powers of fascination she knew and she

used, but not to gain lovers, or idle admiration, but to bring within her reach and power to control, all of her refractory subjects.

The propriety of her sex from her girlhood seemed impressed upon her, and among her sweetest and most valuable attributes of heart was her forgiving spirit; this piloted her over many a difficult condition which otherwise would have been lost to her.

She yielded often to the tenderness of her heart, and though she could be aroused to a display of temper, it was seldom; the little narrowness and bigoted prejudice which was inherited showed only occasionally, and gave a thoughtful, serious side to her character in charming contrast with the natural vivacity of her disposition. Self-will, good-intentions, good impulses and plenty of ambition characterized her from the beginning of her reign. Her ambition did not control her policies until near the middle of her reign, when she attempted and accomplished great reforms and manifold improvements.

Maria Theresa, archduchess of Austria, queen of Hungary and Bohemia and empress of Germany, born in 1717, was the eldest daughter of Charles VI of Austria, emperor of Germany. The will of Charles, known as the Pragmatic Sanction, regulated the order of succession in the house of Austria, and it declared that in default of male issue, Maria Theresa, and her children after her, should rule the dominions of Austria.

Many of the powers of Europe agreed to the sanction, including the German princes, but the Bourbons refused to guarantee it. In 1736 Maria Theresa married Francis of Loraine, who became grand duke of Tuscany. Upon the death of

Charles VI, in 1740, the powers of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, France, Spain and Sardinia agreed to the dismemberment of the Austrian kingdom, and each laid claim to a portion of it.

Maria Theresa went immediately to Vienna and took possession of Austria, Bohemia and her other German states. She took the oaths to the constitution of Hungary and was proclaimed queen with powerful solemnity in 1741. She refused to give up Silesia to Frederic of Prussia, and he invaded her provinces. The elector of Bavaria, assisted by the French, also invaded Austria.

Maria Theresa invoked the Hungarian diet and appeared before them with her infant son in her arms. Her appeal to their royality and patriotism was powerful. She used every power, every force at her command, and this, combined with her genuine love for her people, aroused the Hungarians and drove out the French and the Bavarians.

She had a good opportunity to bring to her side her people and to put them in a position to serve her. She made the most of this opportunity. Cleopatra did not appreciate a picturesque environment more or know the value of a smile better than did this beautiful queen.

At the time of the accession of Maria Theresa the councils and law makers of Austria were imbecilic, a load for her to carry, and they interfered with and refused to advance her plans or purposes. There was just one subject upon which they were agreed, and that was their jealousy of the imperial husband, Francis, duke of Lorraine. They considered him a cipher and a foreigner, and lent every effort to ignore and mortify him.

The most contradictory page in the life of this great woman, and it goes far to prove that the

stronger the heart and deeper the affection of a woman the more fertile is her opportunity for matrimonial error, is the ardent love which she gave to her husband. It is so little in keeping with her excellent judgment and properly bestowed affections along other lines that she should have really loved an unworthy, incapable man. She did not pretend to love him or to live a sham or feigned affection; she truly, *devotedly* loved him, and he was not near her standard in excellence and far from being faithful.

The law of contrast applies as much to marriage as to any other of nature's plans.

From the study of her character we are convinced that Maria Theresa loved Francis, though she was conscious of his illiteracy, weakness, love for pleasure and general lack of business aptitude. If he had been an ambitious man, even a far-seeing man, he could have obtained that influence over her mind that a man of sense can always exercise over a tender, affectionate woman. Instead of that he was humbled by her superior rank, what he considered her majestic mind, and he made no attempt to control or even guide her and was satisfied to possess that part of her love and time which she chose to give him.

He submitted without a struggle to the supremacy of his wife, and apparently sought opportunities to make a display of his own insignificance as compared with her might and power. His manners and behavior were simple, even silly, and his attentions and intentions often strayed, and strayed far, from his legitimate sovereign. Of this his wife never complained, never censured, and after his death she paid enormous sums in favor of various maids of honor and ladies of the court who

were amours of Francis. Remarkable femininity! Superb contradiction!

The contradiction in her character lies in the fact of her loving a humble, slavish man who made no effort to control her. It is not always pleasant to have a husband exercise this superior attitude, but a wife must know that he can do it, and might, almost any time, exercise his prerogative.

I know women who have never married, not because eligible offers have not been made to them, but because their shrewishness has never been conquered. Many of the fair sex come in the category of

> "The woman, the dog and the walnut tree,
> The more you beat 'em the better they be."

But this is wandering from Maria Theresa.

It was the fond wish of her heart that Francis should be made emperor. This was the most difficult piece of diplomatic work which she set herself to accomplish, because nobody wanted him. She finally won, however, by persuading her councilors, who so believed in her and loved her, and after a number of futile attempts Francis was elected emperor. He was laughed at, made ridiculous and his open unfaithfulness criticised and exposed in every place and in every manner. Nobody but the empress paid any attention to him.

The long war of the Austrian succession, so bloody and extensive, devastating miles of valuable territory, threatened the very existence of the house of Austria. Every sovereign in Europe grew tired of it and longed for hostilities to cease, except Maria Theresa. She finally triumphed, due to the broad-minded policy which she exercised, the devotion of her subjects and the strong support of

Great Britain. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which terminated in 1748, one of the important events of the eighteenth century, gave Silesia to Prussia.

In 1756 occurred the Seven Years War between France and Austria, Russia, Sweden and Denmark, and afterward Spain, on one side and Prussia assisted by Great Britain and Hanover on the other, at the end of which the boundaries of Austria and Prussia remained the same. Great Britain had been a friend to Maria Theresa, and the immediate cause of this war was the coalition with France, into which Maria Theresa entered against her tried and true friend—Great Britain.

The means seemed worthy of the end in view, but the ingratitude is to be regretted; for she made a deep and unfavorable impression upon not only Europe, but her own people, her court and her family. Without the aid of Great Britain she would certainly have been crushed in former wars.

This was an act of duplicity which shows dark lines in the character of a woman otherwise estimable; it made discord, confusion and shook the confidence of those who had implicitly believed in her. For a time at least Maria Theresa and her people suffered under the just criticism of her contemporary sovereigns.

Another time Maria Theresa departed from her well-established standard of excellence, and that was when she took a part in the dismemberment of Poland. She did it reluctantly, it is true, but she did it, and without her assistance the inhuman, cruel work could probably not have been accomplished. This, without argument, is a reproach upon her character.

The improvements which she brought about

were enduring and original in their nature; she was untiring in her attempts to build up her own government and her own people.

She conceived the idea of civilizing the gypsies in Hungary and Bohemia, and persevered in it, under many difficulties, for years. She seemed fascinated with this work and would endanger herself many times to investigate and study the gypsy nature and to visit their lonely, secluded haunts. She at last was forced to abandon it, for neither kindness, gifts, nor punishments could control the careless freedom in these lawless, untamed vagrants or bring them within the bonds of civilization. She abandoned this work with regret, for her country was rapidly filling up with these quaint picturesque outcasts, but the gypsy heart beats in accord with the wide, wide world, and severity nor mildness, shelter nor government, can bind their untrammeled souls.

Maria Theresa herself, and not her councils, emanated all changes and reforms in laws, and these changes were benevolently and lovingly planned along lines of good to all of her people. She studied and investigated improvements in agriculture and methods of employing her people in agricultural pursuits; she thought out the best means of providing for her poor, whose number seemed to increase rather than diminish, and it was an intricate problem to dispose of.

Maria Theresa has been censured for the neglect of her marital duties—and candor compels the statement that in some instances at least she seemed to lack the motherly instinct and tenderness. She was the mother of sixteen children, all born within twenty years.

Her children were brought up in extreme sim-

plicity, their training and education left entirely to teachers and tutors. Sometimes it would be weeks that she would not visit her nursery, and then she would only go in case of illness. However, when her little ones were sick she could not be persuaded to leave them for any cause. Her family physician reported to her every day as to the health of her family.

She was fond of appearing in public with her numerous family, by sitting at the head of a long table, or by having her sons and daughters grouped around her; and there are a number of old paintings in existence showing the empress with her infant in arms and little dukes and archduchesses all around her, but the sovereign was so absorbed in state affairs that the mother heart was not permitted to glow and broaden.

Her love for her children is shown more nearly when they were taken from her; at the time of death she was sincerely grieved and remorse for her self-absorption wrung her heart.

Josepha, the second daughter, had a tragic death and from this terrible sorrow the mother never recovered. It was upon the eve of the marriage of Josepha to the king of Naples, and her mother, with religious fanaticism, compelled the girl to pay her devotions for the last time at her father's tomb.

Josepha pleaded and begged, with a seeming premonition of death, but with her usual persistence Maria Theresa compelled her to go.

Josepha took her little sister, Marie Antoinette, in her arms and kissed her, telling her that she would never see her again, and went, at the unrelenting imperial command, into the damp, musty royal vault. It was dark, gloomy, and a few weeks before a body had been placed there, the victim of

smallpox. Josepha was taken with a chill, followed by the infectious disease, and died in a few days.

Maria Theresa's eldest son, Joseph, succeeded Francis his father, as emperor of Germany, and Leopold became grand duke of Tuscany. Ferdinand, who married the duchess of Modena, became duke in the right of his wife. Maximilian, the youngest son, became elector of Cologne.

The daughters of Maria Theresa were attractive and interesting women; not strong in conviction of principle of right as was their mother, not intensely religious and their education, having been left entirely to teachers who had selfish aims, was superficial; but the daughters were charming women, nevertheless, and their lives were associated with the history sad and glad which befits the line of emperors.

The Archduchess Christina seemed to have the greatest hold on the mother's affections, and in many ways was favored by her mother. She had some natural gift for diplomatic affairs and found a place of usefulness in her mother's councils. The Archduchess Amelia was considered the most beautiful. Joanna died when a small girl.

Marie Antoinette, whose marriage to the dauphin of France in 1770 sealed the old-time enmity between the house of Hapsburg and the Bourbons, was a lovely child, kept in such seclusion and retirement all during her girlhood that when opportunity for freedom and enjoyment were given to her she imprudently quickened it into frivolity and giddiness, and innocent though she certainly was, she brought upon herself criticism, even bold censure and suspicion, from those not nearly so good and free from sin as was she. She was spared

no hate or malediction, and her sins were only the appearance of evil.

Perhaps in this child the great empress reaped the bitter fruit of neglect of her marital duties, for after she became the queen of France Marie Antoinette tried, and tried hard, to improve her mind and make amends for an idle youth.

Marie Louise, second wife of Napoleon I, was the granddaughter of Maria Theresa.

If pure, radiant, unswerving love for a man, and a trifling one, is a virtue, Maria Theresa is a saint in heaven. Her devotion to Francis' memory seemed none the less perfect than her devotion to him during their married life. After his death she gave up forever court honors and all phases of court life. She draped the interior of her private apartments with crepe, and they so remained until her death in 1780. She dressed in black and required it of her servants and attendants.

If she failed as an adoring mother, she certainly excelled as a wife, for toleration, blindness to weakness and frailty, and constancy were her virtues.

She kept up numerous charities, public and private, and at her death left in the hands of her son an amount to be expended annually on her chosen poor. She had weaknesses, surely, but they were human weaknesses, and inspired from her peculiar type and temperament.

Her inheritance from our great mother, Nature, was one which makes woman beloved—a tender, feeling heart and a warm responsive sympathy for those in sorrow. She received happiness from her married life and was blessed with a numerous family. Her people loved her and the world admired her, even though it recognized the humanity in her ruling and in her bestowal of favors.

She could rise to the heights of prosperity and not be spoiled or narrowed, and it takes a level head to endure prosperity. Amiable, loving woman! Entirely feminine; heart mightier than brain, affection greater than reason. Glory to her memory!

CATHERINE II.—ALEXIEONA

Ambition is of many kinds; all normal people have a certain amount of it; a few have it in excess, when all else must bow to it; it is only occasionally that we find a man or woman who seems not to have one particle, but who, in passivity, lives along from day to day with no thought, energy or desire to accomplish a purpose. Sometimes ambition is the love of power combined with the love of praise. When the basic principle of a character is selfishness, then the ambition is selfish, beginning and ending with self; it then becomes the meanest, narrowest passion that can possess the human mind. When ambition, though perhaps partaking of an element of self, is based upon a desire to do good, when it is guided by a generous principle, then it is a stay and a support to a strong character.

It is a quality in some of us to do our best work when we are to a degree at least self-interested; but the noblest and strongest work is done through unselfishness and a desire to help others. Perhaps the very lowest motive by which a woman can be actuated is the love of praise and the seeking for approval. When a woman is inflated with self-will, determination and belief in herself there is practically nothing which she will not attempt.

She will undertake all that she resolves upon, but she does not always complete what she undertakes. She will go very fast, have little patience, little grace of heart, and she will lack reason and calculation. When it is all over she can look back to realize how little of worth has been done, and upon how feeble and unstable a foundation her ambitions

and desires have rested. The impression which will remain with her will be of tremendous beginnings and feeble endings.

These thoughts apply in the main to a queen whom we chronicle as "a great one," Catherine II, of Russia. "A colossus of brass upon a pedestal of clay" is the appellation which has been appropriately applied to this ruler. She was not altogether bad, though pretty nearly so, and her reign teems with events of national interest.

Four despotic female sovereigns ruled Russia prior to Catherine's reign. Catherine I, Anne, the regent Anne for Ivan, and Elizabeth. Catherine I was the widow of Peter the Great, and before her time women in Russia were considered as an inferior order of being. When the census rolls were taken the men, but not the women, were counted as "souls."

Women were never seen upon formal occasions and were not permitted to dine with their husbands. They did hard labor and were punished for disobedience or neglect of duty. Their place in the Russian life was not as that of the Turkish lady, entirely secluded; the Russian husband treated his wife much as did the American Indian treat his squaw. Peter the Great resorted to the point of war to make the people realize their condition and to teach them the habits of civilization. But they were very reluctant to give up their barbarity, cared little for exchanges with the outer world and progress was unheard of to them.

When Catherine II ascended the throne and ruled with her dominant, stubborn, heartless will the dominions of Russia, many European customs and improvements had been introduced into the "North." Hers was not a pioneer struggle, as was

Peter the Great's; she builded upon his work, improved upon it perhaps, but the credit of the formulative time in Russia, the creative period and the fearless bending of barbarity and savagery to civilization, is due wholly to the courage and patriotism of Peter the Great.

Catherine was far more sovereign than woman, and her love for glory and desire to lead others did bring about some good results. She did not commit "unnecessary" offenses, but had good sense enough to see that the appearance of benevolence would strengthen her with her own people and bring about the respect of other nations. She made substantial all departments of her government, in order that the attention of the inquiring world might be drawn from her manner of possessing herself of the crown.

She had absolutely no right to the throne by heritage, descent or consent of the people, and her licentiousness of character is absolutely without parallel in the history of women. No monarch ever ruled who more nearly lived up to the words, "The end justifies the means." Her character was of unscrupulous cunning, which, withal, possessed a certain charm and influence, and she performed admirably every external function of royalty.

Catherine II was born in Prussia in 1729, and her biographers show her to have been ambitious, bold, quick-witted, diplomatic, entirely selfish, very handsome and fond of all sports and gayeties. She had blue eyes, which were small, expressive and saw everything. She had admirable presence of mind, which seemed to increase when dangerous situations confronted her. She had a certain dignity, or rather a self-assurance, and a quick insight and understanding of the frailties of human nature.

She could invariably detect falsehood; this was only equaled by her own ability to tell that which was false, and she could draw unto herself the services of others in the particular capacity where their services were needed. In her many intrigues and conspiracies she was assisted by those adept and experienced in the fine points of diplomatic deception and dishonor.

She had a way of drawing unto herself by some peculiar fascination all her own, those who were talented and lettered, philosophers and teachers, even preachers. She could command whom she wanted, and she was never at a loss for an assistant or an accomplice. She used the women of her court in every conceivable way to accomplish her purposes, demanding of them dishonor, unfaithfulness to their homes and any form of corruption which might suit her caprice. She demanded marriage or divorce as occasion required.

Her marriage to Peter III was ill-assorted, ill-mated and very unhappy. Charles Frederick, duke of Holstein Gottorp, was the nephew of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, and she had chosen him to be her successor. In adopting the Greek church, the church of the Russians, he took the name of Peter, afterwards Peter III. Peter was irresolute, wavering, undetermined and greatly Catherine's inferior in executive skill and management. The marriage was in no way congenial. It is a question if Catherine could have made a congenial wife to any man—she certainly did not show any anxiety in making herself lovable to Peter.

She made no attempt to assist or direct her husband with her superior talents and intellect, but seemed to take a delight in discovering his weak-

nesses and the frailties which grew out of his outbursts of temper. She never trusted him or considered his opinions or desires.

Saltikoff, chamberlain to the grand duke, first gained her favor and affection, and so open was the intrigue and so bold and outrageous Catherine's deportment that Elizabeth, the empress, was forced to take notice of it. Saltikoff was sent to Hamburg as plenipotentiary from Russia. Poniatowski, later king of Poland, succeeded the chamberlain in the affections of the grand duchess. The scandal became so disgraceful and public that Elizabeth was again advised to interfere. As old as Elizabeth was, under the diabolical influence of Catherine, instead of correcting Catherine she became a culprit herself.

Though forbidden to see Poniatowski and jealously watched by Peter, Catherine, with the aid of her court, contrived to see her lover whenever it suited her. They met in disguise, walked through the garden and even went into Peter's presence. When at Elizabeth's death Catherine ascended the throne, Peter considered repudiating her and marrying his mistress, but Catherine was not to be outdone, so she anticipated and defeated him by a bolder movement. Peter spent much time shut up with his mistress and court favorites, and though some of his acts at the very beginning of his reign were marked by generosity and a love for his people, he resumed his old habits of idleness and dissipation.

Catherine with a studied sweetness and charm, if not in one way in another, attracted every man in Russia distinguished for courage, talent or diplomacy. A report reached her that Peter was about to declare her child illegitimate and to name as his

heir Ivan, the unfortunate prince whom Elizabeth had supplanted and kept in prison since his infancy. Catherine formed a confederacy for the purpose of depriving the czar of his throne, and this confederacy gained new partisans every day. Though Catherine appeared to do nothing, she was really the prime mover, and she was assisted and mightily helped by her new favorite, Gregory Orloff, and the Princess Dashkoff, a fascinating young widow of courage, beauty and intellect, whose influence over Catherine was similar to that of Lady Churchill over Queen Anne of England. The Cossacks were gained, and Razunmoff, their commander, became Catherine's ally.

Catherine was proclaimed the sole empress of all the Russias under the title of Catherine II. She was crowned at Novgorod, the city took the oath of allegiance, and though a few officers were put under arrest there was no bloodshed. Care was taken that Peter should know nothing of these proceedings until they were sufficiently advanced. When he was apprised of what Catherine had done he was distracted and horrified to the point of imbecility.

He was surrounded by false friends, designing women and bribed counselors, until he was reduced to the yielding of a little child. He was harassed and tormented until he wrote a submissive letter to Catherine, humbly begging to share the imperial crown with her, making pleas for his feebleness, weakness, early unfaithfulness and lauding, as a slave to his mistress, her powers of thought, government and all statecraft.

Think of the czar of the Russians writing such a letter! Peter the Great would have died before he would have done it! Peter the Great could

have controlled Catherine and her shrewishness, she would have yielded to him and therefore she would have loved him. She needed controlling and she needed it badly. A man can manage a woman as long as he does not submit to her imperious self-will and hard-headedness. She did not answer his letter, of course, or the many subsequent ones; she sent her ambassador—who was her lover—Catherine's ministers and ambassadors were invariably her lovers—to persuade him that he must abdicate; that he was not fitted physically or mentally to reign.

After little persuasion, Peter signed the abdication and was immediately taken to Kopscha, where he was placed under a strong guard. He begged the "imperial highness" to spare him his violin, his favorite dog and an old buffoon, but these requests were all refused, and poor simple Peter was made a subject of ridicule.

And this is the story of how a young foreign woman, an alien to the royal blood, with no violence or bloodshed in one day sprang into the historic throne of the czars. The notables of Russia were, and ever have been, accustomed to sudden changes of scene, and the ignorant, barbarous people looked on, not much surprised. But the European countries stood aghast that a sovereign should be deliberately picked up and set aside to give place to another, and a foreigner.

Now, Catherine showed presence of mind, skill, cruelty and determination, for, though conscious guilt may have agitated her soul during the following weeks of preparation and the meetings of conspirators, she never once betrayed herself, but showed great calmness and serenity. It was at Peterhof that the conspirators intended to accom-

plish their murderous design, for Peter had stopped there for a while on his way to Denmark, whither he was going on a military expedition. Catherine had gone on a few days in advance in order to be present at the betrayal.

She was called early one morning by a messenger standing by her bed stating: "Your majesty hasn't a moment to lose. Rise and follow me!" She and her maid dressed in haste and entered the carriage which was waiting; when they had gone a short distance, from fearless driving the carriage broke down and Catherine had to walk until Alexis Orloff, who attended her, hailed a peasant's cart and in this she rode to St. Petersburg.

In an impassioned speech she presented herself to the soldiers, and assured them that her husband, the czar, had attempted to put her and her son to death that very night and that she had come to throw herself upon their protection. They were overcome by her speech and manner, her address, her appearance and her story, which was entirely convincing. It was all so sudden, she influenced them beyond their reason, and with one voice they swore to die in her defense.

The guards had all been bribed, and they screamed, with Orloff and Alexis, "Long live the empress!" She possessed herself of the arsenals and magazines and in less than a half day was on the throne, the Russian army at her command and the capital in her possession. Catherine's career had not yet been marked with bloodshed, but her throne trembled under her and her situation was critical and extremely uncertain.

Her ambition needed no stimulant, it was her life and guide, and her failing energies were sustained by the devoted Orloff and the Princess Dash-

koff. In six days Peter was executed; the conspirators went to his place of confinement at Kopscha, and while drinking with him, by prearrangement fell upon him and choked him, finishing their foul work with a tightened "table mat" or table napkin.

Catherine was universally suspected, though she pretended great concern about the matter of his death, treating his assassination as a profound mystery. When the news of the assassination reached her she screamed with terror and left her room "bathed in bitter tears." She affected all of the forms of unfelt sorrow, and mourning hung from the palaces and city halls. She was solemnly crowned at Moscow in 1762. The first thing she did was to attempt to establish peaceful relations with foreign nations, and next to bring about internal peace.

She favored Alexis Orloff in every possible way, and this more and more incensed the nobles, until they formed a rebellion. Catherine coolly and quietly continued to favor him, showing no change in her feelings and manner toward him, and with courage and sheer force of will she put down the nobles' rebellion. She did not even summon a council, and the nobles in their extremity had gone so far as to determine that she should share the fate of her husband. She completely managed the clergy and put a stop to their protestations against her.

Her motto was, "None but fools are irresolute," and her name and fame spread rapidly over Europe. She constantly occupied herself with the aggrandizement of her empire, by inviting foreign colonization, establishing hospitals, large medical colleges, opening seaports and in every way possible

promoting art, science and industry. She "took a resolution" to marry Orloff, but this came near being fatal to both, and she was forced to renounce this project.

In 1764 one of her former favorites, Poniatowski, was elected king of Poland, through her exertions and schemes. As king of Poland he was called Stanislaus Augustus. This same year Ivan, grandson of Peter the Great, was assassinated; he was really the rightful heir to the throne, but on account of constant captivity his faculties were impaired. His existence so disturbed Catherine that she brought about his assassination, though her instrumentality in the murder was never proven.

Catherine has been called a female lawmaker, and such she was. She assembled deputies from all the Russian provinces and presented to them a code of laws founded on truth and justice, hoping to purify and systematize the perplexed and uncertain jurisprudence of Russia. She introduced a clause which provided for the freedom of the serfs, but this met with such opposition from the notables that it was withdrawn. She sent committees of investigation all over Russia to inquire into the health, habits and employment of her people, and she and her son, when smallpox was raging in St. Petersburg, submitted to inoculation as a means of example to the people.

She engaged in war with Turkey, which ended successfully, during which time the plague raged in Eastern Europe, carrying off thousands of the inhabitants. During the war with Turkey, Catherine, with Prussia and Austria, brought about the "Partition treaty," the first blow given to the existence of Poland.

Orloff had been the needed assistant to Cath-

erine in her every bold effort, especially in the war with Turkey and the humiliation of Poland, and now for the second time, he aspired to share the throne with her.

Catherine was devoted to their child, a boy who had been reared in the suburbs of the city, and because of this for some time she bore with the whim and caprice of Orloff. She at last decided to subdue this attachment, which was becoming more and more dangerous to her growth of empire, and she proposed a clandestine marriage to Orloff, which offer, with great disdain, he declined. She saw him leave her without any apparent grief or regret, and no sooner had he gone than she gave to Vassiltschkoff, a young and popular lieutenant, Orloff's place in her affections.

She presented Orloff with money, jewels, lands and presents, and sent him to travel over Europe. Her peace with Turkey and her high place with European powers, it would seem, would have placed her at the summit of prosperity, but she was in constant dread of losing her throne and her life, for assassins were constantly at work. Orloff was later restored to his old place at court.

Her treatment of Poland was perhaps her greatest national wrong. Under pretence of friendship she sent an army into that country and forced them into obeisance to her. At the point of the bayonet she controlled their laws, their diet, and punished without mercy all who resisted her.

The Russians behaved with all their old time barbarity, and the Poles pleaded to the Turks for aid, who, well realizing the unbounded ambition of Catherine, declared war. The termination of the war brought great glory to Catherine and much wealth to her people, but the grounds upon which it

was continued were unjust and shameful, the finances were exhausted and two hundred thousand lives were lost. This war continued until 1774.

She annexed the Crimea, and ever since it has been a part of the Russian dominion (1783). Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden attacked her on the north while she was engaged in war in the south and threatened her capital. Catherine was quick in action and sent an army to Finland and a fleet into the Baltic. Gustavus was defeated, leaving matters just as they were before hostilities begun.

Well known as Catherine is for accomplishing great things, she is just as well remembered for never completing many of the things which she begun. She invited Joseph II to assist her in the formal laying of the foundation of a great city to be named for her and to rival St. Petersburg. In all ceremony, amidst the flourish of trumpets, she laid the first stone and Joseph the second. On his return home Joseph remarked: "The empress and I to-day have achieved a great work; she has laid the first stone of a great city, and I have laid the last," and he was a prophet, for no record can be found of the city.

She changed from the faith of the Lutheran to that of the Greek church, and one of her careful biographers states that "she would have become a Mohammedan if it could have gained her Turkey." She patronized the clergy and gave what she was pleased to call "dinners of toleration," when the clergy of all denominations dined together by her order. She tolerated all denominations, and when the Jesuits were banished from the other states of Europe she granted them an asylum in Russia.

In one respect Catherine showed herself far

greater than Frederick the Great; he followed, imitated and often pensioned the French school of literature and philosophy, especially the work of Voltaire, ignoring the talent of his own country. Catherine admitted the French school, but she first admitted and cultivated the literature and language of her adopted country. She even went crudely into literature herself and wrote some little dramatic sketches, the best known of which was "The History of Oleg," who was one of the early heroes of the time of Charlemagne and Alfred. She began, but did not complete, the road from St. Petersburg to Moscow; the Kremlin was never rebuilt, though its rebuilding was begun.

She died in 1786; throughout her life she courted a great name in every way known to mortal ambition and purchased it at any price.

Her political sins and private vices consign her to universal execration and disgust, her utter lack of womanhood was appalling and pitiful, and yet she possessed the outer graces and accomplishments of the well-bred lady. She was a sorceress, a witch, a demon—yet with those of her favor she was kind, sweet-tempered and indulgent.

The greatest good of her reign is the fact that she was a legislatrix and successfully made and enforced laws. In this she takes rank with Elizabeth of England or Maria Theresa, and of her Voltaire said, "Light has now come out of the north." So, in spite of her egotism, self-assurance, diabolical policies and unscrupulous decisions, through her, terrible medium that she was, Russia

Sees something that was good
Though much more that is bad indeed.

VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND

Victoria, queen of England, had a long and an eventful reign, and the entire world was better, more enlightened and less savage because she reigned and because she lived.

The twentieth century is the era of the development, growth and general excellence of woman. In scholarship, in the study and culture of the fine arts, in the honoring and understanding of home ideals, in all of the wholesome, essentially feminine virtues, and in the careful study of her own mind, heart and capacity for good, this is a "woman's century." In the present era woman has more nearly attained unto the point of understanding herself than in any era preceding this.

To-day women have a sympathetic and intelligent interest in all that is going on about them; developing, not one side, but all that is good in their characters, and with this growth the home life is just as radiant and pure as it has ever been, the affection of the wife and mother is just as dependable, and all of the noble qualities which go so far in developing womanhood and rounding out woman's character are receiving their deserved high place.

In a time much later than the Middle Ages woman was only recognized for her charity, chastity, physical beauty or piety; her mental powers were ignored; in fact, we conclude from reading some of the decisions of the mediaeval judges, that it was a question if woman had any "mental powers"; she was accorded affection, memory, happiness and despair, but it is only an

occasional "feminine uprising" that asserts a quality of mind worthy to be considered.

At the present day in every civilized nation there are women of talent and genius in private and public station who are contributing to the moral and intellectual progress of their age. By their industry, thrift and economy they stimulate and encourage others, and by finding out and developing the best in their characters they take the place which is intended for them, and then, and not until then, can woman perform her best work. The misplaced woman can not be a credit to herself or her environment.

It was this type of woman who believed in woman's growth and best work, who for more than half a century wielded the royal scepter in the greatest kingdom of Christendom. Progressive, in touch with all that is good, abreast with the best and most practical service in woman's hospital, literary, scientific and school work, appreciative of those women advancing standards of proper living, and at the same time a perfect mother in all that blessed name implies, unselfish and sensible in her love for her husband, she was consecrated and unswerving in her faith.

If the women of to-day cared to idealize, to set up a standard, or to make a general acknowledgment of womanly superiority, all of the exacting demands upon perfect womanhood weighed and considered, they would not accept another than Queen Victoria.

At Kensington palace on the twenty-fourth day of June, 1819, Alexandria Victoria, daughter of Edward, duke of Kent, and granddaughter of the pious, stubborn, unfortunate, arbitrary George III, was born. George III was the English king whose

mighty army was defeated by the Americans in the time known as the American Revolution. Two of his sons, George IV and William IV, were kings of England. Edward, duke of Kent, the fourth son, married the widow of the prince of Lemingen, Mary Louisa Victoria, daughter of the duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. Victoria, the daughter of this marriage, through the death of male heirs, was destined to rule the kingdom. She was queen of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland.

There was nothing in her childhood or early girlhood remarkable for incident, or extraordinary occurrence. She was taught all of the household arts and a strict adherence to the laws of hygiene; her habits were simple and regular, her clothing plain and comfortable and her recreations such as any English girl might enjoy. There was one lesson which was ever kept before her, from which she was never permitted to depart, and that was the lesson of rigid economy.

Economy was practiced in all things, and she studied it, and did what some women have never done, she mastered the lesson, and all of her life remembered and profited by it. She did fine sewing, spinning, good cooking, and was fond of taking charge of the household affairs and managing and directing the servants, who were invariably very fond of her.

She had an excellent voice and her interpretation of the German school of song was considered true and fine by the best critics and masters. Her forte was sacred music, and she was a great delight to her teachers. Athletic sports found a place in her daily life, and she excelled in archery, horseback riding, rowing, and during her early womanhood was very fond of dancing.

Not until she was twelve years of age was she informed of the fact that she was the "first princess of the blood." When the genealogical chart was shown and carefully explained to her, she remarked that, though the splendor and glory were there, responsibility was also a large part of being a queen. From the time that she was apprised of the fact of her succession, she gave serious thought to her studies, especially Latin and history, and would spend hours listening to stories and accounts of great battles, victories and governmental changes in her own country. Her knowledge of governmental affairs was unbiased and exhaustive; she knew well the constitution and laws of England as they affected her and her people, and as they compared with other countries.

Her uncle, William IV, king of England, died in 1837, aged sixty-five years, so the responsibility of government came to the Princess Victoria when she was eighteen years of age. She was aroused from sleep very early on the morning of the king's death to receive the Archbishop of Canterbury and the marquis of Conyngham, who came to announce to her a message so important to her and to millions of people. She said to the archbishop: "I pray your Grace to pray for me." A little later in the day she received the council, which included the peers of England, among them her own uncles. They knelt before her, kissing her hand, swearing eternal allegiance, and on the twenty-eighth day of June, 1838, in the presence of the nobility of England and representatives of every European country, she was crowned in Westminster Abbey. Never before was such a scene witnessed in London, and not until the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of her reign was the grandeur and mag-

nificence repeated. A month from the time of her coronation she dissolved parliament; and this ceremony was so beautifully performed, and her manner was so gracious, withal dignified and considerate, that those present declared they had never seen such poise, ease and self-possession in a woman.

The first few years of her reign, unlike the middle and later years, were not marked by great national and international events. There were all forms of gayety and festivity given in her honor, all ceremony fitting the coronation of a queen, and one who was young and beloved, but amidst all of these unmistakable evidences of the appreciation of her people Victoria observed a charming dignity of manner and bearing, and her decorous behavior at all times bears testimony of her splendid mother's careful training.

The duke of Kent left many and heavy debts; it was impossible for Victoria to pay all of these at once, but she did at length pay them to the full amount, and to each of her father's obliging creditors she made presents of handsome silver plate as tokens of her appreciation and gratitude.

Before Victoria had long been queen of England she decided that she preferred not to reign alone, and, not like Queen Elizabeth, it was unnecessary for parliament to officially announce to her "that it was their pleasure that she should wed."

Not only did the queen of England become a wife, but a loving, happy one, for, unlike many royal marriages which are affairs of state and not of the heart, the marriage of Victoria with her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was an ideal one, a genuine happiness blessed the lives of two people who were examples of the fact that

a marriage can be happy in spite of royalty, dignity or exacting duties of a watchful people. Prince Albert had many charms of head and heart, but "the charm" which made the people love him and his wife respect him—it is a sad and curious state of affairs that some women seem to love when they can not possibly respect—was his undeniable common sense. Prince Albert was a sensible, plain, matter-of-fact man, who commanded the confidence and respect of everybody.

It was a long-cherished plan of the mothers of the two young people that their marriage should take place, for from their infancy they had visited each other and a beautiful companionship had grown up between them—in fact, they were lovers many months before their uncle, Leopold of Belgium, mentioned to Victoria the idea of marrying her cousin. To the idea she readily assented, and, though Prince Albert was several years her junior, perhaps there is no royal marriage on record as happy as this one.

The marriage occurred the tenth day of February, 1840. Parliament at first showed a spirit of pique or jealousy toward Albert, and he was not immediately given precedence next to the queen. He was her private secretary and was to be regent in the event of her death. But the broad-minded policy of the consort-prince, his utter lack of assuming any dignity or rank not his, and his close attention to the best interests of the queen and England won for him a high place in the estimation of every member of parliament, and his counsel and judgment were constantly sought.

During the reigns of the Georges the court life of England had been anything but pure; many times it was full of scandal, strife and dark deeds;

now it became full of virtue, dignity and piety. Victoria, seeing her opportunity, set a wise and prudent example to the motherhood and wifehood of England; and through genuine admiration and love of her the women tried to be like her, tried sincerely to be better, and it is through the womanhood of a nation that the nation becomes elevated and noble, or debased and sin-cursed. Though a practical far-seeing sovereign, studying the best interests of her people, Victoria was first a wife —a devoted one and a happy one. She loved her people, her kingdom and her children, but her life proves that more than any of these did she love her quiet, unostentatious splendid husband. She was the ideal wife—"not in fictitious ways and false"—but rising to the holiness and consecration of the best conception of wifehood.

Victoria Adelaide, born the twenty-first day of November, 1840, and who became empress of Germany, was Victoria's first child.

The Prince of Wales was born the ninth day of November, 1841. His birth was celebrated with festivity, public ceremony and rejoicing. Upon the occasion of his baptism the ladies of the royal family and the court wore costumes of Scotch manufacture in order to stimulate an interest in home products and industry.

The laws which prohibited the importation of grain brought on great agricultural distress which was rapidly developing into famine. Many and radical means were resorted to in order to obtain food, the people were starving and riots were every-day events. The country was in a condition of awful misery and suffering; death was frequent. Victoria was in sore distress and grieved as a mother for the trials of her children. She

studied and thorougly investigated the situation to see what she might do in a personal as well as an official way to remedy it. She decided upon a plan by which employment was given to all, and the principle of keeping idle hands employed helped to solve the difficulty. The people were forced to do the work assigned to them, and in a very short time the riots ceased and the hungry were fed. The good queen checked all court gayety, there was no unnecessary expenditure made, and she had her personal income reduced.

It was the great Richard Cobden, who, with wonderful directness and keen insight, saw the cause of the distress, and he asked for "corn laws," begging the people to abolish the duties upon grain. Bright and Cobden for seven long years agitated this cause, with little results, but when Sir Robert Peel, who was pledged to uphold the "corn laws," joined with the majority in repealing them, the victory was won. Thus was the "pressure of the nation" and the will of the people felt and answered, and this fact well proves the beginning of the new manners and methods in England.

Time was in England when the sovereign made and repealed all laws; now in accord and in response to the wish of the people they are made and repealed. For three hundred years the controlling power of the English sovereign has been gradually decreasing, and now little remains but the wielding of a strong personal influence—and this Victoria understood and her influence was powerful. Her control over her subjects was the greater because of her not trespassing on their rights, and constantly studying ways and means by which she could give them their just dues. As an evidence of the esteem of the people and a

national tribute, Prince Albert received the title "Prince Consort."

A page in American history is the incident known as "the Trent affair," and which, but for the interference of Prince Albert, might have resulted in war between England and the United States. The incident occurred when our politics were in a state of unrest, for war was well on. International law was violated, as Confederate envoys had been seized on the British mail steamer Trent by Captain Wilkes of the American navy.

The war between the States brought heavy loss to England; the Southern ports were blockaded and English goods could not be taken into them to be sold, and the cotton which the English factories needed could not be taken to England. There was danger that the sympathy which England felt for the South, and her anger for the North, whom she held responsible for the war, would bring about war between the United States and England.

The Confederate envoys, Mason and Slidell, who were to represent the Confederate government in England and France, respectively, went to Havana and there embarked on an English vessel for Europe. It was when they were on their way that they were overtaken by this American vessel, which demanded the right of search, and seized the two Southern representatives and took them to New York. The English government demanded their release and the apologies of the American government. When the American government hesitated to comply with this request, troops were sent from England to Canada and steps toward war were taken. The United States decided that she was having trouble enough at home and did not care just then to fight England, so the Southern envoys

were placed on an English vessel, and proper acknowledgment made. This crisis was passed through the wise interference of Prince Albert, who smoothed matters over, and prevented ruin and international difficulty.

More to Queen Victoria than to any other source is due the present pleasant relations between England and France, the nations for so many hundred years in bitter strife. Contention, jealousies and disputes between these two nations mark all of the reigns of the French and English monarchs. Some of the best English blood has been shed in France, and the French soldiers, with an inherited hatred, fought the English.

When Louis Napoleon had established his government, he sought the approval and alliance of England. Victoria gave him her support, not reluctantly, but willingly. Visits were exchanged between the sovereigns of France and England, and when the ill-fated, unfortunate Louis Napoleon was driven from his home and country, he found refuge in the English domicile. His son, called the "Prince Imperial," was killed fighting for the English flag. The widowed Empress Eugenie still retains her English home, and was the devoted and faithful friend of Queen Victoria.

Eugenie lost husband, child, kingdom and friends, but her great fortune was spared to her, and this she will leave to her namesake, the granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

In December, 1861, when twenty-one years had crowned their married life with happiness, the Prince Consort died, to receive from the English for all time in history the loving title, "Albert the Good."

After his death the queen discharged faithfully

her duty to her family and her kingdom, but for many years she could not be persuaded to appear at any public ceremonial. No question for the good of the people, great or small, escaped her notice, but the people did not see her. She lived in strict retirement giving herself up to a sincere and heartfelt sorrow.

Benjamin Disraeli, admitted to the peerage by Victoria as Lord Beaconsfield, was ever her favorite, and could always claim her time and sympathy. He was among her oldest and most trusted friends, having been present at her coronation to exclaim, "Our young queen and our old constitution!" His loyalty and friendship were unmistakable, and it was cherished by her and her children.

Disraeli had a wise and successful foreign policy, and his treaties, alliances, purchases, etc., in the name of the crown were productive of good. He had a way of removing the cause of difficulties, "burning the bridges behind him," and cementing compacts with the wisest and most tactful diplomacy. Through Disraeli Victoria was proclaimed "Empress of India," thus showing to the natives that their sovereign was abreast with the greatest of earth, and none outranked her. On the first day of November, 1858, throughout India she was proclaimed "Victoria, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the colonies and dependencies thereof, in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australasia, Queen, Defender of the Faith!"

It was Disraeli who later had her proclaimed empress of Hindoostan. Disraeli was of Jewish extraction, and the Jews found a true friend and their first friend in Victoria. She knighted Moses Montefiore, Lord Rosebery was given high office,

and the house of Rothschild has now for many years been powerful.

Disraeli came into public life at the same time with Gladstone, the great minister of the lowland Scotch, of genius and title, and devoted to what he considered the best interests of his country. His views were sincere and heartfelt, but they did not receive the approval and sympathy of the queen as did Disraeli's. For more than sixty years, altogether, he served in parliament, entering the House of Commons in 1833, the year after the first Reform Bill. He was first a Conservative, though of what was called the "Moderate Group." He held an inferior office in the Conservative ministry, and later held many of the ministrial offices of that party.

Gladstone was very observant and very reasonable, and his views gradually changed to the Liberal direction; the Liberals were the queen's natural political opponents; Gladstone became the accepted authority upon all matters of financial and commercial questions, and was skilled in explaining them. He was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1853, and held that high office whenever he was in the ministry. In 1858 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Liberal cabinet, and from that time afterward he was indentified as a Liberal.

He advocated parliamentary reform long before it became a party measure, but these efforts were of little success. Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, opposed the reform, though he made no open fight. There was much opposition to the parliamentary reform, and for years no headway was made and no favorable measures taken.

When Palmerston died in 1865 Gladstone became the leader of the Liberals, though Lord

Russel, on account of seniority, became Prime Minister. A reform bill was introduced by the Liberal Ministry, but in spite of the pronounced interest which was felt and expressed throughout the country in the needed reforms, it was defeated in the House of Commons. A Conservative ministry came in in 1866, the Liberals having resigned.

Disraeli remained a Conservative, and in 1867 he introduced a reform bill as a "temperate, moderate measure." It was amended and amended, changed and voted on it until it became very thorough and covered all necessities; concessions were made by the Liberals, and though spirited debate ensued, the bill carried by reasonable majorities.

This reform regulated suffrage; it referred to household suffrage; that is, every man who owned his house and paid his tax, or whose lodgings cost him ten pounds a year, had the right to vote. In the country districts life tenants on property worth five pounds a year, or those tenents on land worth twelve pounds a year and paid their tax, could vote for county members. So, according to this, nearly every man could vote.

The only large body excluded from the voting privilege was the farm laborers, who owned no property and were not taxed. After this reform, for the first time in the history of England parliament was under the control of the people. At the election which followed the passage of the reform bill the Liberals were in the majority, Disraeli resigned and Gladstone became Prime Minister, which office he held from 1868 to 1874. The grand old minister now set himself to a difficult and almost impossible task, that of the dis-establishment of the Irish church.

Since the Reformation the "Reformed Church,"

or Church of England, had been established in Ireland, and its support and care forced upon the Irish, who were not of its persuasion, but who in the main were Roman Catholics, except in the north of Ireland, where they were Presbyterians. In 1869 the Irish church, through Gladstone's effort, became a free religious body, and the Irish could worship as their hearts dictated. In 1870 the Irish land law was passed, freeing the Irish tenants from eviction, so long as their rents were paid and they were paid for the improvements they had put upon the land. A law was passed which provided for a system of free elementary schools, and the universities of Oxford and Cambridge were thrown open to Roman Catholics, by abolishing the religious tests, which formerly students had been forced to indorse.

Secret ballot was introduced, which later became permanent, and trades unions were legalized. In 1874 the Conservatives again attained a majority, Gladstone resigned and for the second time Disraeli became Prime Minister. He now worked out his admirable foreign policy, purchasing the stock in the Suez canal, giving England control and stopping the advantage which France was rapidly obtaining. The canal was begun under the direction of France. He secured the island of Cypress for England; he worked hard to prevent the war in 1877 between Russia and Turkey, and by standing in the way of the Russian aggrandizement at the close of the war he secured Cypress.

The Conservatives were defeated again, and Gladstone came into office. With Disraeli's death in 1881 the interesting rivalry between these great men ended, who for thirteen years had alternately held the primateship of England. Gladstone's

next reform was to enfranchise the farm laborer and to give better wages. The House of Lords opposed this, but after being threatened they gave way and it passed. The counties and most of the small towns were divided into electoral districts of nearly an equal number of inhabitants, and each of these sent one member to parliament. Step by step, with difficulty, fighting and opposition the reforms of Gladstone were surely brought about, until the points of the charter were attained,—"universal suffrage," equal "electoral districts" and "vote by ballot."

Gladstone was defeated in his last measure for reform, that of "home rule" for Ireland. Charles Stewart Parnell, an Irish Protestant member of parliament, was active in the leadership of this measure and he was able and vigorous in his fight. Ireland had been conceded the right of land holding, education and religion, but still discontent reigned and misunderstanding continued among the Irish at home. "Coercion acts" were passed and efforts were made to keep the peace, but the Irish couldn't "be stilled," and there was no peace. The people were not happy and were not prosperous. Finally the English leaders who had long opposed "home rule" for Ireland decided that rather than keep up perpetual disorder and discontent, they had better have "home rule," so in 1886 Gladstone introduced a bill to give Ireland her own parliament, to sit at Dublin. He failed to carry his party with him, for John Bright, Joseph Chamberlain and others of the Liberals left the party and formed a new party, known as the "Liberal Unionists." This new party joined the Conservatives and defeated the bill by an enormous majority.

When new elections were held to test the feeling

of the party, home rule was found unfavorable and Gladstone resigned. When Gladstone was eighty-three years of age he became Prime Minister for the fourth time. He still attempted "home rule" for Ireland, the bill was passed by the House of Commons; but it was defeated by the House of Lords.

Ireland is not capable of self-control; the Irish are the makers of music and the dreamers of dreams, they are a prophetic, romantic, delightful people, but they have not the quality which must exist before government can be sustained and before nations can successfully govern themselves, and that quality is self-control. Individual self-control makes national self-control, which is the basis of substantial government. The problem of Ireland is yet unsolved and unsettled and no distinct outlines can be seen and read at this time of what her future may be.

Victoria made frequent visits to Scotland, sometimes going in disguise, having herself addressed as "Lady Churchill." She loved the simplicity and sincerity of the Highlanders, their good breeding and their loyalty to each other.

So impressed was she with her visits to Scotland that it pleased her to write a journal giving somewhat of an account of her life in the Highlands. These pages show the woman rather than the queen; face to face with nature in company with her husband, whom she loved best on earth, the tender, gentle, beautiful part of her speaks in this little work. Resignation, faith, earnestness and a wholesome consideration for others seem brought out by the contact with the Scotch in their own home.

Osborne House, on the Isle of Wight, Windsor

castle near London and Balmoral castle in Scotland were her places of residence. Elegance, but always simplicity, marked her court. St. James is probably the simplest court of Europe.

It pleased the people of England to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the long and prosperous reign of Victoria, and she was spared that they might celebrate the sixtieth. These were seasons of thanksgiving and rejoicing, the loyal, loving subjects looked upon their beloved sovereign as she rode through the streets of London or appeared in state before them. Prisoners were released, the hospitals and soldiers homes visited and every form of thoughtful and charitable observance was made. Gifts of great value were sent from all nations, including antiques in gold and ivory, precious stones and rare old lace.

Her life went out in 1901, mourned by an adoring people. Victoria was not the advocate of democratic rule, and to that rule we find England leaning, and the great men of her reign whom Americans admired the most she admired the least. As a woman she was a blending of all that is permanently good and all that will encourage and sustain others. Her life was of service, of acts, deeds and duties well and continuously performed. She impressed herself upon her people, her government and upon the world.

Good home government is the foundation of good national government. Victoria realized this, and by her example and teaching of the proper requirements for homes and home building she created a patriotism and gave unto her people a reign superior in ideals and free from littleness. Her life was inspired and blessed by perfect love, and a responsive married life; no affection or duty at-

tained unto the beauty and sublimity of the love she gave to her husband—all things else came after that. Faith in God and unswerving trust in His law controlled her ruling and crowned with glory and honor her name in history and in the hearts of the men and women who shall ever come after her.

EUGENIE

Eugenie, for years the most courted woman in Europe, was born in the province of Granada in Spain, which historic Spanish province was the scene of the conflict between the Moors and the Christians in 1492. At the time of this conquest the kingdom of Granada was a strong, well established state, though the Mohammedan possessions, through the perseverance of the Christians, had been reduced to one province in the south of Spain.

Led by the Christian enthusiasm of Queen Isabella, the struggle between the Moors and the Christians lasted for ten years. The cities fell into the hands of the Christian knights and the cross instead of the crescent was placed upon turret and tower. It was just after this conquest that Spain took first place among the nations of Europe.

It is this bizarre scene that Washington Irving found so congenial to his story-telling, so responsive to his imaginative, fanciful nature, and so replete with romance, folklore and knight errant tales.

The beautiful home of the Moors was a solace and a balm to this tender-hearted man, for it gave him new work, new environment, new thought and an opportunity for activity. The only cure for a broken heart, if there be a cure, is in activity and constant service. The heart and arms of Irving were empty, for just before this visit to Spain he had lost by death the one he loved best, the pure, good woman, Matilda Hoffman, who had promised to be his wife; save for the love given him by

the grateful American people, his remaining years would have been lonely and desolate. But even the great love of an appreciative people can hardly fill an empty life.

Irving was fond of telling, after she became empress, of the time when he would hold Eugenie on his knees, a vivacious, dark-eyed little girl, and entertain her for hours with tales of her own sunny southern country, its legends, mysteries, great knights and warriors, and its charm for him. He told her more of her own home and her own national life than she had ever heard before.

Eugenie was born in 1826. Her father, Count Montijo, was a grandee of Spain, from whom she inherited several titles; he died before her birth. Her mother, Maria Manuella Kirkpatrick, was from a Scotch family of Roman Catholic faith, who, after the expulsion of the house of Stuart, with hundreds of their countrymen, emigrated to Spain. Her mother had the determination and conviction of the Scotch, combined with the strict ideas of decorum practiced by the Spanish woman, and her daughter received a rigid discipline in all of the proprieties, little niceties, and she was drilled in a severe school of social ethics.

Social demands were explained and taught to her from her babyhood; she was schooled in all of the laws of society, and it is largely due to this that she was ever marked by such self-possession, poise, skill and perfect manner. Her education, which really began at her birth, her mother giving care to it always and exacting even in her baby years all that it was possible for her little strength to perform, was continued in convents at Toulouse and at Bristol. She spent her vacation periods at Madrid, where she met the most interesting and cul-

tured people of Spain, her mother wisely considering this a means of intellectual growth.

She was well rounded in her culture, due care having been given to each of her studies. When quite young she developed particular aptitude for the languages, and before she had finished school she was fluent in English and French as well as Spanish. She had a retentive mind and was able to command what she knew.

There were, in all probability, women who were more widely informed, but none who made greater advantage of their supply of information. She was ready and sparkling in conversation, not bold, but never timid or afraid, and her conversation was delightful from an absence of sarcasm or bitterness.

She used abundant tact in avoiding ugly criticisms and personalities, and her kind words for those who received little praise made her a subject for adoration among that large class.

She was not absolutely true to the recognized Spanish type, though she had the fine dark eyes and long lashes; she was very fair, not much color, and her hair, which was in abundance, was a golden auburn. She was slender, tall, graceful, dignified and a belle successively in London, Madrid and Paris. Visits to these cities were made in company with her mother, who investigated and passed judgment upon every man whom her daughter met.

Louis Napoleon was somewhat distinguished, though he had no claims on valor, courage or great national deed. When Eugenie first met him he was the acknowledged leader of the Paris modes and fashions, talked about, sought, courted, flattered and his conceit pampered in every possible way.

Eugenie immediately determined not to flatter and inflate him, and the consequence was he fell in love with her; she increased his admiration and anxiety by making him realize that asking her and possessing her were two entirely different matters, all of the women in France had helped to ruin this man, but he waited duly, if impatiently, for the favor of this beautiful Spanish girl.

In 1853, when the marriage had been agreed upon, Napoleon sent a letter to the senate stating that he preferred to marry the woman whom he loved and respected to one who would "bring advantages with sacrifices," meaning, of course, that he preferred to wed Eugenie rather than any European princess of the blood. Just before his engagement to Eugenie he had sought alliance with several royal daughters, whose fathers had kindly but firmly declined the honor of having him for a son-in-law.

The second republic of France lasted only three years. The reign of Louis Philippe was not marked by any great disturbance, yet was quiet and unstable, the people in a state of mind not to be surprised at any eruption. Revolution during this time was working among the people; they were holding meetings, councils and debates, and the republican party gained rapidly. In 1848 an uprising on account of some unexpected and undesirable governmental issues caused Louis Philippe to take refuge in England. He secretly left the palace, and in disguise sailed for England under the assumed name of Mr. Smith.

Lamartine, the poet and historian, was the provisional head of the government established as the "second republic." When the election was ordered Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of

Napoleon I, was chosen president, on the twentieth day of December, 1848.

Louis Napoleon, determined to crush the republic, set out to make himself emperor. As nearly as he knew, and could, he employed the same means to do this as were employed by the great Napoleon. He watched every opportunity, and all ruling and legislative decision was to the accomplishment of that selfish ambition.

Harmony existed for a time between the president and the legislative assembly, but when dissensions arose the president promptly dissolved the body, placing the chief disturbers under arrest. He now appealed to the people of France to ratify what he had done. The nation approved, and to show their indorsement of his action elected him president for ten years, which was really making him dictator. In another year, 1852, he was made emperor, with the title Napoleon III.

In January, 1853, with a civil ceremony first, later a magnificent and impressive ceremony in Notre Dame, the emperor and Eugenie were married. All of the pomp, grandeur and display that could characterize an emperor's marriage was in evidence, and the cathedral was filled with the representatives of the royalty of Europe and the resplendent court of France. All former celebrations of the marriage rite were eclipsed by this one; the bride and groom sat upon two thrones in front of the altar, the gowns of the empress and her ladies were artistic creations of the finest milliners and modistes in the world, and the processional and recessional were beyond everything in beauty and richness that even the exacting beauty-loving Parisians had seen before.

The city of Paris voted Eugenie a large sum to

purchase jewels; she accepted the sum, but asked permission to use it in founding an institution for the education of young women. This act bespoke the character of Eugenie. It was her real self, just as our best deeds and best thoughts are always reflective of our real selves. As a bridal gift the emperor gave her five hundred thousand francs, and of this amount she gave twenty thousand francs to charity. Her life was filled with just such beautiful characteristic thoughfulness.

Eugenie "set the fashions" for the world. Hers was the day of the milliner and designer. Europe, Asia and America followed the Parisian modes and models. It was in her power, being a woman so admired and believed in, to have introduced simplicity in elegance of apparel, but it pleased her to practice every form of display, and she delighted in magnificent personal adornment. She never wore a gown more than one time, and it is said that many journalists realized good incomes from describing the elegance of her toilettes.

Though her costumes were elegant and represented the skill of the lace maker and weaver, they were not always worn with appropriateness. The early mass found her ladies in gay flowered silks that would have been in keeping with the theater, and the empress would appear on the streets and visit the hospitals in the same elaborate, conspicuous toilets that she would wear upon her most ceremonious occasions.

Her "spending money" was twenty thousand francs every month, and of this she spent every cent, sometimes going in debt. Her ivory, lace, furs and jewels represented the best from many countries; the fashions were not only gaudy and extravagant, they were senseless.

At the opening of the Suez canal in 1869 Eugenie had a part in the ceremony, which was a compliment to her beauty and wit. Upon this occasion she appeared with grace and dignity and was a credit to her people, and it is said her husband was more sensible to her beauty and her many attractions upon this occasion than he was to the honors which were bestowed upon him as emperor of the French.

She, with her husband, made a visit to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, which visit was returned with great festivity and entertainment. A friendship was begun between these two women which continued through the life of good Queen Victoria, a genuine true friendship, blessing the lives of both, proving the fallacy of the misguided conviction of some people, that two women can not be real friends. Queen Victoria had opportunity, and did show the quality of her friendship for Eugenie.

In 1870, when Napoleon was engaged in the Franco-Prussian war, Eugenia, with the title of regent, was at the head of the government. Many things came up for her decision and opinion which she acted upon with a prudence and judgment creditable to an older ruler.

The real cause of this war was the unmistakable jealousy of the French of the rapidly increasing power of Prussia. Louis Napoleon was constantly striving to strengthen himself and his government in the regard of the French people by reviving the great military reign of his uncle.

The Prussians constantly pushed back the French armies that were invading Germany, defeating one of the French armies at Gravelotte, on the eighteenth day of August, 1870. They cap-

tured the fortress Sedan, and made a prisoner of the emperor. Then they hurried to Paris, and in a few months forced the city to capitulate, the twenty-eighth of January, 1871.

After this battle Paris was declared in a state of siege. But Eugenie, with her bright, hopeful nature, never gave up; she looked for the best in everything and everybody, and really expected that all would be well. She expressed herself freely to the generals, the diplomats and all in authority with whom she was thrown; the real nature of the situation was concealed from her until she discovered that her husband's secretary was collecting all certificates, grants, deeds and other important papers and carefully packing them in lock boxes, as if for removal. This terrified her, and she feared a mob, a murder or a revolution like the horrible night when the mob went to Versailles to destroy the king and queen, when so many of the faithful guard in their attempt to save Marie Antoinette were butchered.

Her friends were willing to assist her in her plan to have some of the leaders arrested, but when the time came to carry this into execution she was unwilling that it should be done. She hesitated to take the responsibility of action, all the time in terrible suspense and dread.

All of this period of awful unrest and uncertainty Eugenie was trying hard to be herself and to show none of the anxiety which she felt. Her reception rooms were opened on her accustomed days, her carriage was brought at the usual hour and she made her visit to the hospital. Silver threads, however, were beginning to tell the story, and a worn, haggard expression came into the bright, happy face.

When a false report reached her of a victory instead of a defeat, she was overjoyed almost to delirium, and ran into the guard-room, where the soldiers were lying on camp beds, smoking and playing cards, waving the telegram above her head, crying, "The Prussians are beaten!"

The palace was rapidly filling with strangers, curio fiends and vandals. Court etiquette was all set aside, and the empress was besieged with men begging her to give audience to some plan of campaign, diplomacy or promotion. Beautiful dinners arranged for the empress were consumed by these ruthless crowds of coarse people, who now filled the gardens, balconies, even going into the kitchen. Statues, bronzes, pictures, even clothing, were taken, and the walls and floors badly damaged.

When the positive report came of the surrender of Sedan, Eugenie sat up all night with her councils, while reports and scraps of information were received. As the time approached for the climax of this awful suspense, Eugenie grew more and more composed, and her strength arose to the demand of the occasion. The mob which appeared at the Tuileries the fourth of September was not the destructive, bloodthirsty, maddened mob that had so terrified Paris within the memory of a few still living, but, if such can be said of a mob, it was in order, under control and throughly disciplined.

It slowly advanced in two parts until the gardens were filled; then it streamed down upon the palace. Sardou, the great dramatist, was leading it, and when Eugenie saw him she felt deserted by one of her best friends. She afterward learned that he had placed himself at the head of it in order to control it.

Prince Metternich, the Italian ambassador, told Eugenie that it was time to fly, for the abuses of the emperor could be heard from every direction, and the palace was entirely surrounded. She understood, but she desired to appear for a moment to those who had so faithfully stood beside her through the tragic days of the war. She tried hard to smile while men and women who were attached to her were sobbing aloud. She made a courtesy and waved her hand; Prince Metternich led her back and the door was closed.

A cab was waiting, and Eugenie, her lady friend, Madame Caretti, Signor Nigra, Prince Metternich and Ferdinand de Lesseps entered it. As the carriage passed through the crowds of people Eugenie heard execrations of herself and the emperor and fearful protests against the empire. She took refuge in the home of an American dentist, Dr. Thomas W. Evans, with whom the royal family had been upon intimate terms.

Next morning Dr. Evans drove her out of Paris, through the lines of German sentries surrounding Paris, and took her to Belgium. The vehicle was stopped once, but the sentries failed to recognize a human form at the doctor's feet. They were not able to sail from there to England, so they returned to Trouville, in France.

Sir John Burgoyne, of England, owned a small yacht then in the Trouville harbor, and after much persuasion, for at first he did not believe the doctor's story, he consented that Eugenie should embark in it for England. She learned through Sir John Burgoyne of the safety of her son.

The town was filled with drunken men singing the "Marseillaise" hymn, and the yacht was one time visited by a French spy, who demanded to go

all over it. Eugenie endured every test of her courage with calmness, and when they had put out to sea, and a terrible storm arose, and the little yacht seemed ready to go under, she remarked that she had been in a worse storm in Paris.

Queen Victoria and the members of her family extended warm and sympathetic welcome to the empress, and the beautiful country home, Camden House, at Chiselhurst was placed at her disposal. The emperor joined her here six months later, March, 1871. The emperor died on the ninth day of January, 1873, spending his last years in planning how he should recover his throne and regain the control of his people.

After the death of the emperor the life and hopes of Eugenie were centered upon her son, called the Prince Imperial. He was her idol, and made endurable a life which otherwise would have been desolate and empty. He was, indeed, more than son to her, for with sympathy and understanding and great love he was friend and protector as well.

The great sorrow of Eugenie's life occurred in June, 1878, when the Prince Imperial, who had joined the English troops in their campaigns against the Zulus in South Africa, was slain by the savages.

Universal sympathy was expressed for her, but so tragic was his death and so terrible her grief that for months her life was despaired of. In 1880 she visited the spot where the prince was killed. He was the only Bonaparte who ever fell in battle. He would not fight against the flag of France, and the French government would not permit his fighting in the ranks of the French army. He longed for the excitement of war and arms, but

there was no opportunity to gratify this desire in Europe. He belonged to a race of heroes, and this he wanted to prove.

When a family, like a nation, has once tasted of power, it becomes a necessity to them; they yearn for it, and can not exist without it.

No visitor is more welcome in the royal family of England than the ex-empress, and she is their frequent visitor. She lost husband, child, empire, but an immense fortune mercifully had been spared to her.

She has witnessed in France the struggle between monarchy and democracy; she has seen that the high and mighty aim of revolution is to sweep away special privileges and establish the rights of each man, to let every man have a part in forming the government under which he lives.

The republic has been established, and though disturbance, losses and strife have come at times, revolutions ever go forward, and the great tendency has been to free the people from oppression and to give them their political and intellectual inheritance.

Eugenie has seen the establishment of the second and the third republics; when the "second empire" was the government she occupied the throne with the emperor (1852-1870).

Her later years are devoted to various charities, and she studies conditions moral, political and social; she has never gone backward intellectually and her memory is fresh with the incidents of her varied, changeful career. She never misses an opportunity to send a letter of condolence and remembrance to a friend who has lost a loved one by death; especially does her heart go out to mothers who have lost their sons.

Though having given up all that women hold dear, and living in a foreign country, with a resignation and piety which characterizes only the life which has endured the purification of the crucible, she waits for the day when she may be called to join her beloved ones, when her loneliness may be changed to eternal happiness.

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